HARDENBRASS

AND

HAVERILL;

OR,

The Secret of the Castle.

A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

A MADMAN AND NO MADMAN.—WHO WALKS—
DEEDS OF DARKNESS, &c.—
REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, INCIDENTS, ADVENTURES,
&c. &c. INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING.

VOL. II.

The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die.
SHAKS.

His physicians do fear him mightily. SHAKS.

———— Spare not the babe,—
Think it a bastard,——
And mince it sans remorse. SHAKS.

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HARDENBRASS

AND

HAVERILL.



CHAP. I.

What befel the Ladies at Rhanvellyn, with some Account of D[illegible]'s obstreperous Behaviour.

It was not without reason that the maid had called the way she conducted Anarella a long way: it was in fact, pretty nearly as far as she could well travel in that house, being from the extremity of the wing of one side of the Castle, to the extremity of the other.

The Castle was built in the form of an H, and the apartments occupied by Mrs. St. Arno, were in the front part of the

south wing, which, from affording a fine view of the country, had been reserved for best apartments, whereas the north wing was appropriated to domestics, and they and the Duke of Trimingham solely occupied it. During the first week of the present visit of the Marquis, he had not allowed any body but the Duke's attendants to enter that wing; but finding afterwards that the poor old man was not disturbed by noise, he restored the front part of the north wing to its original use, and it was to this wing that Alice now conducted Miss St. Arno.

That young lady was very attentive to the road she went, that she might be able to find it again; and as she proceeded, she heard several people moving in the different apartments, and when she reached the north wing, a noise as of a person remonstrating violently. Her attendant turned her head significantly, and said in a low voice, "Don't you fear, Miss, it is only the poor old

Duke. He have been dreadful timbersome these last ten days, and so hopstickleous, that there have been no living in peace."

Anarella returned no answer, and soon reached Dunn's room. She found the poor girl in bed, and by no means composed as she could wish her. She, however, gave her the mulled wine, and closing the shutters, she begged she would try to go to sleep. "My aunt is in bed," said she, "and I intend to lie down myself for an hour or two."

"And am I to be forsaken then, and left here in this run-away house, next door to a mad-man, and nobody hare me if I shall ever be heard?" "No, Miss, I will get up, and come and frustrate myself on your floor, and there I may dispose in safety, but hare I shall be thinking and curgitating upon the man as tripped me off a the bed, this morning with his bloody weapon and his candle. I shall never lose the incumbrance of

how he sh[illegible]ed out to I; no, never, Miss! his vice drills droo my hares now, and I shall never lay neither by day nor by night."

Dunn, being out of breath, paused for a second, and Anarella told her quietly, that she had nothing to fear, that she must lie still, and that she would request somebody to stay with her.

"Miss, vat vill your bequest be to me?" said Dunn, "it vont save my life, if that bloody Arkles shid retarn."

"I tell you, Dunn, you must be quiet," replied Anarella, "there is nothing here to hurt you, and if you go on in this manner, I must send for a Doctor."

"Miss, I beg you not to leave me," cried Dunn, starting up in bed, "I shall fallow you, if you do, and sh[illegible]te after you all the way, till I do make the valls crack again."

"Upon my word, Dunn, this is very outrageous," said Anarella, "you deserve a strait-waistcoat."

"Ma'am," said the maid, who was waiting, "I can get one from the Doctor, or the keepers; they uses 'em for the mad Duke."

This hint had some effect on Mrs. Dunn, and the maid promising to stay near her, Anarella left the room, and returned to her aunt. She had now lost the motive for further exertion, for her aunt was asleep, and Dunn in the way to be so, and Anarella felt her own weariness, and the effects of her emotion during the day and night. She locked the doors, and wrapping a shawl round her, soon cried herself to sleep in the great chair. Sleep is not always the most refreshing when it is most required to be so, and during the two hours that Miss St. Arao slumbered, she might be truly said to have little rest. Her imagination, infected by the extraordinary scenes and singular circumstances she had been, and was now in, represented to her nothing but wild and terrific in-

coherences. She again heard the pistols that had first awakened her and her aunt, again she listened in breathless expectation, again she trembled for the life of Haverill, again she saw him an object of terror, again she rejoiced that he had escaped: then she was suddenly transported into an unknown land where seas of blood swam before her. A vessel decked in the gaudiest manner, approached the shore to receive her, but she recoiled with horror, for the streaming head of Haverill was displayed by its commander, who urged her to embark. She fled, and he pursued; her aching limbs refused their support, and she was falling, when Haverill himself appeared, as he had the preceding night. He clasped her in his arms, and was about to plunge his bloody knife in her heart, but an angel held his hand. Again she was lost, and wandered through scenes of horror, and at last she awoke, if possible, more fatigued and wretched than

she had been before she slept. She was cold too, for the fire was nearly out, and she opened the dressing-room door to see whether the maid had left coals or wood there. Her movements awoke her aunt, who was much refreshed, and she rang for the maid, to bring lights and mend the fire.

Alice, who had been left with Mrs. Dunn, soon appeared. She said she was to wait on the ladies while they staid, Mrs. Shank having appointed her to that office; and in reply to Anarella's questions about Dunn, she said that she had staid with her till she was asleep, and had then locked her door, and left her.

"I hope, my lady, I shan't offend you," said she, "but indeed I dare not leave her without locking the door; for the poor thing is quite afright, and talks about nothing but guns and swords, and bloody knives, and rapes, and other weapons. I'm sure, my lady, she quite frightened me; and I was never more thankful

than when she fell asleep, and then she kept on talking too."

As Mrs. St. Arno did not wish to have the last night's adventure made a common subject of wonder among the servants of the Rhanvellyn establishment, and as poor Dunn really was hardly in her senses, she replied to Alice, that her maid was a very good woman, but at present a little disordered by a fright, and tnat what she said was only a sort of raving, that would go off. "I shall be obliged to you, young woman, to see that she wants nothing, and is not disturbed or questioned," continued she; "and as, in her present situation, she is not able to be of much use to me, I shall be glad of your services in her stead." The girl, who was naturally civil, replied, that it was her duty to do all she could; and Anarella sent her to order their dinner in the dressing-room, while Mrs. St. Arno wrote a note to the Marquis, to inform him that both her niece and herself were

so unwell, as to be under the necessity of continuing in their own apartment.

To this they received a polite reply, regretting their indisposition, but trusting that it would be a means of prolonging their stay, as he should have particular pleasure in showing them the wonders of Rhanvellyn.

"So far our coming here is fortunate enough," said Mrs. St. Arno to her niece; "we are on the spot, and you will not quit the country with your curiosity ungratified; for though the late season of the year has stripped Rhanvellyn of some of its beauties, it can never want interest to those who have known and loved its former possessors."

"Never!" said Anarella, "I cannot help wondering at the chance that has made us quiet inhabitants of Rhanvellyn! But so many odd things have occurred within the last fortnight, that I gaze and tremble."

The conversation was here interrupt-

ed by the arrival of Alice with the dinner, and Mrs. St. Arno, contrary to her usual custom, entered into conversation with the girl.

"Have you lived long with the Marquis, young woman?" "No, my lady, I'm a new one," replied Alice, "the Marquis was so pleased with this place, this time of coming, that he sent to his Moreen (meaning perhaps Marine) Pavillon for Mrs. Shank and others of the establishment, and she hired me for the time the Marquis stays. He says, he shall stay all winter here, my lady, because the mad old Duke is so hopstickleous at times, and the Marquis takes a power of care of him." "This is a lonely place in winter, I think!" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Yes, my lady, very lonesome," replied Alice, "but the Marquis have invited all the country to the Castle, and if the snow had not a-come we should have had lots here by this time. There's heaps of ladies from Aberystwith, and all where

company was left at the water places, and now the roads is open, we shall be quite full."

"Have you any company here besides ourselves now?" said Anarella, rather alarmed at the idea of meeting half a dozen countes together.

"Oh yes, Miss!" there's three ladies from Aberystwith came half an hour since, and a great lord, and as soon as the Castle is chuck, we are to have such a feet as will make old Wales quake again," said Alice. "Indeed?" said Mrs. St. Arno, "then we shall be in the way!" "Oh no my lady! for the Marquis had your rooms got for you two or three days since."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. St. Arno, much surprised.

"Yes, my lady; I believe I'm not wrong; this is the young, beautiful lady of Rose Cottage, my lady?"

Mrs. St. Arno gave no answer to this: there was something odd she felt, but she

asked no more questions, and she determined to leave the Castle if she saw any thing she did not like, even without satisfying her well-founded and eager curiosity.

CHAP. II.

Recollections of an old Friend, with Remarks on Names, Rings, and the Manner of putting them on, &c.

After the remarks Alice's communications had given rise to had passed, and Anarella had carefully shut the doors; she took the case Haverill had given her from her pocket, and presenting the ring to her aunt, she repeated to her almost verbatim, what had passed at their last interview, and concluded by saying, that he had himself determined which ring should be hers by putting it on her finger; at the same time holding her hand to her aunt to shew the pearls. "Well, my dear! they are really pearls of great price," said the old lady with a smile, "I don't know that I ever saw more beautiful of the size, though I have Indian

eyes; and I perceive our champion is a knowing knight too, for he has put the ring on the wedding finger!"

"I declare, he has!" said Anarella, blushing deeply.

"I did not observe it!"

"To *me*, my dear, you mean," said her aunt gravely.

"What an odd thing?" said Anarella, taking no notice of the implied reproach.

"A very natural thing, my dear! Had I been a man, I should have wished to do so too. But, perhaps, he may have practised lately," replied the aunt.

Anarella was silent a few seconds, and then said: "Do you think then, he is married, my dear aunt?" "No, my dear niece! I do not think about it! and why should I?" replied Mrs. St. Arno. "I hope for his own sake, he is not."

"Dear aunt! why?" said Anarella.

"Dear niece! not because I have any serious designs on him, but because, if he

is, I am certain from his state of mind that he is unhappily married."

"Well," said Anarella, "that must be the very worst of all evils! and the best way is to live single! In the humour I am in at present, I would not marry the greatest man in England!"

"My dear, I believe you!" replied her aunt dryly.

"Indeed you may believe me!" said Anarella; "for I am very much in earnest, though you don't seem to think so!"

"Yes, my dear, I do think so, I assure you!" returned the aunt. "I am persuaded, that if the greatest man in England and Ireland, to-boot, were to offer to you to-night, you would instantly refuse him."

"Indeed I would!" said Anarella.—"I wonder when we shall hear from our ——; I don't know what to call him.—I wish I knew his name—our preserver!"

"I don't know, love!" replied the aunt; "but, as to a name, we can give him a name."

"Well! what shall it be?" asked Anarella gaily.

"Suppose we call him Ironside?" said the aunt.

"Pshaw, no!" replied the niece;—"that is an impenetrable name!"

"Or Hardicanute?" said the aunt.

"Worse and worse," cried Anarella.

"My dear, you are hard to please to-night," said Mrs. St. Arno. "What do you think, then, of *Bayard, sans perr et sans reproche*?"

"I like that better," replied Anarella; "but poor Bayard died young!—that is not so well."

"Well, then! will Prince Arthur please you better, child?" said Mrs. St. Arno: "he will never die, you know!"

"Oh! yes, my dear aunt! that is the very thing," replied the niece:—"a glorious life! and a deathless death!"

"Bless me, my dear! Rhanvellyn Castle quite inspires you!---You are growing heroic; romantic," said the aunt.

"I hope not; though I love romance, I should hate to be romantic," replied Anarella.

"If this grows upon you, I shall send for Jarrener," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"A hateful compound," replied Anarella. "I never desire to see him again."

"And why?" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"La! you have such an odd way of asking why," said Anarella: "why, because I always hated him, and now I should detest him."

"But why should you detest him now more than when we parted from him last, my dear?" asked the aunt: "that would be very wrong, I think; for the poor man has committed no new crime, except that of not following us, which, perhaps, you resent."

"On the contrary," said Anarella haughtily, "that is the only thing that

he has pleased me in. I may be wrong to hate him; but I can't help it; and I confess that, abstracted, and grave, and even as I first thought him, ferocious as our Arthur was, I have had more pleasure in sitting one half hour with him, than ever I received during my whole acquaintance with that odious Jarrener."

"Aye, my dear," replied Mrs. St. Arno gravely, "Jarrener's great fault is, that he loves you, and has told you so; and the other, not loving you, could not, of course, tell you so!---Well, the spirit of contradiction is a pretty accommodating spirit."

Anarella here burst into tears, and declared, that her aunt had never in her life said so harsh a thing to her. That the very last thing she should have thought of, would be contradicting her dear aunt; and that she wished Jarrener was at the bottom of the sea, for he was the first cause of dissension between her and her best friend.

Mrs. St. Arno let the passion have its way; and when Anarella had wiped her eyes, she took up the diamond ring that yet remained on the table, and said, "I don't like to be neglected; and, as Arthur is not here to put on my ring for me, I wish, my love, you would be his representative, and choose on which finger I should wear it."

Anarella smiled through her tears, and kissing the delicate hand that was extended towards her, she put the ring on the fore finger.

"O you malicious toad!" exclaimed her aunt. "Well! perhaps you are right. I believe it *fits* there the best."

CHAP. III.

Dunn becomes riotous.—Anarella's Adventure in the Gallery.—A little Bijou.—His Misfortune.

NOT long after the conversation we recorded in the last chapter, and that was followed by another, which as it related chiefly to gowns and caps, would be little interesting to our readers, Alice tapped for admission, and informed the ladies that Mrs. Dunn was awake and very riotous, and would not stay in her room, as she said Arkles, with the bloody arm, was there, and she should be killed again; and that she had been forced to get a strong Welch girl to hold her, while she came to tell the ladies, and ask what was to be done.

This intelligence gave great concern to the ladies, who began to think that

Dunn's senses were really affected; and they agreed, that if any medical man was in the house, he had better see Dunn, and give her something.

Alice then was desired to wait, while Mrs. St. Arno wrote a second note to the Marquis, saying that her woman was so affected by her accident, that she thought she wanted medical aid; and it was now too late to send to Pont-y-V—, without endangering the messenger, on account of the road; and she requested, if he had any gentleman of the profession on his establishment, that he would allow him to see Dunn.

Alice took the note to the Marquis's gentleman, and then returned to accompany Anarella, who proposed going to see Dunn before the medical man arrived. The galleries and passages were very cold, and Anarella wrapped her shawl about her; and had almost reached the north wing, when she was suddenly startled by the appearance of a huge mascu-

line Welch woman running and swearing in her native tongue, followed by Dunn in her shift and flannel petticoat, with her stockings hanging about her ancles, and her locks about her shoulders, and brandishing in her hand a vessel of an indispensable description, which she was trying to throw at the head of her antagonist, or rather her prey.

It was in vain that Miss St. Arnó attempted to arrest Dunn, and called out to her to return! She pursued her course with the rapidity of lightning, uttering menaces and exclamations which we omit here, as we should be sorry to insert any thing offensive to ears polite. Anarella then followed her, hoping to stop her before she got out of the gallery, when the Welch woman suddenly wheeled round, and seized Dunn so dexterously, that she tripped up her heels. Anarella, though grieved to see her poor maid thus harshly used, found it absolutely necessary to secure her; and Alice, setting down the

candle, likewise gave her assistance. She screamed dreadfully, and cried out that she knew it was bloody Arkles a coming; but, in spite of her cries and her resistance, she was wrapped in Miss St. Arno's shawl, and dragged back to her apartment, where the Welch woman secured her till the doctor should arrive.

Anarella, fearful that her aunt might be alarmed by the screaming, which she thought could not fail to reach her, took the candle from Alice, whom she begged to stay till the doctor came, and then to fetch her, and set out on her return to her own room.

It so happened, that when Dunn fell, she threw the vessel with which she was armed from her, with considerable violence, and being of perishable and brittle materials, it was split into a hundred pieces by striking against a door.

Anarella had arrived nearly opposite this door, when she saw it open, and a gentleman's gentleman, with a candle in

each hand, issue from it, followed by a little boy drest in the Venetian costume, with a large plume of feathers in his cap. As she did not wish to be observed, and from the plainness of her dress, and the circumstance of carrying her own light, she might be supposed to be a servant, she stopped to let him precede her, which he was doing in a most graceful minuet step, when he placed his little toe on a piece of the broken vessel that was rather circular, and, losing his balance, fell.

Anarella's humanity got the better of her caution, and stepping forward, she stooped to assist him to rise, saying "I hope you are not much hurt, my dear?" He gave no reply, but eyed her with great contempt, calling at the same time to his man in a deep hoarse voice, "Nettletop! Nettletop! raise me!" Thus repulsed, Anarella was about to pass him, when she saw that he had cut himself against another fragment of Dunn's vessel, for his blue satin vest was bloody. Again, there-

fore, doing the humane thing, she offered her pocket handkerchief to put to his face, and was again repulsed without an answer. By this time Nettleton had set down the candles, and raised the young gentleman; and Anarella saw, to her great amazement, that he could not be less than forty years of age. She passed him as quickly as she could, and she heard his valet address him by the title of "My Lord!" She ran to her aunt, and when she had shut the door, she could not help laughing at the recollection of his solemn face, adorned with mustachios, and an attempt at a beard *à la Vandyke.*

"If every hour we stay in Rhanvellyn Castle be as fruitful in wonders, as those we have already passed," said her aunt, in answer to her account of what had happened, "we shall have no reason to complain of a *tædium.* But I am really concerned about poor Dunn, and we must try to get her removed to a room nearer

us, for I shall not choose you, my love, to go a Lord gathering again, in the galleries of Rhanvellyn. I wonder who the little treasure is! perhaps some foreign nobleman! some Marquis de Courtoie! If he be as amusing as that immortal Marquis, we are lucky."

"Oh!" replied Anarella, "you are talking of the little hero in Julius Fitz John! I assure you this is not a foreigner, and therefore cannot be the Marquis; if it is, he has got well cured of his French accent, for he said 'Nettletop, Nettletop!' as plain as I do."

"I suppose he took you for a servant, child, or he would have been more polite than to confine his communications to Nettletop," said Mrs. St. Arno; "but I wonder that I have no answer from the Marquis! poor Dunn really must be bled, I fear."

Mrs. St. Arno, however, had not long to fear or to wait, for Alice soon after came to inform her, that Doctor Unwise

was looking at Dunn, and that she had come, according to the young lady's order, to let her know. She was sent back with a message to Doctor Unwise from Mrs. St. Arno, requesting to see him on his return from the patient. In about ten minutes the Doctor made his appearance, but as he is a person of great importance, and of a very ancient and numerous family, we will have the pleasure of introducing him to our readers in a new chapter.

CHAP. IV.

An Introduction to Doctor Unwise, and various Matters.

TALL, bony, solemn, and purblind, Doctor Unwise entered Mrs. St. Arno's dressing-room, with spectacles on nose, and box in hand. He addressed her like a person accustomed to good society, but at the same time he affected a formality which he vainly flattered himself might pass for wisdom. Perhaps experience had taught him, that it actually will pass for wisdom in some circles, or perhaps he himself mistook it for what he certainly had never been possessed of. But then he had prospered in the world, and done very well without any other sort of wisdom; so that one cannot wonder that he was perfectly satisfied with himself. No

man in the metropolis had so much practice as the Doctor; and he had made no small sum by establishing others, not at all to his own injury though, for he was the delight of the great and the fair, and it was said, that some young ladies of the first fashion had been heard to say, they dared not quarrel with him if they wished it: they never explained why.

He had arrived the preceding day at Rhanvellyn, on his quarterly or half yearly visit (we forget which) to the Duke of Trimingham, and the Marquis had engaged him to remain the week with him; a particular favour, by granting which, the Doctor vowed he should lose a thousand guineas. Nobody ventured to dispute or doubt this, and he was gratified by the importance he saw the assertion procured for him.

Such, and so great as he was then, the Doctor entered Mrs. St. Arno's dressing-room, and being accustomed to converse

only with principals, he did not turn his head toward Anarella, but sat down in the chair she had placed for him. Glad to escape notice, she retreated to a spot, from whence she could have a full view of his very remarkably ugly face, without being observed herself, and she listened to the conversation between him and her aunt.

"I hear, Sir, that you have had the goodness to look at my poor woman! pray what do you think of her?" asked Mrs. St. Arno.

"Madam, she is very ill!" returned the Doctor.

"So I fear, Sir," said the old lady, in a voice of compassion. "Do you think her senses at all disordered?"

"There are many circumstances, Madam, diagnostic of phrensy," returned the Doctor.

"Good God! phrensy did you say, Sir? what must be done?" exclaimed Mrs. St. Arno.

"For the present, Madam;" said the Doctor, rising, "I have merely ordered phlebotomy. She will lose twenty ounces of blood, instantly; if that does not lessen the symptoms, I shall put a blister on the back, and half a dozen glasses on the head, and this, with a strong mercurial cathartic, will tend much to diminish the fever which is now running very high! The Duke's is not higher! and yet, I protest his violence is more than human. Madam, the Marquis waits dinner, I fear, for I have had the honour of looking in on my Lord Crispin, who has met with an ugly accident, in consequence of a chambermaid dropping a saline ingurgitator before His Lordship. It has sprained the prettiest ancle in the world, and will, I fear, spoil his Lordship's waltzing for a day or two, and by an ugly incision on the maxilla, has diminished a beauty, even now, too dangerous," so saying, the Doctor bowed and went to dinner.

When he was gone, there was a solemn pause for at least a minute, during which, the two ladies looked at each other, and then together burst into a laugh that continued some time.

"I wonder who he is!" said Mrs. St. Arno, as soon as she could speak. "I think it must be the famous Unwise, whose skill we heard so loudly vaunted by Mrs. Fuzman."

"He is quite a treasure, and very fit to inhabit this land of oddities," replied Anarella; "and I venture to predict, that if poor Dunn be left under his care, her violence will, like the Duke's, be more than human."

"Hush!" said Mrs. St. Arno, "walls have ears they say, and it will be well to adhere to our original resolution, not to speak on that subject. In the mean time, we will ring for Alice, and hear how Dunn is, and get her moved here, if she is tolerably quiet."

In pursuance of this resolve, Alice was

summoned, and told the ladies that a surgeon, Doctor Unwise had brought to Rhanvellyn with him, had bled Mrs. Dunn; and that the operation had entirely quieted her: and as Mrs. St. Arno had no fear of her violence returning, she persuaded Alice to make her a bed on the sopha, in the dressing-room, and there, as soon as all was ready, she was brought by the Welsh woman, to her own great joy; and Anarella, instead of a mercurial cathartic, gave her a basin of good broth.

She would have begun to talk as soon as she saw her mistress; but Mrs. St. Arno told her, that if she did, she would instantly send her back to the north wing; and of this she had so great a horror, that, for once, she was silent.

When the ladies had secured Dunn, who soon fell asleep, they felt a very earnest desire to hear what company was in the house besides themselves; and Alice said she would inquire, and

let them know. Accordingly, on her next appearance, she told them, that there were the three ladies from Aberystwith, whose names she could not learn, and a young gentleman, a very fine young man indeed, who came at the same time. My Lord Crispin, and his aunt, Lady Gormanthwaite, was expected, and all the neighbouring families! Then there was the chaplain and Mr. Slapdash, and the Doctor, and a French gentleman, that came after the three ladies.

"I think you told us we were expected?" said Mrs. St. Arno.—"How do you know that we were?"

"Oh! my Lady, because the Marquis has been cursing the snow that hindered his *Feet*, and he was to have gone every day to fetch the young beauty, as this lady was called by Dr. Stirrit; for he means to have all the beauties in the country here, my Lady; and Mrs. Shank

says the *Feet* will be in three days, if the frost comes, and we must prepare. This intelligence determined Mrs. St. Arno to solicit a sight of the Castle and the grounds, and to quit Rhanvellyn; for neither she nor her niece had at all provided dress or ornament for brilliant fêtes, and she did not like the Marquis having presumed that they should not refuse his invitation. With regard to their now remaining, the presence of so much company rendered it not at all improper; and as she felt much curiosity on some subjects connected with Rhanvellyn, about which strange rumours had gone abroad, she determined to turn her attention chiefly to the points she was most anxious about.

In order to be able to mix with the company on the morrow, the ladies went early to rest; nor were they forgetful of the friend who had saved their lives the preceding night; he formed the subject

of their kind wishes, gratitude, wonder, and regret; and Anarella pressed his little gift to her lips, with prayers for the safety of the donor.

CHAP. V.

Whom, and what the Ladies saw, at Rhanvellyn; with the History of Mr. Jarrener.

THE weather, on the following day, was gloomy, and the thaw having rendered amusements in the open air almost impossible, Mrs. and Miss St. Arno expected to find the company assembled in the breakfast-room.

The ladies entered it between eleven and twelve, and found a horse-shoe table amply furnished with silver tea-pots and coffee biggins, and every luxury that the season could require. The room was warm and comfortable, though but thinly inhabited; for it was yet too early for Lord Crispin or the Marquis, or his physician, or his friend Slapdash, to be down. But in one corner, near the fire, sat the chaplain playing chess with a

gentleman, whose back was towards the door; and at the table were seated two young ladies, with a gentleman between them, and their mamma.

They were all too much occupied with themselves, their breakfasts, or their companions, to take any notice of Mrs. or Miss St. Arno; and these ladies, while waiting for the urn to make breakfast, were examining a picture which particularly attracted their attention. It was the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Rhanvellyn, and their infant daughter; and Mrs. St. Arno was replying, in a voice that shewed she had esteemed the originals, to some question of Anarella, "Yes, very! very like, indeed!" when the chaplain happened to discover them, and, instantly shoving his pieces together, he said to his antagonist—"There, d—n ye! I'm mated! ha! ha! ha!" He approached Anarella.

Perhaps his gratification or belief in his own powers of fascination were never

greater, than when, in return to his very warm, and rather familiar salutation, Anarella looked at him with some emotion, and burst into tears.

He bowed low, then shook his shoulders, and pulled up his cravat; then offering her his hand, he begged she would allow him to conduct her to the breakfast table.

But here he was disappointed; for his surprised antagonist in the corner, having examined the young lady who was the cause of his sudden victory, through his glass, had, by his time, reached the groupe, and, taking Anarella's hand, he said, " Fortune is more propitious than Miss St. Arno, or she would not have thus enabled me, unworthy and unpitied, to find, when I least looked for such bliss, —this *nectareous conserve.*"

Contrary to his expectation, Anarella suffered him to detain her hand; and, accompanied by their two beaux, the ladies seated themselves at the table.

This new attendant, who, with the chaplain, insisted on waiting on the new guests, was no other than Mr. Jarrener, and the ladies, Mrs. St. Arno found, were Mrs. and the Miss Fuzmans. They had during the autumn, made a tour of the coast, in search of admiration and natural curiosities, and Jarrener, who wanted much to be married, and thought his love for Anarella hopeless, had made up his mind to take one of them, but which he could not tell. So he dangled after them wherever they went, and they had been a fortnight at Aberystwith, having become acquainted with a titled lady in the neighbourhood, when they were all included in the sweeping invitation the Marquis of Hardenbrass gave to Rhanvellyn Castle.

At Aberystwith, on account of the late season, Jarrener had been their only beau, when unluckily for him, Lady Diana Gorananthwaite received her nephew, Lord Crispin, and his friend the

Marquis de Courtoie, some of whose adventures have amused the world, in the celebrated work, "Julius Fitz John." The arrival of these two diminutive noblemen had such an effect on Mrs. Fuzman and her daughters, that they all at once began to treat poor Jarrener with marked neglect; and even Miss Fuzman, whose devotion to fossils and every thing she included under the title of curiosities, had, she flattered herself, placed her name on the lists of science, turned from a curious fossil shell he had purchased to present to her, to talk to the Marquis de Courtoie. Mr. Jarrener was one of those hapless young men, who are always in love, and always making love, because they think themselves irresistible, and because, having no fund of ideas, they find this exhaustless subject furnishes them with something to say. There is not even occasion to vary the phrase with the various objects; for what is said of, or to one, woman, will do

equally well for another; and thus the speaker is at as little expence of thought or trouble as possible.

The same phrases, expressive of jealous misery, that he had used to Miss St. Arno, he now repeated to the Fuzmans, and he came to Rhanvellyn Castle, as happy as having something to think about could make him.

But of all the women he had loved, and his list was pretty numerous, Miss St. Arno had pleased him most, and if she could have condescended to return and secure his affection, he would have made her a very loving husband. The unexpected sight of her at Rhanvellyn threw the Misses Fuzman quite into the shade, and her graciousness in accepting his hand, convinced him that all her former coyness had been feigned, and that she had lamented his absence, as much as he fancied he had done her's. Then she appeared moved, and affected, and what could possibly affect her at

Rhanvellyn, but the sight of him? This argument was conclusive, and Mr. Jarrener was himself again. As our readers may, however, have some curiosity to know who Mr. Jarrener was, we will, while the ladies are eating their breakfasts, give a slight sketch of his history, and we hope that he is sufficiently interesting, to induce the beautiful part of the creation, at least, to follow us to the next chapter of this faithful narrative.

CHAP. VI.

History of Mr. Jarrener.

THE father of Mr. Jarrener was a gentleman of independent fortune in ——shire; that is, he had nothing but his fortune to depend upon, for Nature had been very niggardly towards him in the article of brains. The only thing he took any pleasure in, except, indeed, eating and drinking, was fishing; and as his father and grandfather had incumbered the estate, not a little, by three contested elections, it was well suited to the present situation of his finances.

Mr. Jarrener's skill and success in the piscatory art, afford a proof of the efficacy of undivided attention, and so deeply was he engaged in prosecuting his labours, that he would probably never have

thought of providing an heir to his estate, but for an accident that happened when he was about five-and-forty.

He had one day been labouring in his vocation from sun-rise to sun-set or later, and had stood some hours in the water, and though he had often before taken similar liberties with himself with impunity, he did not this time escape; his indiscretion was followed by a rheumatic fever, that confined him some weeks to his bed.

When he recovered again, the neighbouring families with whom he kept up a sort of periodical intimacy, called upon him, and not long after his convalescence, he went to dine with the Rev. Dr. Oakshot, who was his nearest neighbour.

The Doctor had then upon a visit with him his sister, Miss Oakshot, a lady about forty, with a fine person, an independent fortune, and more talent than she had discretion to make a proper use of. She

had run the whole round of gaiety and gallantry in London, Bath, and every watering place in the kingdom; had refused many good offers, unexceptionable in every respect; and indeed, had forborne to marry, only because she had too high an idea of her own mental powers and independence to take a master.

Miss Oakshot, however, had really no dislike to the state, and in the midst of her scientific researches she often determined to change her name, as soon as she could find a man well born, of moderate fortune, and such an understanding as should render him barely respectable in society, and not able to cope with her, or attempt to assume any equality with her. In Mr. Jarrener, who was a quiet man, she thought she had discovered the very being she had been seeking; and using the privilege of forty years, she paid him, from time to time sundry visits during his inactivity; and as love will creep in

wherever any vacuum is found. Mr. Jarrener at last became sensible to the charms of Miss Oakshot.

Things, however, would not then have been brought to a conclusion, as Mr. Jarrener said he never could in his life speak for himself [illegible] the lady undertook to make her [illegible] known to her brother, who having [illegible] right nor the power to control her, gave his consent, and to the surprise of all her numerous acquaintance, the fashionable and scientific Miss Oakshot became Mrs. Jarrener.

Some of Mrs. Jarrener's friends even expressed their wonder to herself, that a woman of her acknowledged science should marry a mere country gentleman; and in reply, she was indiscreet enough to hint, that she could never have married a man, who would have had a right to assume a superiority over her. This, with the known character of Mr. Jarrener, soon gave rise to a report

in the neighbourhood, that the poor man dared not to say his soul was his own.

During the honey-moon, and some little time longer, Mrs. Jarrener found her will in every thing undisputed, and all things went on smoothly; but one day, she would, fondly anxious, have remonstrated with him, when he had determined to go out on one of his favorite expeditions: nay, she did remonstrate, and was exceedingly surprised the next morning, to find that he had slipped out of bed before daylight, unmindful of her will.

This act of disobedience, by no means pleased the lady, and she determined not to let the evil grow, but to stop it finally. When he returned, she read him a lecture, one half of which he did not understand, and which concluded by a pretty broad hint that he of course, must submit to her superiority of intellect and information.

This part he perfectly comprehended; and his answer to it was: "Look ye,

Mrs. Jarrener, I know very little of books, having chiefly read the Art of Angling; but I hear my duty when I go to church; and there the Doctor, your brother, has read many times that the husband is the head of the wife, and that the wife shall be subject to him. I mean to stick to this rule; for he never gave line to any *ifs* or *buts*; and, I fancy, an unlearned husband has as good a right to govern as a learned one. I give you leave to manage all my in-door matters, it will save me trouble; and you are welcome to amuse yourself with your chymicals. I care nothing about that, provided you have clean hands and face to carve my dinner, and give me a kiss when I come home. I shall go my way; you may go yours!—And, now the matter is settled, and as you are a very sensible clever woman, you won't give any trouble about what I *will* have my own way. You are very ingenious, my dear; I wish you would turn your thoughts to making flies;

the last Munn sent me are 'not good."— So saying, Mr. Jarrener departed, leaving his wife in a state of astonishment, that prevented her from answering. She had sense enough to take the hint, and steered tolerably clear of her husband's concerns; but sometimes he would interfere where he was not accustomed, beginning, probably, to feel the charms of ruling; and when he did, he always got the better of her opposition. Disappointed in her principal aim, she remunerated herself by a double application to her studies; and she determined that, if the child she hoped to produce, should be a boy, she would make a physician of him, as then she could herself instruct him in chemistry, botany, and even the rudiments of anatomy; and she designed to give him the name of the God of Healing,—Esculapius.

This design she wisely concealed; and, when the boy was born, she heard her good man address him by his own name,

Cornelius, without offering any reply; but, under pretence that the child was ill, she sent, in a hurry one night, for her brother's curate, and had it baptized by the name of Esculapius; and Esculapius he remained, in spite of his father's rage and mortification.

This trick, this act of disobedience of Mrs. Jarrener, was never cordially forgiven by her husband; indeed, he could not speak to his child without being reminded of it; and, in whatever way he formed a diminutive of the name, it was odious to his ears.

Essy, or Esky, he said, was like driving out a dog; *Cu* was as bad as *Q* in a corner; and *Apy,* or *Apius,* was making a monkey of him. So, in the end, he dropped the name altogether, and fairly called him after himself, Cornelius.

When Mr. Esculapius Jarrener was about twelve years old, his father fell a sacrifice to his favorite passion; for he was drowned by accident; and his mo-

ther, from that time, called him her little Doctor.

She hired a tutor to teach him Latin and Greek; and she herself crammed his head full of botanical and chemical terms; and she lived just long enough to send him to Edinburgh, from whence he was to return qualified to kill *secundum artem*, but, at the same time, merely for amusement.

The young man had learnt that he should have a large fortune, independent of any controul, when he was of age; and he hated the idea of meddling with medicine. His mother died before he had been three months in Scotland; and he soon after renounced all study, but that of making himself agreeable to the ladies; and took possession of property in right of his mother, who inherited from an aunt, to the amount of five thousand a year.

After this period, all the variety in his life consisted in his migrations from place

to place, and his flights from fäir to fair. He was a great admirer of beauty, but he must have both fortune and birth added to it; and as those ladies who possessed the three indispensables, did not always consider Mr. Jarrener as the person best entitled to have them bestowed on him, he began to think that he must excuse one of the three, in consideration of the Miss Fuzmans having forty thousand each, or perhaps more: this, however, as we said before, was now lost to his imagination, and Anarella resumed her influence over him.

CHAP. VII.

The Fuzmans.—The Marquis.—And what passed during the Morning.

Mrs. Fuzman was delighted to have the opportunity of shewing Mrs. St. Arno (who being well bred was her aversion) that she had great connexions; and, therefore, after much whispering, and bridling, and tossing, between her and her daughters, all which was lost on Mrs. St. Arno, who was listening to Jarrener, while the Rev. Elias Blood was amusing her niece, she rose from her chair, and, taking the arm of the Marquis de Courtoie, she came up to Mrs. St. Arno, followed by her young ladies, as she always called them. Mrs. St. Arno, who was a very good natured woman, received Mrs. Fuzman, not only politely but kindly, and welcomed the young people most gra-

ciously. Perhaps nobody shewed their want of manner more than poor Mrs. Fuzman, who wriggled and twisted amazingly, while Miss Fuzman worked her head and her nose, and twitched her eyes, and the lovely Monimia gaped most bewitchingly.

"It is really an unexpected pleasure, Madam, to meet an old acquaintance here," said Mrs. St. Arno; "and the young ladies look charmingly."

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Mrs. Fuzman, "we wonder too to see you here too! Give me leave to introduce my friend, the Marquis de Courtoie, to you and Miss St. Arno."

The Marquis grinned and bowed, and the young ladies drew up their heads and tossed them very prettily. Mrs. St. Arno was much surprised at the sight of the Marquis, for though she had read a description of his person in Julius Fitz John, the original so far exceeded the description, that Anarella was obliged to

hold the napkin to her mouth, and poor Mrs. St. Arno, who was speaking, was all at once struck dumb.

"What is the matter?" asked Jarrener gravely.

"My God, Sir, how can you ask?" replied Mr. Blood, "is not Cupid present?"

"Venus at least I feel!" said Jarrener, bowing to Anarella; on which Anarella, who could not conquer her laughter, declared, "that he was the most ridiculous being in the world, and a fit subject of laughter."

"I'm sure he is!" cried Monimia, "to think of any body saying so silly a thing!"

The Marquis, who still thought himself the handsomest and most irresistible of beings, was far from suspecting that the strangers could have laughed at him; and when Anarella ventured to steal a second look at him, he was perfectly convinced that he had struck the young

lady; and he began to pity her, as he thought he must in honor first take compassion on Miss Fuzman, whose fortune was known and independent. In order, therefore, to do away any rash hopes the stranger might entertain, he led off the two Miss Fuzmans to examine a plan for a superb addition to the house, which Mr. Slapdash was about to execute as soon as the spring set in; and, in the mean time, the friends of the Marquis were requested to give their opinions, otherways their eulogiums. While they were poring over what they did not understand, and would not have cared a straw about if they had, the Marquis inquired, in his native tongue, of Miss Fuzman, who the ladies were? and she informed him of all she knew or imagined, viz. that they were people who had enough to live upon, and made acquaintance among their betters when they could. They were low born people, she said, any body might see! to which the

Marquis assented; and she added, that she believed the young lady had nothing but what her aunt chose to give her, and nobody could tell what that was. "We met them in the spring at W—," continued she, "and there they wanted to catch that silly Jarrener, but he knew better, he refused her!"

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" cried the Marquis.

Miss Monimia would gladly have added her mite to this information, but unfortunately, though their mamma had lavished a great deal of money upon French and Italian masters of the first talents, none of them had been able to teach Miss Monimia to do more than pick out the sense of a few common phrases; and as her sister spoke French pretty well, she always stood by with her mouth on the full stretch, and cried out, "*oui, oui!*" sometimes unluckily enough.

Miss Fuzman added, that Miss St. Arno was very vain of her beauty, and

Miss Monimia, not being able longer to withhold any thing she thought she could communicate, intended to add that she had seen her look at herself in the glass with great pleasure, which she expressed, thus: "*oui, oui, mi Lord, je le regarde qui fut voyant lui même dans la verre!*" and then she grinned with great self-satisfaction at the feat she had performed; a whole French phrase, and that without stopping too!

This phrase, however, required more French than the Marquis was master of, to be understood, and he could only bow, and shrug, and elevate his eye-brows; all which Miss Monimia took for signs of wonder at her great proficiency in his language, and all which her sister enjoyed very much, as she thought Monimia's ignorance set off her own improvement.

While her daughters were giving all the information they could to the Marquis de Courtoise, Mrs. Fuzman, whose

good breeding and delicacy were kept so carefully concealed, that her acquaintances seldom perceived them, was interrogating Mrs. St. Arno about her acquaintance with the Marquis of Hardenbrass, and bluntly inquired how she came to have an invitation, staring her all the time full in the face, to see, as she would herself have expressed it, whether she lied or not.

Mrs. St. Arno lost the look, for she happened to have her eye fixed at that moment on Mr. Haverill's ring, and with her usual gentleness, she answered, that she was indebted to an unlucky accident for the honour of the invitation. She then merely added, that in leaving a place she had hired for a few weeks, and whence the singularly early winter had driven her; she had been overturned, and picked up by the Marquis.

"Oh, then," cried Mrs. Fuzman, her little turn-up nose blushing with pride; "you are not one of his friends?" "No

indeed Ma'am I have not that honour." replied Mrs. St. Arno.

"He called upon *me*," said Mrs. Fuzman, "my dear friend Lady Diana Gormanthwaite spoke so handsomely of me and my young ladies, that he paid us a visit."

"That was fortunate," said Mrs. St. Arno, dryly.

"Yes, every one aren't so lucky, as to be well connected," replied Mrs. Fuzman, "connections does every thing."

"Added to money and merit," said Mrs. St. Arno, with so satirical a tone of voice, that it was evident even to Mrs. Fuzman, that she was laughed at.

By this time the ladies having finished their breakfast, Mr. Blood offered his services to conduct them through a part of the house, as the whole he said, was much too extensive to be viewed as it ought in less than a week; and much to the mortification of Jarrener, they accepted his offer. They did not ask Mrs.

Fuzman and her daughters to accompany them, and those ladies, having, really neither taste nor judgment with regard to statues, busts, pictures, or furniture, remained behind to wait for Lord Crispin, while Jarrener gave his arm to Mrs. St. Arno, and followed his guide and Anarella into the picture gallery, where, as soon as we have refreshed ourselves, we will accompany them.

CHAP. VIII.

A Guess at a Portrait.—An Interview with the Marquis, and News of Miss Rhanvellyn.—An Accident.

THE Rev. Mr. Blood led Miss St. Arno to a whole-length portrait of a very handsome young man, painted by Gainsborough, and asked if she could guess whose it was.

"Indeed," said she, "I cannot; I don't know that I ever saw any body like it."

"Upon my honour, Ma'am, I am sorry to hear you say so," returned Mr. Blood, "for the original thinks it a damned likeness, and so all his friends say too!"

"Very likely, Sir," said Anarella, "but as I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with the original, I cannot be expected to say so too."

"It is the likeness of a very handsome man," said Mrs. St. Arno, putting on her glasses.

"N——o! ye-e-es!" cried Jarrener, eyeing it through his glass; "pretty well, who is it, pray?"

"Upon my soul! I'm half afraid to tell you after the cuts you've given," said Mr. Blood, "the Marquis would think himself beaten out of the pit."

"Bless me! is this the Marquis?" cried Anarella, "I never should have supposed it! I could not have fancied age could have made such an alteration! even allowing for a painter's flattery, he must have been very handsome."

"But the hair is such a figure," said Jarrener.

"I assure you, Ma'am, as soon as the Marquis has procured a divorce, which is *en train*, we have evidence forthcoming, you will find all his charms will return again in the eyes of the ladies, whose

most devoted servant he is, and will be for ever and for ever," said Mr. Blood.

And now Jarrener, who was a complete gossip, would hear all Mr. Blood could tell about the plans in agitation, much to the annoyance of the ladies, who knew that there was a black story on one side, if not on both, though they had never heard the exact particulars; and they left the gentlemen talking about it, while they examined some beautiful Salvator Rosas, which Mr. Rhanvellyn had purchased in Italy, and which were highly valuable. Anarella was an enthusiast in painting, and she sat down before one of the pictures that most pleased her, and soon forgot that any being was near her. Mrs. St. Arno seated herself near the fire, and the two gentlemen got into a high dispute about the Marchioness of Hardenbrass, who was asserted by Blood to be naught, and by Jarrener to be a suffering angel.

This had been the situation of the par-

ties for some time, when the door opened, and the Marquis of Hardenbrass, rolled up to his waist in flannel, was wheeled into the gallery in a chair. After the first compliments had past, he looked significantly at Mr. Blood, who offered to shew Jarrener a horse of whose merits he vaunted, and led him off to the stables.

The Marquis then testified his solicitude for his guests, and blest the happy chance that had thrown him so fortunately in their way, at so critical a moment. To this he added a hope that the company of his neighbours would induce them to honor Rhanvellyn with their presence some time. "As to myself," continued he, "you see how the gout uses me! a sudden attack this! but every age is, I believe, liable to its attacks."

While he was saying this, Anarella could not help comparing the original with the picture; and she thought that at least thirty summers and winters must have passed over his head since he was

young; she could not help admiring the self-deception that made him yet imagine himself so.

He saw her look at the picture, and, as if answering to her thought, he said, "The painting has always been esteemed a good one, Miss St. Arno!—As to the likeness, I cannot judge. I had it brought here from my house in Essex; and I removed the portrait of the late possessor of Rhanvellyn, and his lady, to make room for it. Did you know Mr. Rhanvellyn, Madam?" to Mrs. St. Arno.

"Many years ago, my Lord, I have met him in the world," returned the old lady.

"I am told, that is, this very morning I have heard," said the Marquis, "that the poor man is dead."

"Dead, my Lord!" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Yes, indeed!" continued the Marquis. "Were you sufficiently intimate to make his death a concern to you?" ob-

serving that Mrs. St. Arno looked shocked.

"The account of the death of any one we have formerly known," said Mrs. St. Arno, "will strike the mind. I knew Mrs. Rhanvellyn; but, since her death, circumstances have removed me far from my English friends."

"She was a fine woman!" said the Marquis, "and deserved a better husband. The man actually ruined himself by his passion for building! You see what a mansion this is; and, if the obligations he lay under to me had not necessarily thrown it into my hands, he would, I am persuaded, have made it twice as large. It stands in a savage country!—nothing but filial duty could induce me to be here at this time of year! You have, of course, heard of my poor father's situation?"

Mrs. St. Arno bowed. She either knew not what to say, or she thought it would be indelicate to speak; we know

not which; but, from some reason or other, she was silent: and as the Marquis was in a communicative humour, she listened with increasing attention.

"I grieve to say, that the Duke has suffered much lately," continued the Marquis, with an appearance of great sensibility: "he has had a hard struggle, and Unwise feared he would sink under it. Nay, I have been told, some of the Rhanvellyn friends spread a report of his actual demise!—but, I am happy to say, that it was false; and that he is now in as good health, bodily health I mean, as he has been in during the last ten years! —He seems to have taken a new lease."

"Since your Lordship rejoices at it," said Mrs. St. Arno, "I ought to congratulate you on the circumstance!—but, pray, why should the friends of Mr. Rhanvellyn, for so I understood you, fabricate a report of his death?"

"Why, Madam," said the Marquis,

"I hold Rhanvellyn for two lives; that of the late owner, and of the Duke, my father. Of course, the friends of Miss Rhanvellyn would be glad to hear that such was the case, especially now the father is gone, and that the poor girl is so ill married."

"Whom has she married, my Lord?" asked Mrs. St. Arno.

"A poor emigrant Lord, I hear, Madam," said the Marquis, "who taught her drawing in London. I fancy, now, his Lordship may be better off, as things have taken so favourable a turn, and are again in their legitimate train."

The Marquis was proceeding to say something else about himself, when a violent screaming interrupted him. He looked alarmed, and listened, as if apprehensive that something particular was the matter. Mrs. St. Arno was considerably agitated; and Anarella starting up, burst into a violent passion of tears, and seizing her aunt, dragged her to-

wards that entrance of the room which was most remote from the noise. She had reached the door, when that at the farther end opened, and a female figure, in a long dressing-gown, darted into the room, and ran towards them with all speed. She was followed by Dr. Unwise and another gentleman, and two or three women servants, who all stood aghast at the sight of the Marquis.

The Doctor, leaving the pursuit of the woman, who had fainted in Miss St. Arno's arms, went up to the Marquis and expressed his utter horror and amazement at her having entered that apartment; "My Lord," said he, "I am in the last confusion that your Lordship should have suffered such an attack! It is really enough to throw the gout on the vital parts, and occasion an irreparable mischief to the world, by depriving it of the advantage of your transcendant abilities."

"What is all this about Sir!" asked the Marquis sullenly.

"About the simplest thing, my Lord, in the world, this person, whose violence I vow astonishes me—this person, I prescribed for last night, and Mr. Forceps took, as ordered, between twenty and thirty ounces of blood from her. I called in this morning after seeing Lord Crispin, expecting to find the application made to the head as I had ordered; and when Mr. Forceps was proceeding to execute what had been too long delayed, the poor wretch started from her chair, and flew in a phrenzy here. My Lord, I am extremely sorry."

"Sir—r---r!" said the Marquis, "take care *such accidents* don't occur again. Let the woman be removed! curse your awkwardness," muttered he.

"My Lord!" said the Doctor, "let me tell your Lordship."—"Sir—r—r!" cried the Marquis gnashing his teeth, "begone!" "Begone? my Lord, I don't understand," cried the Doctor. "Damn

you, Sir, *why* don't you then?" muttered the Marquis. The Doctor upon this inhaled a large portion of air, then shut his mouth, as if it was his intention to blow himself out, but he answered never a word, for his rage was too big for utterance. He trembled and writhed, and threw himself on a sofa almost strangled. The Marquis, who observed him, began to think he had gone too far; and having very good and sufficient reasons for not wishing to irritate this great representative of all the Unwises in the empire, he suddenly changed his manner and his countenance, and, in a most winning accent, he wished his gout at the devil, and the rest of the intruders having vanished, he made such ample and satisfactory apologies to the Doctor, that harmony was once more restored, and the tranquillized physician, at his patron's particular request, visited Mrs. Dunn again. He was, however, saved the trouble of prescribing, for Miss St. Arno said, she would stay

with the patient during the rest of the day, and would send to the Doctor if any necessity should arise for troubling him.

This arrangement, so contrary to what the Marquis of Hardenbrass wished, disappointed him so severely, that the gout flew to his stomach, and for some hours he suffered exceedingly; but the Doctor at last dislodged the enemy, and the company at Rhanvellyn, which before night was become very numerous, were gratified by the society of their always elegant and graceful host.

CHAP. IX.

New Resolutions.—The Effect of Dress on Ladies of all Ages.

Mrs. St. Arno had sent Broadhead on one of her own horses to Pont-y-V—, to fetch her letters before she went down to breakfast, and, as the Marquis had received his, she expected that the man would not be long before he returned with hers.

Both she and Anarella, for some reason or other, seemed dissatisfied with their abode; both were anxious to quit it; but both thought it proper to remain a few days, unless some particular summons should call them away. Besides their having so lately accepted the Marquis of Hardenbrass' invitation, they had promised Haverill that any letter from him would find them at Pont-y-V—, where

they had intended to hire apartments, till after the end of the first week in December; and they were unwilling to run the risk of missing his letter, which, in all probability, would be a confidential one. They remained, then, by the side of Dunn's bed, and resumed their old custom of speaking French wher they had business to discourse about, and Dunn was really too ill, with the chace of the morning, to be able to express her discontent.

At last, Broadhead returned, and brought Mrs. St. Arno a letter she had long expected from her confidential agent, respecting a business of some importance, of so favourable a complexion, that her spirits seemed renewed and calmed; and Anarella was so satisfied with it, that she determined to break her resolution of remaining with Dunn all day, and to go down to dinner; nay, a privy council respecting dress was held, and it was decreed that Broadhead should, on the

morrow, visit Mrs. Gimpshort, the milliner and dress-maker at Pont-y-V—, and bring a supply of finery that should enable the ladies to appear at the fête. So soon are hasty resolves rendered null and void!

During the time that our fair friends were thus employed, their absence occasioned more regret than they would have thought possible, and more malice and ill-natured observation than they would have given any of their acquaintance credit for possessing.

Mr. Jarrener and his companion were loud in their regret, that Doctor Unwise should have indulged in a hunt that morning; though they laughed heartily when they found Miss St. Arno had carried off the poor hare, and saved it from Mr. Forceps. Mr. Blood, however, who seemed to know his man, offered five to one that the Doctor would eventually *nick* her, as he called it, and Jarrener maintained that Miss St. Arno was too

cunning to give him the opportunity. A considerable sum was bet, and several young, and not young gentlemen, who arrived in the course of the day, having heard the subject, espoused one part or other, and thus rendered the unconscious Dunn an object of as much interest at Rhanvellyn as any lady there.

The ladies, by this time no inconsiderable company, either for number, beauty, or rank, went some into the billiard-room to see the gentlemen play, and some into the music-room to play themselves., Mrs. Fuzman and her daughters were of the former party, and the chace of the morning being the topic, many strangers naturally asked, "Where is this Miss St. Arno, who thus dares to oppose the modern Esculapius?" to which the Fuzmans answered, "that she was they supposed head nurse, and of course the Marquis was obliged to her." This sort of thing being whispered about, the next thing was, "Why does not the Marquis

appear?" All agreed that a *tête à tête* with the young lady prevented him, and some elderly ladies observed, in a low voice, that it was a very good speculation, as every body knew his wife had had a child since they parted, and that at the distance of eighteen months after they had seen each other; so there must, of course, be a divorce now; and they should not hesitate to say, that the next Marchioness of Hardenbrass would be a lucky woman. Then followed various whispered anecdotes of the Marchioness! some said that she had such a dislike to her own sex, that she had not a woman about her person, but kept the brother of a favoured paramour for her attendant! Others that she was going to procure admittance at Constantinople into the seraglio, as of course she could have no objection to pay the price! Some said she was foolish, and some hinted that she was mad; but all agreed that the Marquis would be the happiest man in the

world to exchange her for another! and in this they were perfectly right.

As the Marquis had determined to have what he called a complete *olla podrida*, his company was more numerous than select, and calculated to afford some entertainment to those who can amuse themselves with contrasts and varieties in manners and characters. There were shreds of old nobility with small means and ancient blood in their veins, and some specimens of Welsh baronets and squires, who aped their more honorable neighbours. These, with a few military, a little divinity, and a sprinkling of law and medicine, justices of the peace, and every thing above the mere commonalty, that is trade, composed the company at Rhanvellyn; and it was no small entertainment to the Marquis, to fancy how they would be accommodated." Mrs. Shank certainly gained immortal honor by her contrivances and happy execution, on that memorable occasion.

With the assistance of Alice, Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, were elegantly, if not sumptuously drest for dinner, and were mutually gratified with each other's appearance.

"Poor Jarrener," said Mrs. St. Arno, "depend upon it, child, that head *à la Grecque*, so like one of Raphael's divine heads, and that bust"—

"Now don't laugh at me aunt," said Anarella, "the head and the bust are all mighty well, but if they never kill better game than Jarrener, farewel to *promotion*."

"Then you abide in your cruelty?" returned Mrs. St. Arno; "I did not think you so hard hearted."

"No," said Anarella," and was proceeding, when Alice entered to take charge of Mrs. Dunn, and both ladies in better spirits than they had enjoyed for some time, proceeded to the drawing-room.

In the hall were placed two harpers,

who played some of the beautiful Welsh airs, and as the ladies approached the rooms where the company were assembled, they heard nothing but the sound of mirth. Anarella could not but pause as she crossed the hall.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked her aunt.

"I was thinking of the north wing," whispered she in return: "how odd it is, that any man with a parent"—

"Hush, hush, my dear," cried Mrs. St. Arno, "it is not only odd, it is disgraceful."

By this time they were entering the drawing-room, and we will soon inquire what happened to them, or to others on that little theatre; where each might truly be said to be playing his or her part.

CHAP. X.

Anarella finds herself suddenly of Consequence.—Characters.

Mrs. and Miss St. Arno walked about half-way up the first of the suite of rooms in which the company were assembled, without perceiving any one they knew, and they sat down on a vacant couch to view the crowd. They had not been sitting above five minutes, when the Rev. Mr. Blood was seen sauntering through the room in earnest conversation with a young officer, and describing something with great vehemence. He did not perceive the St. Arnos, and was passing on, when a gentleman stopping him, said something that drew his attention towards them, and he came up accompanied by his friends.

"How happy I am ladies, 'pon my

soul I am, to see you looking so enchantingly well after the fright you had this morning. I never regretted any thing more in the whole course of my life, than I did having left the gallery before the sport began," cried the emphatic priest.

Mrs. St. Arno replied in a quiet tone, "then Sir, you must be a very particularly fortunate and happy man."

"Aye," asked he, with a half simple smile, "how so Madam?"

"In having had so few, and such very trifling regrets, Sir," answered the lady.

"Nothing trifling at all, Ma'am, I assure you, 'pon my soul," returned Mr. Blood; "I am more deeply interested in the affair than you would imagine, and I back the Doctor."

"Come Blood, that's hardly fair play," said the young man who had previously stopped Mr. Blood. "We agreed that they should run till nine to night. I shall declare 'off if thereth any thpeaking."

"You'd better, Mr. Morgan," cried Blood laughing heartily, "but it won't do, Sir, the lady's here, and here she will in all human probability remain till the fated hour, so there's nothing unfair in the thing: besides its play or pay, and I shall touch your five hundred, depend upon it. Jarrener's in for it too, pretty deeply, and as the Doctor is not here, and my fair foe is, I flatter myself all is going on right. Ladies, give me leave to present Mr. Morgan to you. A clever young man, but not always knowing in game. However, *experientia*, pshaw! that cursed Latin; what was it we used to say at college?"

"How thoud I know?" said Mr. Morgan with a most bewitching lisp. "At colldth ath well ath all over the world, thingth are metamorphothed. I am your junior, Mr. Blood, and of courth don't know what the futhly waytli wath in your time. Mith thaint Arno, I have the honor to have five hundred on you,

and I am perthuaded from the thparkling vivathity of your eyth, that you'll nick the Doctor."

"Nick the Doctor, Sir?" cried Anarella, "I assure you I have no particular intimacy with any Doctor."

"Tho muth the better, Ma'am," said Morgan, "for I've heard that tho the ladieth that have dare not contradict him, you don't care for him tho there will be fair play."

"I respect the Doctor, Sir, if it is Doctor Unwise you are speaking of," replied Anarella, "he has shewn the most humane attention to my aunt's woman; but really I do not understand what you mean, either by nicking him or fair play, or caring for him; and I must, therefore, decline speaking on the subject."

"O! *Sapientia*," cried Blood, "I see Miss St. Arno never fights, but she knows the ground well. Madam, I have one favor to ask; will you tell me who you left with your woman?"

"By no meanth!" screamed Morgan, "fair play if you pleath, parthon!"

"Aye!" cried half a dozen young men at once, who were by this time attracted by the vehemence with which Blood spoke, "All off if another word is said."

"Done!" replied Blood, "but I maintain that my chance may be materially affected by the twist of the party that keeps guard! it's odds against me."

"Pardon me, Sir," cried Jarrener, who had now arrived, "the odds are against *us* on the other side. All our hopes," bowing to Anarella, "are here, and the foe has now possession of the field."

"Thir, I have athertained that no irruption had been made within thith hour," said Mr. Morgan, "and I know regular thcouth are planted by all partith till the time ecthpirith."

The gentlemen then entered warmly on the subject, and much betting ensued; and on Doctor Unwise making his appearance, they all declared it *flush*.

Mrs. and Miss St. Arno were much astonished at this scene, for they did not comprehend how so much should depend on Anarella's being here or there: they left their seat, and joined a groupe at a little distance. They soon arrived near enough to hear what attracted the attention of about a dozen persons. It was the eldest Miss Fuzman relating something very earnestly, and at the moment they caught the sound of her voice, she was speaking thus:

"He let them in by the door, and to make believe that he was not one of them, he fired off a pistol that, by chance, wounded the man next him; then they plundered the house, and carried away jewels and plate quite at their ease: then he blooded his hands and a great knife, and he went up stairs and frightened the poor maid-servant out of her senses, and that's the reason she's mad! and he offered to kill the man, if he did not give him all the money he had! and he held

the bloody knife to his throat, and would have killed him, but Mrs. and Miss St. Arno came in, and went down on their knees, and cried a great deal; and so he was content, and he set off directly, and has never since been heard of."

"Wonderful! oh horrid! oh dear! oh law! Mercy! How shocking!" ran in murmurs through the audience; and Mrs. St. Arno, who was vexed to find that the attack on her house was become a common topic, was moving on, when Mrs. Fuzman perceived her, and said, "My dear Mrs. St. Arno, here we are talking of you! do come and give an account of that horrid affair."

"Pardon me, Madam," replied the old lady, "I am not before a proper tribunal."

"At least," cried Mrs. Fuzman, "you can tell whether what Labella has said is true!"

"Not a word of it, Madam, as far as I have heard," returned Mrs. St. Arno,

"and from whomsoever Miss Fuzman received such a tissue of nonsense, I beg to inform her, that it is a mere fabrication, and that she had better not repeat it again."

Miss Fuzman tossed her head and turned pale with rage and mortification, and Miss Monimia stretched her mouth and her fingers, and grinned as usual. But Mrs. Fuzman, who saw that Mrs. St. Arno was moved, determined to know what was the truth, and said to that lady, "I suppose, Ma'am, it's true that your house was robbed, so you'd better oblige the company with the particulars. I hear that you had harboured a man out of charity, and that he put you in fear of your life—but, you know best."

"At least, Ma'am, I ought to know best," replied Mrs. St. Arno, "and as far as my knowledge extends, I can assure you again, that you are wrong."

"Very odd!" was whispered, and the Fuzmans still assured their hearers

that they were right, for their maid, Mrs. Remnant, had heard the whole story from the coachman, and the man's name was Harekill. "It might have been Goosekill *there*, I think," said Mrs. Fuzman.

This produced a laugh, which Mrs. St. Arno was now too far off to hear. Attended by Doctor Unwise, Jarrener, Mr. Blood, Mr. Morgan, and other gentlemen, she had walked into another room, and there, still in his wheeled chair, and rolled in his flannels, the Marquis of Hardenbrass was waiting to receive his guests. He took merely a polite notice of Anarella, but to her aunt he was assiduously attentive, and expressed himself so feelingly, and so properly, on the subject of the poor woman who had interrupted them in the morning: that, though Mrs. St. Arno had not a very high opinion of his heart from what she knew or had heard of him; she could not help giving him credit for some humanity. The company all crowding into the apartment, Mrs. St. Arno and

her niece sat down on a couch next to the chair of their host, and amused themselves with the circle that soon surrounded the Marquis. He, on his part, gave universal satisfaction to his guests, and when dinner was announced, he was wheeled into the dining room, and all took their places.

CHAP. XI.

A Conversation at Dinner, with an Introduction to Mr. Medley.

The dinner was sumptuous, and did infinite credit to the French cook, and the wines were exquisite. Every body looked satisfied, or nearly so, and each one conversed with his or her neighbour, for all general conversation was out of the question.

The ever officious Jarrener put himself between Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, though the latter threatened him with the title of Doctor; and the former advised him to make his escape, as he would stand no chance for mercy. He had entirely convinced himself that he was now become a favourite with Amarella, and nothing could again discourage him. As soon as he felt

himself firm in his seat, he stretched himself, and shook his head as if to settle his curls, with great satisfaction. He peeped to see who was on the other side of his fair prize; and perceiving a gentleman at least twenty years older than himself, he smiled with great exultation. Anarella looked grave and spoke not, and when he had sent Mrs. St. Arno's plate for soup, he asked Anarella what she would take.

"What do you recommend, Doctor?" said she.

"Mercy! fair and pitiless!" replied he, in a low voice, "how can you shock my ears with that odious dose!"

"It was an agreement, Doctor Esculapius Jarrener," replied Anarella.

"Without my consent, sweet spirit of —"

"Of Nitre?" interrupted Anarella.

"No, of cruelty," said Jarrener.

As people are not expected to speak much while eating, Miss St. Arno replied

not, she took her soup in silence: and her aunt tried to engage Jarrener in conversation, as she saw he was irksome to her niece. But he was not to be diverted from his purpose; and, though Anarella heard him in silence and with evident displeasure, he continued in an under tone that was calculated to convey to those near, the idea, that some particular intimacy subsisted between him and the young lady, to give rather plain hints of his own satisfaction at being taken into favour, and to accuse her of coquetry, in pretending, that she did not like his conversation.

Mr. Medley, the gentleman who sat on Anarella's left hand, was evidently amused with the scene, and attentive to what was said, and Mrs. St. Arno having, after some time entered into conversation with Lady Diana Gormonthwaite, who was near her, Mr. Jarrener had the field to himself. He went on thus. "This killing silence, lovely Efflorescence, serves

but to animate more vividly the passion that has saturated me; and convinces me, that *that* affinity subsists between us, that will raise the temperature of our passion to the point of ebullition, and drive off the particles of coy coquetry, that now obfuscate the hyperoxygenated emotions, that will, nevertheless, by their sparkling combustion, make themselves visible at the aperture of the eye!"

Jarrener had proceeded thus far, when Mr. Medley was seized with an irresistible desire to laugh, and Anarella, though very savage to be thus ridiculously drawn into notice, raised her eyes towards him, and was suddenly infected with the same desire. They both indulged it, while Jarrener continued to eat and talk with his head very near the plate, for he was short sighted, and Anarella perceiving in what light Mr. Medley saw the affair, felt re-assured, and resumed her natural gaiety.

"Shall I have the pleasure of taking

wine with you, Madam?" said Mr. Medley, Anarella bowed, and just as the parties had raised their glasses to their lips, Jarrener lifted up his head to see what effect his speech had on his mistress. He looked very angry when he saw that she had taken wine with Mr. Medley, and said rather pettishly; "I thought Miss St. Arno, you seldom took wine at dinner! If I had known you wished it now, *I* should have solicited the distinction of taking it with you."

"Your not knowing it, Doctor, may convince you that the affinity you talk of exists merely in your own chemical brain," replied Anarella, "where I perceive a process is going on, whose result will only be amusement to me, and mortification to yourself."

"I presume, Madam," said Mr. Medley, "that the gentleman, whom I have not indeed the honor to know, is a medical man, and a man of science? if so, allow me to solicit the pleasure of an

introduction to him. My name is Medley, Madam, I am a near relation to Sir H—— D——y, whose name you of course know carries with it a recommendation to scientific ears."

"Sir," replied Anarella in the same ironical tone, "You do me a particular pleasure by giving me an opportunity of introducing to you, Doctor Esculapius Jarrener, whose youth has been spent in scientific pursuits, and whose memory is a mass of chemical, botanical, and anatomical terms." Then turning to Jarrener, she continued thus, "Doctor Jarrener, this gentleman, a man of science, a near relation to Sir H——y D——y, whose name carries with it a recommendation to scientific ears, solicits the pleasure of your acquaintance. His name is Medley."

"The gentleman does me honour, Miss St. Arno," replied Jarrener in an angry tone, "but considering our situation, and the near affinity between us,

I feel that you ought not to have represented me, what I am not." "Sir," to Medley, "I am no physician, as this young lady chuses to depict me, and I have dabbled in science only for my amusement."

"Dabbled, do you say, Sir?" replied Medley, "from your conversation, I should conjecture that you were not only *doctus* but *doctissimus*."

"Upon my soul I am not," said Jarrener, "And Miss St. Arno knows that these experiments she chuses to make with her voltaic battery, shock me exceedingly, she knows they do, and she will never be satisfied, till having directed all her powers to one focus, she has rendered me a mere gaseous substance." "Then we must collect and condense you again, Sir," replied Medley, "for the loss of one man of profound science would be an irreparable loss, and this young lady looks too enlightened to think of directing the powers of her mind

to the focus you mention. Should she attempt to execute any such scheme, I am persuaded the whole scientific world, with my friend Sir H———y at their head, would unite their endeavours to repair the mischief."

"Ah, Mr. Medley," cried Jarrener in a gentler tone (for he mistook what passed for a compliment) "you don't know the cruel experiments Miss St. Arno likes to make, she dissects the living subject."

"Oh you wretch!" exclaimed Anarella, laying down her knife and fork, "for heaven's sake don't talk so."

"I should guess as much," returned Mr. Medley, "and I dare say she can lecture well on the heart."

"She has no compassion on mine," continued Jarrener, "though—"

"Upon my word, Doctor, if you talk so much nonsense," said Anarella, "I must for the future request that we may not be neighbours."

"That would be impossible, while the same roof covers us, Miss St. Arno," returned Jarrener, "like particles will be attracted with great velocity, when within a certain distance."

"Then I must hasten to quit the certain distance," said Anarella, "if you intend to imply that there is any similitude between so learned and scientific a particle as yourself, and so humble a personage as me; instead of feeling any attraction, I feel much inclined to fly off with great velocity."

Jarrener gave no answer to this, but by looking, as he imagined, very cunning, very confident, very saucy, and very loving, and asking Anarella if she would now take wine with *him*. At the same instant, the Bishop of ——, who was at no great distance, solicited the same pleasure; and she granted it, without seeming to have heard Jarrener.

"Upon my word now, that's very un-

kind and very unfair," and Jarrener, "and considering all things—"

"What things?" asked Anarella haughtily.

"Good heavens! Miss St. Arno, you are not surely going to dissect the living subject?" said Medley.

"Oh! but I assure you, she will at any time," said Jarrener, "and though we are on such terms—"

"Terms, Sir!" said Anarella, "I beg you to observe, that on my part the terms of our intimacy are nothing more than mere toleration of your nonsense, to avoid occasioning any thing like making you of importance, by cutting you at once."

Jarrener laid down his knife and fork, and looked the picture of astonishment, and Mr. Medley half whispered to Anarella,

"See at her feet the bleeding victim lies,
Helpless its limbs, and starting forth its eyes."

To which Anarella answered,

"Nor pain, nor pleasure, makes an idiot wise!"

During the rest of the time of dinner, Jarrener was silent, he was too deeply offended to attempt again to soften Anarella in the presence of Mr. Medley; but he believed, that when he had her alone, or only with her aunt, he could make her recant all she had said, as he felt assured she must love him; and he did not perceive that any-body paid her particular attention, who could at all compare with himself. What he said more, then, was all directed to Mrs. St. Arno, and the individuals near her; and Anarella conversed with Mr. Medley, who was pleased with her style of conversation, and her turn for satire, that accorded in some measure with his own.

"Are you pretty well acquainted with many of the people here, Miss St. Arno?" asked he.

"So far from it, Sir, that I may be

truly said to *know* none of them," replied Anarella. "But I dare say you do, and I shall enjoy some information on the subject."

"I thought the Fuzmans had been your friends?" said Medley.

"My aunt and myself met them in the spring at W—," replied Anarella, "and in those places one associates with families who are respectably introduced, without contracting any violent friendship. We visited, met in public, and mutually were amused with each other: but no kind of friendship, I believe, is likely to subsist between us. I do not know one of their connections, and I fancy they are equally ignorant of mine."

"I happen to know their whole history," said Mr. Medley, "and if you can abstract yourself from the gay scene sufficiently to give me a patient hearing, I shall be glad to relate it to you. But this is not a proper moment, for I see Mominia with her eyes on the full stretch,

and her mouth menacing to ingulph us, as if her genius had given her a box on the ear to warn her that she was the subject of conversation; and we will, therefore, defer it, if you please, till we meet in the drawing-room."

Anarella could not help smiling, and directing her eyes towards Monimia, who was evidently watching her. Lord Crispin, with a strip of sticking-plaister on his cheek, was next Monimia; and at a little distance sat Miss Fuzman and the Marquis de Courtoie.

"I hope," continued Medley, "that the little Lord's ancle will be well enough to give us a specimen of his waltzing this evening, though what lady will venture to swim the giddy circle with him, I dare not pretend to foretell."

"Does he oblige the world in that way?" said Anarella.

"Oh, did you never see him?" returned Medley, "then you have a treat to come, and for your amusement I'll put

things in such a train that he shall, if possible, exhibit for your advantage. Are you acquainted with his aunt?"

"Not at all, except by meeting her here," answered Miss St. Arno.

"I think I may venture in the midst of this sweet confusion of tongues, knives and forks, spoons and plates, and Welsh music, I may venture to make a communication on that monstrous subject."

"You had better not, lest the genius of discord should give *her* a box on the ear," said Anarella.

"You are right, Ma'am!" for see she turns her Tartarian face this way the moment we speak of her. How odd it is! but I've observed that people, even at a great distance, will turn and look at you if you happen to speak of them. But see Discord is making work there among the little folks! what's the matter?"

And now the attention of the company was turned on Lord Crispin, who had asked Miss Monimia Fuzman to assist

him to a part of a dish of stewed celery that was between them, but which his little arms could not conveniently reach. Anxious to oblige her little Lord, as Monimia called him, she set about it in a very awkward manner, as she did every thing else; and having crammed her mouth so full, that both her cheeks were distended, she could not easily dispose of its contents in the proper channel. She wanted to speak, either to ask if that was enough, or something else; and an unlucky grain of salt getting into her throat, nature made an effort to expel it, and the contents of her mouth were deposited partly on Lord Crispin, towards whom her head was turned, partly on his plate, and the dish of stewed celery, that were before her in the same direction, and the remainder flew far and near, so as to reach many who would have thought themselves without the sphere of her favours.

Anarella was really too good humour-

ed to enjoy the scene of mortification and vexation that followed, though she could hardly help smiling at the countenances of those who were most concerned; while Mr. Medley told her "he would absolve her, if she even did laugh at them; for if she knew them as well as he did, she would be aware that such a check to their absurd pride and vanity was but too well merited."

"For example," cried he, "look there at my Lord, what do you think mortifies him? Nothing in the world, but spoiling his dress; which, if report says true, is the second that has suffered shipwreck since he came here. The first was destroyed by a woman they say, but I have not yet made myself quite master of that story; and this he can hardly sport again in the present society, though after the scowerer has done with it, it may appear in another. Miss Monimia too has greased her new white satin, and she fears that she may lose my Lord by this acci-

dent, which she is far from attributing to the amiable lady-like custom of putting as much into her capacious mouth as she can possibly thrust in! she blames the grain of salt or pepper, or crumb of bread, or whatever it was; and has so little feeling of propriety, or sense of good breeding, that she will wonder any body can feel disgusted with her. As to her mamma, who makes up in cunning what she wants in sense, and in impudence what she wants in good breeding, you see she has already justified and excused her daughter, by attributing all to a sudden illness. Ha! ha! ha! Miss Monimia, I see, stands her ground, and won't retire to oblige her mamma; so now that all is wiped up and removed, and a clean napkin put over the cloth, civilities will go on as usual. But see! turn your head to the right! see that Ætna ready to send forth its thunders on poor Monimia! Nothing but the presence of the Marquis, I believe, prevents the explosion! and look

at the French Marquis too, he is shrinking into a still smaller compass, to avoid a similar catastrophe; and sending his eyes, by different routes, round the table, to discover what city of refuge he could find, in case of such an attack."

In this manner Mr. Medley entertained himself and his neighbour during and after dinner, and Jarrener was too sulky to interrupt them. It was near nine when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, and Anarella ran to see Dunn.

CHAP. XII.

Mrs. Dunn excites universal Interest. --- Anarella discovers how. — Mr. Medley makes himself agreeable.

Miss St. Arno found Mrs. Dunn rather feverish, but better than when she left her, and heard, with some surprise, that several gentlemen had sent to ask, whether she was so bad, as to require cupping or blistering. Anarella began by considering what had been said before dinner, to get a clue to these inquiries; and fearful that any body should attempt to play a trick on poor Dunn, she determined to stay with her till after the fated hour, which she had understood to be nine. She dismissed Alice for a quarter of an hour, and sat down by the fire to guard Mrs. Dunn.

That poor woman found her fears of

some unknown evil increase as night advanced, and Miss St. Arno's authority could not keep her still and silent.

"I vish, Miss Starno," said she, "as you would go away from this here place, and let we go back to Erefard. There, I never, no never, seed no bloody Arkles with a knife, as if he vas killing sheep! nor vas bleeded, vether I vould or no, by a feller as keeps mad men! nor vas forced to rin away, shyting from a gurt big giant man, as vanted to cut off my *'air*, and clap kips on my head! I shall never be no better here, Miss Starno; and I begs you to perwale on my Missis, to hundertake to go direckly. If you vont, Miss Starno, I shall be forced to prostitute myself before her and you too; and then, ve shall see vether you can refoose a poor creetur!"

"I beg, Dunn, that you will not talk," said Anarella. "you will increase your fever, and you may be perfectly easy now, for I have dismissed the Doctor. If you

are quiet, he will not have occasion to come again; but, if you are troublesome, I may be under the necessity of calling him. You must know, there is nothing now to fear"—"No Miss," interrupted Dunn, "nothing to fear, when there's a madman in the house, as is so bad, all the tendons is a feard of he! Mrs. Alice have a told I, all about he. It's only night a fore last, as he vas so hopstickleous, he vounded the Doctor, as had the care of he; and the poor man now lies ill in the house with a gash on his side, they do say; though Mrs. Alice do say, nobody can make out how he come by the veapon, as he did cut him vith. And, she do say, as how his raving is terrible, and that nasty Doctor, as tookt away my precious blood; do bleed he, and blister he, my stars! they say, the poor crectur be a penned down like a dumb brute, and my Lord Markiss is all in a quandary, when he do hare a noise, as be feared he may git loose."

"This is a very dreadful account Dunn," returned Anarella, "and you must try to keep yourself quiet, for one does not know what may be necessary, if you do not. I should advise you not to talk to Alice; for all these horrible stories will only frighten you worse."

"Vorse, Miss Starno! No," replied Dunn, with great earnestness: "No! that's not in the pushbility of man, to fright I vorse, nor that vicked Arkles did."

"Well, that's over!" said Anarella, "so you may be easy! I desire you will too, for I shall now leave you, to join my aunt. I declare it's nine now." She then rung for Alice, and was about to leave the room, when Mrs. St. Arno, attended by a young lady whose name was Lenham, entered. The ladies sat down by the fire in Mrs. St. Arno's room, and enjoyed a little social chat on the occurrences of the day, after which, they adjourned to the drawing-room, where they

found most of the ladies and some of the gentlemen assembled.

Among the rest was Mr. Medley, who no sooner saw Anarella than he left his companion, the Bishop of——, and joined her. He was proceeding to express his pleasure at finding her, when several gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Morgan and Jarrener, assailed her all at once with their watches in their hands.

"This is the lady! Ma'am do you say it is nine o'clock?"

"Certainly gentlemen, the clock has stuck a long time ago."

"And, have you fobbed the Doctor Ma'am?"

"Really, no Sir! I do not know what you mean," said Anarella, vexed to be thus attacked.

"One Doctor you have," said Medley, casting a look at Jarrener.

"Then, Ma'am," lisped Morgan, "the Doctor hath nicked the woman?"

"Really, gentlemen, I know nothing

about any Doctor," said Anarella, "if I can give you information on any subject, I shall be most happy, but I have hardly an idea what you are talking about."

"How should she?" asked a solemn young man who talked through his nose, "you should expound to the lady."

Upon this, one of the party explained, that a good deal of money had been betted in the course of the day, whether Dunn would be cupped and blistered before nine at night, some one way, some another: and they now begged to know from her, whether the woman had undergone these operations or not.

"Certainly not, gentlemen!" said Anarella, and the whole party retreated to settle their bets, and new ones were made on the chance of her being obliged to be operated on, in the course of the next twenty-four hours. So strong is the habit of gambling in some individuals.

Miss Lenham, having joined her mamma and some other ladies of her acquaintance; Mr. Medley asked Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, if they were inclined to hear what he had promised to communicate, before the dancing commenced; and they willingly accompanied him to a recess in the card-room, where they thought they should be more free from interruption, than in the saloon. Three or four parties had already taken their places at the card-tables, and our friends seated themselves in a retired corner, where, after some preliminary speeches and observations, Mr. Medley related the history of Mrs. Fuzman and her daughters, in the following words, or nearly so, for we cannot be quite accurate on this occasion.

CHAP. XIII.

Mr. Medley relates the History of Mrs. Fuzman.

Mrs. Fuzman of the present day, and Mrs. Fuzman of twenty years ago, ladies, are such different people, that unless I had happened to know both, I could hardly have believed it, and I must, I fancy, travel back as far as her father and mother, to give you an idea of it.

Her father then, was the son of an honest weaver in ——shire, who having a large family of sons and daughters, was glad to dispose of them by apprenticing them to trades, or sending them out to service as they attained a proper age. He was a very decent man in his line of life, and contrived to have each of his children taught the necessary parts of education, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Septimus Stowe was put out to

a bricklayer, and worked with indefatigable industry at his trade. When his apprenticeship was expired, he married a woman many years older than himself, but exactly in his own line of life, for she was a sempstress, and had supported herself many years by going out to work at the tradesmens' and farmers' houses for sixpence a-day. Not long after this event, Septimus left the town of G——, where his master lived, and removed to H——, where he proved so fortunate, that in about nine years he was become a master builder, and a sort of indispensible to Lord M——, whose affairs at last went entirely through his hands. He had already saved money, and bought land, and his wife had given over making gowns for her neighbours, and visiting the taylor's wife. At the time I am mentioning, Mrs. Fuzman was about five years old, and her mother's pride was gratified by telling her that her dad would soon be worth twenty thousand

pounds, and it was all for our Pat! that was the young lady.

In the town of H—— was a good lady of some celebrity, who educated young ladies, and Miss Stowe was placed under her care, with strict orders to remember to teach her to be genteel, for she would have a power of money! and with this good lady she remained till she was eighteen, when she was sent home finished: that is, she could write a letter without mis-spelling her words, by the help of a dictionary; she could say the Lord's Prayer, and read the first book of Telemachus in French; and she played Water Parted, and, when she had courage, sung it to admiration.

By this time her father was worth near fifty thousand pounds, and Miss Stowe began to feel that ambition which ever fires great minds. The cutlers', linen-drapers', and grocers' wives, who had condescended to visit Mrs. Stowe ten years before, were now entirely cut by

her daughter, who despised them all, and having no other society, she passed her time in solitary musings on her future plans.

To her mother she seldom condescended to address her conversation, for the old lady was apt to indulge in a retrospective view, and to boast of that good fortune which had now placed her, who used to go out to work for sixpence a day, at ease in her own fine house, and lolling in her own carriage, and she generally concluded by telling Patty she should marry a gentleman.

At the time I am speaking of, Mr. Stowe had been some time employed for my father, who was rebuilding his house, and my mother having a house in H—, thought it proper to pay some attention to Miss Stowe and her mother. They were asked occasionally to take dinner with us; but at last we were obliged to cease this, for both so obviously suffered a sort

of martyrdom during the visit, that my mother could not bear it.

In her conversation, Mrs. Stowe was exceedingly vulgar, and her daughter so reserved and ill-bred, that their visits were days of penance to all parties. On one occasion my mother by way of drawing Miss Stowe out, inquired which of her acquirements afforded her the most gratification; and the mother instead of letting her answer for herself, replied, "There now, Mrs. Medley, you've dood it now. Us never agrees about them there accomplishments, as has cost our Septy such sights o' money. He likes music, for though he began the world with nothing, as every body knows, and was most used to the trowel and the hod, he have a vast taste for music, and when us lived down in —shire, he was one of the best singers in the parish. And there he had our Patty taught the music, o' purpose as she might rattle and squall a bit to he, when he come

home from his work, as well as to fit her to be a gentlewoman, and she won't play a stave to him. Now I'll ax you, Mrs. Medley, if you thinks it right for a young lady, as is not nineteen, to spend her day in just doing nothing at all! I do declare, as sure as I sit here, that our Pat does no one earthly thing, but get up and dress herself, and eat and drink, and go to bed again. And would you believe, she'll sleep in her chair by the hour together! and when I bid she rouze up, and play a bit, she gives me some snub or other, that goes well nigh to vex me."

"Probably," said my mother, "Miss Stowe may have weak health."

"Why as to that, Ma'am, she is not over strong, as indeed, people heddicated for fine ladies seldom is. But then I was not over strong myself, and I used to work for sixpence a day, and my keep, the year round, when I could work, and I don't see I'm the worse for it now, as I've my own carriage as fine as any Lady of them

all. But, indeed, I should not say Patty there never does nothing, for as sure as a needle's a needle, though she sleep all the afternoon, every other day of the week, as sure as Saturday night come, she always mend her stockings, and is wake and blithe as a Lark, and this I take it, she have from her mother, for when I worked for my bread, I always had to sit up late to finish, come Saturday, or I mout never have had a bit of finery to get a husband with for Sunday."

"I beg pardon, for interrupting you. Sir," said Mrs. St. Arno, "but I really wish you would in your narrative, distinguish between plain matter of fact, and poetical embellishment."

"Aye, I see, Ladies, you don't believe me, "answered Medley," you may however! for I was present at this scene, and only wish I could do justice to the worthy old sempstress, or her black countenanced daughter, whose face, with the exception of her blushing nose, was really cadaverous."

What I have related, may serve to shew you the style in which Mrs. Fuzman began the world. She was not long after married to Mr. Fuzman, who was a stock broker, or rather had been a stock broker, and was under the necessity of residing in the country, as he was pronounced a dead man if he staid in London.

During the time of her married life she visited her parents occasionally, and received some civility from a very good woman, who was Mrs. Stowe's chief companion during the latter years of her life. This person was in fact the only one she knew in H—— out of her father's house. When her husband died, she removed with her two children to her father's house, for she feared the old man should marry again, and as he still continued his business, she calculated that such society, as she aspired to, was not to be had till death should happily remove him, so she gave out, that she meant to decline all visits, as her father found society irksome.

In the mean time she gave her daughters a good education, I mean an expensive one; for the principal foundation of all her schemes, was pride and ambition! and I have been assured, by a lady who heard her say so, that she declared nothing less than nobility would ever do for either of her daughters, and that Monimia had a ducal coronet in her eye.

"In her mouth, I think, she should have said," said Mrs. St. Arno.

Some other pleasantries passed not worth recording, and after a short pause, Mr. Medley proceeded, as may be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. Medley continues Mrs. Fuzman's History.—A Poetess.

You will perhaps wonder, Ladies, how I have learnt so minutely the domestic history of Mrs. Fuzman, and I think it right to satisfy your wonder. The daughter of my nurse lived with Mrs Fuzman, and my poor mother, who was grown very unlike herself, and very infirm, used to listen to the tales of nurse, fresh from her daughter every time she paid her mother a visit. I was the depositary of all my poor mother heard, and Mrs. Fuzman's subsequent shine has impressed it on my mind.

I remember one or two anecdotes that mark her breeding and generosity, and the dispositions of her family. The following is a recent fact:

When she went to town, not very long ago, she sent to a celebrated milliner, recommended by my friend Lady F——, from whom I had the story. The woman received orders to make her a French cap, and to send it home on a certain day. The milliner was punctual, and sent one of her young people home with the cap. She was introduced into Mrs. Fuzman's dressing-room, and presented her the cap.

It happened, that Mrs. Fuzman had got up much out of humour, and she turned the cap round on her hand this way and that, and eyed it with great contempt. "And pray, young woman, is this what you call a French cap?" said she, in no very sweet tone of voice.

"Yes, Ma'am, it is the newest fashion," replied the girl.

"You don't mean that for truth, I suppose, young woman!" said Mrs. Fuzman; "this is no French cap. I never saw such a dowdy, ugly thing in my life!" So saying, she threw it down with great

violence, and kicked it from her with sovereign contempt.

The young woman, frightened, was about to quit the room, when Mrs. Fuzman called her back, and bid her pick up the cap. The girl, with proper spirit refused, and said, that she had not thrown it down, and she should not take it up. A long altercation took place, which concluded by Mrs. Fuzman being obliged to pick up the cap herself, and to desire the girl to put it in proper form again. This she complied with, and then Mrs. Fuzman would know how much muslin there was in it. The girl mentioned the quantity, to which Mrs. Fuzman replied, "You lie, there is not so much." The girl replied, and another altercation followed, which ended by Mrs. Fuzman being determined to have it measured. The girl was good-humoured enough to show her how to measure it; and when she had convinced her, that it really did contain the quantity, she would know the price.

At last she was satisfied, that the price was not so unreasonable as she thought, and she ordered another to be made. The young woman said, she must be excused taking the order, as her time had been wasted and she must inform her mistress what passed.

Upon this, Mrs. Fuzman was reduced to beg the young woman not to mention what had passed, either to her mistress, or to Lady F.; and the girl promised to comply. How well she kept her word, you will guess, by the whole coming to my knowledge. She told, besides, that Mrs. Fuzman called in her daughter's French servant, and asked her some question, which she necessarily answered in broken English; and Mrs. Fuzman was polite enough to mimic her, as she gave her orders.

When the milliner went down, a woman servant asked her if she had not *got it* from her lady; and on her replying "yes," the butler observed, that he knew

every body would *have it* that morning. Such is the amiable disposition of Mrs. Fuzman.

But to continue her history. As soon as her father died, she beautified her house, and made it fit for the reception of the gay world. She then called on a lady who visited every body, and represented to her, her wish to introduce her daughters into good society. She stated their fortunes, and solicited the patronage and introduction of the lady in question; who being a good-humoured woman, and pleased, perhaps, by the confidence placed in her, advised her to take her daughters to town, by way of giving them éclat, and promised, that on her return, all the neighbourhood should call on her. She kept her word, and since that time Mrs. Fuzman has entirely forgotten the names and faces of her nearest relations, and will hardly condescend to speak to a plain Mister, unless he is some how or other connected with people of rank.

I happened to be at H—— the first time Mrs. Fuzman and her daughters made their début at the assemblies there; and really I pitied them, for every muscle was in motion, and old Lady Twamley, who patronized them, told me afterwards, that she was quite in the horrors to see Mrs. Fuzman with so little self-possession. Young Scoone, whose father, Sir Gaspar, I came here with, was staying with me, and appeared much strück with Miss Fuzman. As I wished, out of respect to the memory of poor old Stowe, who was a worthy being, to show them any attention in my power, I took the young man to Mrs. Fuzman and her daughter; and having introduced him as my friend, I added, that he solicited the honour of dancing with Miss Fuzman. With a face red with indignation, and a peculiar toss of contempt, Mrs. Fuzman excused her daughter, on the plea of a previous engagement; which I knew to be false, and I was some time before I could divine

why she behaved in this manner, and treated him with rudeness. At last I found, from Lady Twamley, that she imagined him to be the son of an attorney of the same name, who was in H—— on a visit to his father, after distinguishing himself at college; and she highly resented what she called such an insult. In the course of the evening, however, Mrs. Fuzman learnt, that she had been mistaken, and that Scoone would probably one day be Sir Gaspar. She took an opportunity of being civil to him, and as young men are easily flattered where their fancy is concerned, he was gratified, and danced with Lubella.

The affair, at last, took a more serious turn than I liked; and the young man fell seriously in love. His father, in consideration of forty thousand independent pounds, and the chance of dividing the mother's fortune, consented to forego the hitherto indispensible qualification of blood, and the offer was made in form. But Miss

Fuzman refused him, and her mother was indelicate enough to assign as a reason, that it was possible his father might survive him, and in that case her daughter would never be more than plain Mrs. Scoone. I am persuaded, that if young Scoone had been Sir Gaspar, he would not have been rejected.

The young man, however, did not break his heart. He soon after was received as a lover by a sweet girl, his equal in birth, and with a moderate fortune, and what is singular enough, Sir Gaspar tells me, the bells were ringing at Aberystwith for their wedding, the day that Mrs. Fuzman arrived there. I cannot help fancying myself, that their visit to that place, was in the hope of again attracting Scoone, but I should not be justified in asserting it. If they are disappointed in this, they have been amply compensated by the society and attention of the fair Lady Diana Gormonthwaite, and her two Lilliputian Lords, who, if their own vanity does not

prevent them, by leading them to aspire higher, will, I dare say, carry off the two ———— shire prizes.

Mr. Medley had hardly concluded the last sentence, when a very tall woman, about five and thirty, walked up to him, and addressed him thus:

"Ah, Medley! I've been wandering in search of you, for I want your reminiscences to help me out."

"Out of what?" asked Medley.

"Out of a dilemma most pathetic," returned the lady; "The chaste Diana has been teazing me to repeat my last Ode on Love, and I can't, though I've tried three times, get farther than—

"*Sighs inflam'd with young desire.*"

I can't find the next line, though I have vowed a sacrifice to Mnemosyne, if she will help, and extricate me."

"Then make another line directly," replied Medley, "there can be no difficulty in that. All the world knows

your prolific talent! and that two or three thousand verses cost you no trouble at all."

"Very true," said the Lady, with much affectation, "but Apollo is not always kind. In a general way I throw off about five hundred lines in a morning with the greatest facility."

"I wish you would give me your recipe," said Medley. "What is it? tartar emetic, or plain ipecacuhana?"

"Oh you cruel and unkind barbarian!" replied the Lady. "What delicate imagination can bear the mention of such odious drugs! But come, do help me! for I know Lady Diana wants to bring out Lord Crispin for recitation, after supper, and if I can but retain my ode; I shall follow."

"Upon my soul!" said Medley, "I wish I could help you; but you know I have no memory."—

"Reminiscence, you should say, Med-

ley. *Memory* is quite obsolete," interrupted the Lady.

"Therefore suits me," said Medley, "for I am become obsolete too. Let me see! What is your line?"

"Sighs inflamed with young desire!" replied the Lady, "I can't get farther than young desire, if it were to secure my salvation!"

"That's unfortunate at such a moment," said Medley, "but I'll do my best for you: What say you to the following?

"Would set e'en icy Di on fire." If that won't do, I must despair, for I can go no further."

"O cruel satirist!" exclaimed the Lady. "What, would you bring on my devoted head, all the punishments of Tartarus?"

"Suppose, Ma'am, you were to turn it into a compliment, and say, "To touch Diana's heart aspire," said Anarella gravely.

"Sweet Erato!" cried the Lady, throwing her arms round Anarella's neck, "what a blessed thought! Ah! little did I think a sister soul dwelt so near: and yearned for sweet communion with mine. You must shew me your works, lovely creature! how beautiful she is! and how those ingenuous blushes deck the swelling cheek! I must know you, indeed I must!" continued she in a hurried manner, "that I may clasp you to my breast, and bid you grow for ever there."

"What, to the exclusion of all others?" asked Medley, evidently pitying Anarella's confusion at this address; "that would not be fair! and I, who have known Miss Iambick so many years, and so often broken my heart over her pathetic productions, shall certainly make my claim first."

"You?" cried the Lady, "you are a man! Can you compare in warmth and delicacy of imagination with the fragile,

but exquisitely beautiful blossoms of our sex?"

"Certainly not!" said Medley, "far be it from me, or any other male biped, to compare with the sensitive Miss Iambick! with the modern Sappho! but I may worship at humble distance, and I shall not easily give up the claim a long intimacy has established, even to a sister poetess."

"What have you written?" asked Miss Iambick.

"Nothing at all, Ma'am," returned Anarella, "I assure you I am no Poetess."

"Now there," said Medley, "you must excuse me, Miss St. Arno, if I betray secrets. If you can't remember your productions, your friends can, and if Miss Iambick will draw her chair near us, I will endeavour to repeat that pathetic ballad you favoured me by communicating."

"Good heavens! Mr. Medley! what are you saying? Pray," said Anarella.

"Aye, now you are come to entreaties, fair Lady, but it won't do, and I must not disappoint Miss Iambick," said Medley. "Have you a pocket, Sappho?"

"A pocket," replied she, "why?"

"Because you will have occasion for it, I promise you," said Medley, "to produce a handkerchief. Miss St. Arno's Ballad is very touching, and has the advantage of being founded on fact, at least, on a credible report."

"Oh! I long to hear it!" exclaimed Miss Iambick, drawing her chair close to Medley. "I long to hear it! My soul yearns to hear it! Oh! begin, begin!"

"What are you going to do, Mr. Medley? said Annrella gravely. I beg you will not im—"

"Fear not!" said Medley, "you shall see Miss Iambick's soul at the window of her eyes. Every pathetic word will wring her heart, and agitate that frame, but too susceptible!"

"Oh! begin, begin, pray begin!" cried Miss Iambick.

"So I will," said Medley, "but you must promise not to be loud, for I do not wish to attract a crowd about us, and I see the birds are flocking. It would not be fair for Miss St. Arno to let profane ears receive her effusions."

"Oh! begin, begin! pray, pray begin!" said the Poetess; "my soul is on fire!"

"Nay!" said Medley, "then I must defer it till we are more private, if you are so warm."

"You will drive me mad! oh! begin, if you have any pity! any touch of compassion in your iron soul!" cried Miss Iambick.

Medley then hemmed two or three times, and seemed to try to recollect some verses. After a short pause he began, as in the following chapter.

CHAP. XV.

An Impromptu Ballad, with Criticisms—The real Art of Book-making—Condemnation of Fielding and Smollett—Why—

" LISTEN to the mournful story
Of a maiden poor and fair,
Lost and tarnish'd is her glory,
Spite of all her father's care!"

" Ah!" exclaimed Miss Iambick, " a common misfortune! and always interesting! She was seduced, I suppose."

" Nay," returned Medley, " if you will interrupt me, I fear you will break memory's chain, and in that case, the whole will drop to the ground. This is a worse case than even a seduction."

" Monstrous!" exclaimed Miss Iambick, " what—"

" Listen, listen, Sappho!" interrupted Medley, " you'll hear all in time."

The Lady was silent, and he went on thus, in a sort of plaintive whine.

"She in service low was placed,
And her daily work was mean!
Yet no man could say she wasted,
Or was aught but neat and clean.
One day her mistress dinner ordered,
Dumplings was the food she sought;
In a dish with blue edge bordered,
She the flower and what-not brought."

"Beautiful precision!" exclaimed Miss Iambick, "how I love these minute excellences! Beautiful!"

Mr. Medley gave no answer, but went on.

"Soon the babes by hunger wasted."

"Ah! the horrible!" cried Miss Iambick.

"Home from school for dinner came.
She, like them, the dumplings tasted,
Her's the refuse of the same.
Then by cruel pains invaded,
They did yell and they did cry!
And though all by Doctor aided,
One of them did fairly die."

"What an incident!" cried Miss Iambick, "my fair sister, this is *indeed* genius!"

"The Doctor vow'd, by poison wounded,
This poor babe had lost his life!
So he then the mistress sounded,
Who could owe her grudge or strife?
'Tis,' said she, 'that base E——a,
'Tis that cruel wretch, no doubt!
I had reason to despise her,
I did threat to turn her out!'
So the Crowner in was called,
And being called, soon he came!
'Lord have mercy!' F——g bawled,
'I declare I'm not to blame."'

"How elegantly circumstantial, and how nobly sublime," cried Miss Iambick.

"But in vain this declaration,
He did vow her guilt was plain;
So she left her former station,
All in tears and all in pain!"

"It wrings the heart!" cried Miss Iambick, "all in tears, and all in pain;" and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Mrs. and Miss St. Arno could not help

being amused with Miss Iambick's polite criticisms, and they were glad to hide their smiles behind their handkerchiefs. With inflexible gravity Mr. Medley proceeded.

"In Newgate prison she was placed,
In a felon's dismal cell!
Soon her Father to her hasted,
Oh! his grief no tongue can tell!
"Art thou then this wicked sinner?"
Cried the heart-bursting old man,
"When thou shouldst have got a dinner,
"Such a burning sin to plan.?"

"That is a well selected epithet," said Miss Iambick; "*burning, burning* sin! It is highly moral, as in one word it expresses the enormity of the offence, and the species of punishment such an offence must end in. That *burning* shews great power of judgment, as well as a thoroughly religious turn of mind."

"Hadst thou then no bow'ls of pity?"

"I beg pardon," said Miss Iambick, "but whence is *bow'ls* derived? I like to dive to the foundation!"

"It is merely the contraction of bowels," replied Medley, "used by figure of speech for heart."—The Lady bowed, and he went on.

"Hadst thou then no bow'ls of pity
For the tender little ones?"

"Ah! tender, tender! how pretty!" said Miss Iambick.

"Couldst thou hear their accents pretty,
And be poisoning all their bones?"

"That's a new turn of expression," cried Sappho.

"I have bowels," said his daughter,
"Both of pain and pity too!
I did never plan this slaughter!
That I swear to God and you!"

"Ah! conscious innocence!" cried Miss Iambick.

"Then the poor things wept right sorely,
'Twould have grieved your heart to see!
She did mourn her sunken glory,
He did groan this day should be!

Well! the time was soon elapsed,
When she to the bar was brought!
She her tender parents clasped,
And in vain for comfort sought."

"How the distress rises upon one," cried Miss Iambick.

"Long the trial was a doing,
She did fear a host of foes!
Soon she found it was her ruin,
Must this day of sorrow close.
The Jury made deliberation,
Many touching things were said,
Though one was deaf, he took his station,
Trusting to a better head.

"Ah! a pretty poetical liberty that!" cried Sappho, "it could not happen in real life—That is genius!"

"*Guilty* was the maid declared,
In a full and crowded court;
'Twould the hardest breast have scared,
To behold her broken heart.
"Don't they know," she then exclaimed,
"That I eat the poison'd stuff?
I am most unjustly blamed,
Would that I had eat enough!"

"Oh! my Father! tell my Lover,
Now to take his last embrace!
For ere many days are over,
The foul death-drop I must face."

"Bid him think on me with sorrow,
And to wear this lock of love,
For the day after to-morrow
I must go to them above."

"What exquisite and refined simplicity! cried Sappho, seizing Anarella's hand, "and you would have hid this gem! Ah! cruel!"

"I have not done yet," said Medley, so reserve your raptures, I beg! you shall compliment the author as much as you please, when I have done!"

Miss Iambick sighed languishingly, and Medley went on.

"Many who the trial listened,
Thought the maiden hardly used;
They the higher Powers petitioned,
The Reprieve was not refused.

But in vain this boon was granted,
Judges all decreed her death!
"Ah! I see the death-drop planted!
"I must yield my inn'cent breath!"

"Art thou guilty?" then was asked,
By the man of God who came.
"No, I am not, Sir," she answered,
"If E———a be my name!"

"Noble, noble innocent!" cried Sappho. "How elevated!"

"Many times they did desire her,
To confess this horrid thing!
But it only served to tire her,
No confession could they bring!

"Of the crime I'm not the doer,
That my foes do know right well!
May he who has Almighty Power,
Make them all the truth to tell!"

"Admirable constancy!" cried Sappho.

"Soon the fatal day arrived,
Soon she heard the dismal toll!
Then with decent thought she strived
To deliver up her soul.

"What of grief, and what of parting,
Could I venture to describe?
But of this I'm very certain,
None her firm resolve could bribe.

"She did die like inn'cent creature,
Vowing this unto the last;
That no fears of death did meet her,
That no sense of guilt did waste."

"I declare," cried Miss Iambick, "this constancy is most admirable. The celebrated scene in Marmion is nothing to it. There it is the hardness and obduracy of pride; but here the noble firmness of conscious innocence. Admirable moral!"

"Her enemies were disappointed,
That she to confess refused;
Her friends with tears their cheeks anointed;
All were struck, and sadly mused!

"Now freed by death her ghost is viewed,
Walking slow in .... Lane;
And never more shall be removed,
Till her fame is clear again."

"That is a good thought," said Miss Iambick; "a ghost has always a fine effect."

"Her father went to meet his lost one,
That she might make known her mind;
She a bloody veil then toss'd on,
And her hand to Bedlam sign'd.

"He demanded what her meaning
In this singular act could be?
She then, as if weeping seeming,
Answered, 'Father, you shall see!

"The simplicity of that answer has great effect indeed," said Sappho.

"'You shall see my justification,
Soon the murderer shall be found!
I shall be pure before the nation,
Though I walk this dismal round.'

"Hope is now her father moving,
After all that has been said;
The murderer found, she'll cease from roving,
And her ghost in peace be laid!!"

"How well judged, to conclude with hope, after harrowing up the soul as you have done," cried Sappho. "I am eternally obliged to Mr. Medley for unfolding the riches of your genius, sweet creature;

and must solicit an union of affection as of taste."

"It would be unjust, Madam," replied Anarella, "to receive your unqualified praises, without transferring them to the ingenious author of the poem. You are solely indebted for it to Mr. Medley."

"You don't mean it?" said Miss Iambick. "No *man* could write it."

"Whether Mr. Medley *wrote* it, or it has been delivered impromptu," said Mrs. St. Arno, "I can't guess; but certainly it comes solely from him."

"From him! from Mr. Medley!" exclaimed Sappho; "I never could have believed it! I never knew that he was a son of song, one of the favoured children of Phœbus, one of the distinguished few."

"Yet you see such is the case," said Medley; "and I hope you will give me some credit for my ingenuity, in having contrived to secure the ever valuable approbation of so distinguished a daughter of song, as Miss Iambick."

"Now you flatter," said the lady, very affectedly; "you flatter, Medley: you know my productions are mere nothings; my last novel, for example."

"Your last novel, Sappho," replied Medley, "why, what would you wish more, than to break the hearts of all your acquaintance? You know very well, that Lady Henny Blubber used six dozen cambric handkerchiefs the first time she read it; and the common eulogium on all you write is, that it is perfectly free from any of those sentiments, incidents, or allusions, commonly called natural; and that nobody was ever seen to smile while perusing it."

"I should blush if they did," returned Miss Iambick. "The real art of book-making, I mean writing, consists in describing, not only what never did, but what it is impossible ever should, exist. To draw the character of a man, such as one sees every day, is only showing what is; but to paint a being, at the same time

valiant and cowardly, wise and foolish, fierce and gentle, honourable and a villain, is the perfection of art; and then in every situation he must of course act as never man acted. He must be motived by other springs than those of the human mind; he must exhibit an example that no mere mortal can follow, and a warning that never could have existed. This is the way to distinguish one's self from the ordinary herd of writers, from people who have described real scenes, and are less indebted to their imaginations than their observation."

"I perceive now what you are aiming at," said Medley; "you are satirizing Fielding and Smollett, and the few who have followed in the same line."

"Indeed, you are mistaken," replied Miss Iambick, with great contempt; "I should never condescend to satirize any thing so low and so disgusting: and I only wonder, that any person above the veriest vulgar can be found to read such

ill-bred compositions. What are they? mere pictures of life; just what one hears or sees every day, and chiefly conducive to promote that vulgar inclination, laughter, which I abominate. When I read, I read to have my passions moved; to feel the strong emotions of love, hatred, envy, pity, or revenge: to find myself transported out of humanity, and raised to heaven, or sunk to hell."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. St. Arno; "poor thing!"

"Aye," continued Miss Iambick, "I know, Madam, by the plaintive sparkling of your speaking eye, that you feel with me; I know you do; and I dare say, despise and dislike those disgusting authors as much as I do."

"Really, Madam, I cannot say that I do," replied Mrs. St. Arno; "on the contrary, I have a singular pleasure in perusing the works of Fielding; and there are particular passages in them, that

awaken the most pathetic sympathy, and excite the best and tenderest emotions."

"Where, in the name of all that is monstrous?" cried Sappho: "Sympathy, tenderness! you astonish me, Madam! Why, there is nothing but people who may truly be called every-day people; acting as people do every day: and I should be glad to know, what excitation there can be in that?"

"At least," said Mrs. St. Arno, "you must allow the *humour* to be exquisite."

"Humour, Madam! I abhor humour!" replied Miss Iambick; "and I am, I know, kept in countenance by the whole beau monde. Thank heaven! humour and all that appertains thereto, is banished from modern novels, except, indeed, those on the Scotch and Irish foundations; and nothing would make the well-bred tolerate the humour in them, but their not being English. No! passion, morality, or religion. are the only seasonings now relished;

and provided, as I said before, the characters, incidents, and motives, be unnatural, a book so composed will be good, and universally admired."

CHAP. XVI.

Which shews that compliments may be mistaken, and sometimes found, where they were not intended.

THE vehemence with which Miss Iambick spoke, attracted the attention of several of the party, and among the rest Mrs. Fuzman, and Lady Diana Gormonthwaite approached to listen to what was passing.

"May we ask what has been universally admired," said Mrs. Fuzman, addressing Mr. Medley.

"Miss Iambick's last novel," replied he, "and she is so good as to explain to us how this happens, and to instruct us, uninitiated, in the true secret of gaining universal applause."

"Uninitiated!" repeated Miss Iambick, "my dear Lady Di, would you give credence to it? Mr. Medley is an aston-

ishing poet! and has just recited the most beautiful composition! Make him repeat it! Do!"

"Oh! pray do!" was echoed by half a dozen voices at once: the Misses Fuzman declaring they doated on Poetry! particularly French; it was so lady-like, so very genteel!"

"I am sorry, ladies, to disappoint you," said Medley, "if I had it written down, I would give you a copy with all my heart; but I have not, and the charm of recitation is over for this day; Fielding and Smollett have driven it away."

"Who are they?" asked Monimia Fuzman, looking round, "I have not seen them."

"So much the better, my sweet girl," replied her mamma," I wonder any body who pretends to be a gentleman, should mention such indecent names in the presence of modest women, or people of rank! I hope you never will know them!"

"I'm *sure* Miss Monimia never will!"

said Mrs. St. Arno, in a tone of voice that moved Mr. Medley to smile.

"Dear me! why should not I?" asked Monimia; "why, Mamma, it could not hurt me to speak to them, if they are genteel."

"They are not at all genteel *now*," said Medley; "and I should certainly join Mrs. Fuzman, in hoping you will never waste your time, Miss Monimia, in attempting to know them. I don't like to see labour in vain."

"Do *you* know them, Miss St. Arno?" asked Monimia, regardless of her Mamma's order to be quiet, and various black looks, that amused all but herself, and her eldest daughter. "Very well," replied Anarella, "and have spent many happy hours in their company."

"My poor innocent Monimia never read any such authors," said Mrs. Fuzman; "indeed, I have taken particular care that *my* daughters should never read fiction, to corrupt their minds! not even a

fairy tale! I have confined them to matters of fact, and it would be better for other young ladies, if they had kept their minds as pure."

"Dear, then!" said Monimia, "after all, they are not men, but authors; how funny: I dare say they are low, by what Mamma says. Are they low, and not genteel, my Lord?" to Lord Crispin, who now advanced.

"What or whom?" said my Lord

"Dear, I forget their names! what are they Miss St. Arno?" said Monimia, grinning maliciously, though she hardly knew why; "what are the vulgar men you are so fond of?"

"My dear, Monimia," said Anarella, "there is nothing but your extreme innocence, and the happy ignorance your Mamma boasts of, that could excuse the turn of expression, either you or she have made use of towards me; and if it were not from the fear of vulgarizing your truly elegant and ladylike mind, I would

give you a little information on the subject! I must, however, now decline doing so."

"Well now, that is very proper, and good natured too!" cried Monimia, "people who are low born may keep low company, you know, Lady Di! but it is improper Mamma says, for us! "And I should never have thought Miss St. Arno would have paid *me* such a compliment as she has just now. It is very good natured, is not it, Lady Diana?"

"Lord child, you're a fool!" said Lady Diana, "know nothing at all of the world or human nature, and are fit only for waltzing. Here's my Lord in attendance, and the music I hear in the ball room! that is your sphere, and there we will accompany you." So saying, the whole party walked off; Mrs. Fuzman swelling with indignation against Lady Diana, for speaking truth to Monimia, though she thought proper to vent her rage on

poor Anarella, whom she declared, to be so indelicate and impertinent, that she was convinced she was low born.

"Very likely;" cried the pitiless Lady Diana, who prided herself on saying what she pleased, to discomfit her neighbours, "very likely; I'm never mistaken in blood! I can smell out trade five generations removed, and have detected more than one bricklayer or weaver, where the party thought they had so polished and decked, that the original form was no longer comeatable. By-the-bye, who is this Mrs. St. Arno? Pray ask Mr. Medley; he knows every body and every thing; but he would be intolerable if he was not of an ancient family; I hate your upstarts, with their long purses and short memories! I love to mortify them, and uncover the old blot."

Such was the comfort Lady Diana bestowed on her friend, Mrs. Fuzman, and for the present we will leave them

travelling towards the saloon, where some couples were already waltzing, and return to Miss St. Arno.

She and her friends remained where they had placed themselves, and amused themselves not a little at the expense of those who had quitted them. As to Miss Lerwick, she walked off to tell the rest of the company, that she had found a poet in the room; and that Mrs. and Miss St. Arno read Tom Jones. As soon as she was gone, Medley indulged himself in a hearty laugh, for which, he said, he should not apologize to his companions, as they were not so refined as to abhor the ridiculous. "Upon my word," continued he, "I begin to be reconciled to having been born in the last age, as it may be called; and I am thankful to those who had the care of my youth, for not bringing me up in the system of the anti-naturals. Surely the world ought to be a great deal better now than it was formerly; for a lady told me the other

day, that her children did not know deceit; they had no conception of the meaning of the term; and I was almost tempted to believe myself living in the golden age."

"I have always thought," said Mrs. St. Arno, "that young people should be taught to disrelish and avoid evil; but how that is to be effected, if they are brought up on the new system, of not knowing even the name of evil, I am at a loss to imagine. At any rate, they are intended, I suppose, to live in the world; and I should imagine it more useful for them to read works that describe the world, and human nature, as they are, than those made after Miss Iambick's new recipe for modern novels, which serve only to mislead the inexperienced, and give them false ideas. I think the old proverb, of 'Fore-warned, fore-armed,' a very significant one; and I have never had reason to repent the system of education I pursued with my niece."

Mr. Medley looked as if he thought she had every reason to be satisfied with it; but he was too well bred, and knew too exactly what was due to a woman of Mrs. St. Arno's understanding and experience, to make her any compliment on the occasion.

Mr. Medley, as our sagacious readers will doubtless have discovered, was a man of the world, and having originally set out in it with a good stock of plain understanding and rational information, he was at the age of forty-five, a very entertaining well-informed man. His parents had lived chiefly on their own estate in the country, and, never having given into the fashionable manias of any description, they had educated their son to fill exactly the same situation they did so much honour to. He was much struck with both Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, finding in their conversation, more real good sense, and sterling humour, than he had ever before met with in fashionable life; and this

sensation, naturally gave birth to a wish to cultivate their acquaintance, and not to lose sight of them, when they should quit Rhanvellyn. The usual modes by which men, recommend themselves to women, ordinary women we mean, of all ages, Mr. Medley felt would be rather detrimental than otherwise to his desire of intimacy, and he would have found it impossible to pay either of them a compliment.

The subject, which the mention of Smollett and Fielding had naturally led Mrs. St. Arno to make an observation on, as naturally led Mr. Medley to recollect his own juvenile studies, and the mention of them bringing with it the events of his subsequent life, he felt an inclination to make his new friends acquainted with some passages of it. They readily gave their attention to him, while he related what, if the reader has any curiosity, he or she may see in the next chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Mr. Medley commences his own History — The singular Feat of the Rev. Giles Skutt.

"I HAVE already, Ladies, told you, by hook or by crook, a thing of no small importance to myself; namely, that I inherited a valuable paternal estate, and of course, could not be exposed to those buffetings and reverses in my course through the world, that the less favoured beings, who have their fortunes to make, almost necessarily undergo. I say, less favoured, because I am far from coinciding in opinion with people who will tell you, that riches are an evil, or that a state of poverty is a blessing. I never could have the assurance, or the cruelty, to say so to any man, who suffered from not having a fortune; as I should have conceived myself guilty of a gross insult

in so doing, even if I had believed it. It would, I think, be quite as humane to tell a poor wretch condemned to perpetual imprisonment, that he was happier than one walking at full liberty; or one about to be hanged, that he was better off than those who remained. I am always indignant when I hear the purse-proud talk in this manner; and so far from considering those who do, philosophers, I always set them down for narrow-minded fellows, with nothing but their money to be proud of."

"You are not far wrong there, Sir, in my opinion at least," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"I am glad to hear my own supported by it," returned Medley; "and I really have no sin of this sort to lay to my own charge.

"As I was an only child, my mother having buried a great many, I ran no small risk of being nursed and coddled out of the world; and, perhaps, at twelve years old, you hardly ever saw a more

delicate wayward specimen of an heir apparent. My mother had a great horror of schools, and she had likewise a prejudice against Latin and Greek; but as my father was not of her opinion, the matter was compromised, by a tutor being taken into the family. As my father was chiefly occupied with justice business, and country sports, he did not trust to his own judgment in the selection of a preceptor, but applied to the rector of the parish to recommend one, and that worthy man, who had always his eyes about him, and who wanted a curate, recommended a person to whom it was his intention to give a title, for which the curate was to abate half his first year's salary. In consideration of being introduced to 'Squire Medley's as tutor to his son, he agreed to serve his year at the church for nothing; and he was soon installed in his new office.

"He was a very good-tempered man, and this one qualification, added to a

shyness, which, I believe, proceeded from want of commerce with the world, rendered him a great favourite with both my father and mother. In the course of twelve months I improved so much under his care, that I could write a letter to my mother with very few faults in the orthography, and with a little of his assistance decline *bonus, bona, bonum;* though I remember I always made a mistake in the genitive case singular. You smile, Miss St. Arno; but I should wrong myself, not to mention so important a feat, for I was invariably called upon, as soon as the dessert appeared, to say *bonus!* My father said, it would ground me in *good;* for he loved a pun; and my mother declared it had a very pretty musical effect. As to Mr. Skutt, he always kept his mouth empty for the genitive case, to which he knew he must help me.

"You will guess, that I did not become a very profound classical scholar;

and perhaps even Aristotle himself would not have been able to make me so, hemmed in as I was by parental tenderness. However, if Mr. Skutt could not teach me much in that way, he was of infinite use to me in another; for he liked rambling, and, as I always accompanied him, I became by degrees strong and healthy, and fond of rabbit-shooting, fishing, and other country sports.

"And now I am under the necessity of betraying to you the principal weakness of the Rev. Giles Skutt, and that was a very strong inclination to, and love for good wine; an inclination which evidently grew upon him, and which gave occasion to two or three awkward incidents, that eventually contributed to deprive me of his society. My father's old butler died, and was succeeded by a person, who for a little while went on very well; but at last my father had reason to imagine, that more wine disappeared from his cellars, than could possibly find

its way out in the ordinary course of things, even including his dinners to his brother justices, the bishop's annual visit, and the entertainment on my birth-day. The fact, I believe, was this. The fellow helped himself liberally to some of my father's best wine, and having observed Mr. Skutt's weak side, he provided against the danger of a discovery, by occasionally furnishing that gentleman with a bottle in his study; but I am certain without any idea on his part that it was unlawfully procured.

"In order to prevent the wine being taken, my father kept the keys of the cellar himself, and when he had company, he had a certain quantity brought up, always enough to prevent the possibility of having to entrust the key out of his possession, and every cork that was drawn, he deposited in his own pocket, so that when the action was over, he might count the dead men and the living, and by this means, effectually guard against being

cheated. This certainly was an admirable plan, and I have often thought, that it must have cost so plain dealing a man as my father much trouble to imagine it. After all, it was perhaps one of those lucky stray thoughts, that come we know not whence, and that have immortalized other great politicians and generals as well as my father.

"At the time this corking policy was the mode, I was in truth neither more nor less than a complete pickle, and fit for any mischief in the world; for which happy state of things my mother gave Mr. Skutt great credit, as my health had not suffered, but the contrary, by the seasoning. The butler, who was a clever fellow, thought it was a pity my talents should be unemployed, and having discovered his master's mode of calculating, as well as the great drowsiness, that would overtake him after imbibing a certain quantity, he engaged me in the frolic of popping a handful of drawn corks into my father's

pocket as he slept, and I could not myself help admiring the dexterity with which I accomplished the undertaking. A bettle of wine was my reward, and I used to share it with Mr. Skutt, who did not think it decent to stay so long at table as the rest of the party: indeed his charge of never leaving me, prevented him.

"Perhaps what I have mentioned, might never have been known, but for a circumstance ludicrous enough in itself, which I will detail, if I do not tire you, ladies."

"Not in the least, Sir," replied Anarella; "I like your minute method."

Medley bowed, smiled, and continued.

"When the Bishop of —— was at H——, he had, as is usual, certain public days on which the clergy went to dine with him; and my father had often wished Mr. Skutt to do as others did, urging the propriety of it, and that it would be particularly pleasant to himself, as he was intimate with the Bishop. Mr. Skutt had always some pretext to avoid com-

plying, and it was evident enough, that he had a personal dislike to the Bishop, though he very prudently never told the reason, or even said that it was so. At length my father prevailed; or rather, Mr. Skutt having taken it into his head, to say certain things to the Bishop, found it convenient to let him fancy he prevailed, and at the proper time, Mr. Skutt, habited in a gown and cassock, that he had borrowed for the occasion, his own being shabby, entered my father's chaise along with him, and proceeded to H—.

"And now, ladies, while they are eating their dinners with my Lord Bishop, I will endeavour to give you an idea of the person of Mr. Skutt, though I know I never can do justice to the original. He was about five feet in height, and as much in diameter, measured from front to rear: very short necked and high shouldered, and singularly fat. Poor Skutt! perhaps a better figure for a

Sancho Panza could not have been selected.

"Dear Sancho!" cried Anarella, "I love him dearly!" "A plain proof," replied Medley, "that you are entirely corrupted! why, Don Quixote is as bad or worse than Tom Jones! A lady told me one day, that she was sure it was written with no other intention but to teach young men to make fools of themselves; and as to women, it was not fit for them to read."

"Poor things!" said Mrs. St. Arno; "but pray go on, Sir."

"During his visit, Mr. Skutt, who had, I believe, received some provocation, said many things that much astonished my father, who always thought him a remarkably quiet man; and he drank so much of the Bishop's wine, that he was in fact quite drunk, and very riotous. At the entrance to the town of H—— is a gate, at which, on the eve of certain fair days, every carriage pays a toll.

My father happened, by the merest accident in the world, I believe, the physicing of a horse, to have that day post-horses, and for some reason, too, his servant had returned home an hour before him. By the time he reached the gate the payment of the toll had begun, and the man at the gate stopped the carriage, and demanded my Lord Bishop's toll.

"My father had put his hand in his pocket to pay the money, when Skutt swore with a tremendous oath, that no toll should be paid: he even held my father's hands, and ordered the post boy to drive on. The gate-keeper swore, if he did he would knock him off his horse, and a complete bustle ensued. A crowd collected, and Mr. Skutt showered abuse both on the Bishop and his representative, the gate-keeper. I consider it as one of the fortunate accidents of my life, that just at this moment I arrived on the spot! I shall never forget the scene as long as I live. The post-boy, being assailed by

a man who was assistant to the gate-keeper, dismounted to make his part good, and Mr. Skutt, inspired by Bacchus, who must too have helpt him, I think, to squeeze through an opening that was far less in diameter than himself! Mr. Skutt, in all the glory of band and gown, with a face as red as Mars, crept out of the front window of the chaise, and along the pole, then mounting on the vacant saddle, he seized the reins and the whip, and in spite of all opposition, he drove the carriage through the gate and the crowd, bestowing not a few maledictory epithets on his Bishop. As soon as he was clearly through, that is, when he had driven about a furlong, with his gown flying, and his attendants huzzaing, he re-entered the carriage by the same aperture at which he had left it, and the post-boy, being come up, the party drove home.

"I never, to this day, could conceive how it was that he squeezed himself out,

or that he did not, when out, break his neck, but so it was. As to my father, though much vexed, he could not help laughing. and when he arrived home, my mother was a long time before she could have the recital of what so much amused him.

"The consequences to poor Skutt were inconvenient enough, as my father soon after parted from him: to myself they were salutary, for the incident gave me so great a dislike to drunkenness, that I never ran the risk of exhibiting as my tutor had done. I told the whole story of the corks, and the house was soon relieved from the author of my roguery.

"You must pardon me," said Mrs. St. Arno, interrupting Mr. Medley at this place, "but I cannot imagine that you mean us to understand you literally, that your tutor did actually turn Phaëton, and that without suffering any bodily injury."

"Upon my honor, Madam! literally!"

replied Mr. Medley, "the whole affair happened truly and exactly as I have represented it, and is known to numbers as well as myself. Skutt is now a D.D., and very snugly seated in a comfortable rectory of his own, but if I were to see him he would not scruple to tell the story, and with great humour too. I believe it did him good upon the whole, for I never heard of any subsequent exploit, at all to compare to that."

CHAP. XVIII.

An Account of the Origin of the Waltz—The Effect of the Ballad on the Marquis—General Alarm—Medley's Suspicions—The Marquis recovers, &c.

The trio in the card room were still laughing at the singular feat performed by the Rev. Giles Skutt, when they perceived Mr. Blood approaching, drawing on his dancing gloves.

"Anarella! here is a partner coming for you," said Miss St. Arno. "I see Mr. Blood's design in his gloves."

"I hope not," said Anarella; "I don't wish to dance yet, and certainly not with Mr. Blood."

"If such an antique as myself can be useful," said Medley, "you will make me but too happy!"

By this time Mr. Blood had reached the spot where the ladies were sitting,

and declared, that he had been looking for them the last quarter of an hour. "I am anxious to have the pleasure, Miss St. Arno," said he, "Waltz, cotillion, country-dance, whatever you please, provided I may be your partner."

"You are very obliging, Sir, to leave me so large a range, I believe this gentleman and myself are—"

"Positively?" asked Mr. Blood, with an air of chagrin; "I thought Mr. Medley never waltzed."

"A proof," said Medley, "that you are not half acquainted with my accomplishments. I learnt the dance in perfection, in the country where it originated."

"Ah! the Germans do excel us, certainly," said Mr. Blood, at the same time viewing with particular pleasure and complacency his own limbs, and putting one toe in position.

"I don't mean in Germany," said Medley, gravely, "it is a vulgar prejudice to suppose, that the Waltz originated

in-Germany! I thought *you* had known better."

"Upon my soul, I do not!" said Blood, "and I know, my friend the Marquis, always says it is German! He ought to know, I think."

"What do you mean, on account of his skill in dancing, or because his original stock was German?" replied Medley. "If for the latter reason, I say he may be interested, as I know he prefers being considered a German, rather than an Englishman, and as a German, will of course claim the honor for his own country."

"Well, this is very surprising, Miss St. Arno, an't it?" said Blood, "I always thought the Waltz was German, and would have bet ten to one on it; and I'm not convinced now. Come, Mr. Medley, I'll give you ten guineas to receive twenty back, if I'm right. I know I am! if not, you may keep the money."

"That would certainly be the way to

decide it," said Medley, "but in that case we should want judges, and I see none present I should choose to refer to. Depend upon it, Mr. Blood, though I don't bet, I'm right! The dance is not of German origin."

"Now how stupid! you won't bet?" said Blood; "What do you say, Miss St. Arno? a lady should know."

"I really, Sir, cannot decide," said Anarella, "I have always heard that the dance is German."

"There now!" cried Blood, "you see the lady is against you too, Mr. Medley."

"I always regret having the ladies against me, because, when that is the case I am generally in the wrong," replied Medley, "but now I am very confident, and even a lady's opposition does not shake me."

"Where the Devil then does it come from?" said Blood, "set me right, if I'm wrong, for charity's sake."

"When I made a voyage up the Me-

diterranean, about two years ago," said Medley, "I landed in Cyprus, and among other curiosities, I visited the ancient Paphos, and I found there a tradition, that the dance I saw practised on their religious festivals, was the same that had always been practised, even from the time when Venus was worshipped there. This dance was literally and truly nothing but the Waltz; and I must do the Cyprians the justice to own, that they execute it with a lovely voluptuousness that I never saw equalled elsewhere. From this circumstance I have more than once thought of publishing on the subject, and if it were not from the trouble of supporting a controversy, I would; for the dance ought, I think, to change its name, and either be called the Venus or the Paphos."

"So it ought," said Blood; "and a most elegant thought it is! It must be as you say; and I should have lost my wager. Well, Miss St. Arno, then if I am disappointed now, may I hope you will Ve-

nus with me, when you have favoured Mr. Medley."

"I really never do waltz, Sir," replied Anarella, "and must, therefore, beg to be excused."

"But you dance cotillions, Ma'am? May I be happy enough to dance a cotillion with you?"

To this Anarella could not well say, no; but she said she would rather defer dancing at all till later in the evening. To her great surprise, Mr. Blood drew a chair and sat down, saying, that he should not dance yet, then; and Mrs. St. Arno, [illegible]ntly ing the conversation they were amusing themselves with, entirely prevented by this additional person, proposed to walk into the other apartment.

They soon reached the saloon, which was beautifully lighted and ornamented, and where several couples were waltzing, while the Marquis of Hardenbrass, the Bishop of ——, Doctor Unwise, Miss Iambick, and others, were looking on.

When they came within hearing of what was passing, Miss Iambick's shrill voice first reached them. She was addressing the Marquis thus: "I can assure your Lordship, that it was a most astonishing effort of genius, and if your Lordship's influence could be thrown into the scale, who knows but he might be induced to relax from the severity of his resolves, and bless the world by its publication."

"And pray, Madam, what is the subject of this extraordinary performance?" said the Marquis, more than half smiling at Miss Iambick's hurried manner and extreme earnestness.

"Oh! my Lord, the sweetest subject for poetical reminiscences," replied the lady, "murder! my Lord! Love and Murder! There's a poor child—"

While Miss Iambick was uttering the last sentence, the countenance of the Marquis of Hardenbrass underwent some changes, though none of his features

moved. His eyes were distended, his lips became black, his complexion changed to a livid hue, and though he made a strong effort to the contrary, his teeth chattered. When Miss Iambick said, "There's a poor child," he grasped the arms of his chair with violence, and instantly sunk back in it, though without seeming to lose his recollection. Doctor Unwise perceived the situation of his patron, as did Mr. Slapdash, and they both begged the lady to say no more, but to make room to wheel the Marquis into a cooler atmosphere; a desire instantly complied with, and in about five minutes after the Marquis had left the room, Mr. Slapdash returned, with his request that the amusements of the evening might go on, as it was only a violent twinge of the gout, which the Doctor hoped to remove, and the Marquis would soon have the pleasure of rejoining his friends. Poor Miss Iambick stood petrified, when she saw the effect produced on the Marquis

by her words; but her heart was set quite at ease, by hearing that it was but the gout. "Do you know," said she to Medley, who had observed all that passed, "do you know that I fancied, that the horrible subjects I mentioned, had shocked the tender sensibilities of the Marquis! Every body is acquainted with the almost super-human tenderness of his disposition, and his proneness to certain little aphroditical indulgences, which so far from lessening him in the eyes of the really wise, serve only, like spots in the sun, to enhance the splendor of his other virtues. I should have been driven to the last despair, if any thing I had uttered, had touched a spring of pain, and wounded so truly elegant a mortal."

To this, Mr. Medley was prevented making any answer, by the people who had relinquished their dance, to inquire what had caused the sudden illness of their host, and Miss Iambick was called upon over and over again, to repeat what she

had said. The words, Love and Murder, and Poor Child, were repeated a hundred times, and Mr. Medley's name was so oddly mixed with the other expressions, that it almost seemed, as if he was accused of having committed a murder, instead of merely describing one. Several people came to him, to ask what he knew about a murder, and among the rest, Mr. Slapdash, who had left the Marquis to the care of his Physician.

"Murder, Sir!" replied Mr. Medley, "if you ask me seriously, I shall tell you nothing at all: I am, thank heaven! out of the way of any murders but those the ladies commit. As to the ridiculous doggrel I repeated to Miss Iambick, it was founded on a popular story, and can of course be no secret to any one here."

Mr. Medley observed that Slapdash almost immediately left the room, and he referred all other inquirers to Miss Iambick.

During some time the confusion that

prevailed, prevented any thing like conversation between Mrs. and Miss St. Arno and Mr. Medley; and they all sat down apparently oppressed with some painful ideas. In truth, the ladies had naturally enough travelled back to the preceding night but one, and Anarella was so lost in her reflections, that she saw not the scene before her. Haverill's voice rung in her ears again; again she heard him say, "probaby murder was their *sole* aim; but this time *he* is disappointed."

"Alas!" thought Anarella, "who is this *He*? And who art thou, noble and unfortunate youth? Yes, I do feel that *affliction has knit a bond between us! Never!* it can *never be broken!* Thy sister? yes, that was the term—*It is my sister!* But is it like a sister to join in such levity as this, so soon after thy precious life was hazarded for mine? No, indeed! Remember me! Yes!" And then she pressed her ring, and could not help shedding some tears.

Such were the emotions and reflections of Miss St. Arno, and Mr. Medley observed the changes in her countenance with great attention: he saw that what had passed, had awakened some painful reflections, and he felt the greatest curiosity to know of what nature. Mrs. St. Arno, whose feelings were not quite of the same nature with those of her niece, was yet much disturbed; she looked ill and harassed, and when Anarella awoke from her reverie, she begged that her Aunt would retire, and not remain on her account. "Indeed," said she, "I cannot dance to night! I can't think how the idea of dancing ever entered my head."

"It was a very natural idea, my dear, at your age," returned her Aunt; "and I should wonder if you had *not* entertained it. However, if you are now out of humour with dancing, Mr. Medley will excuse you, I dare say. But I do not wish to retire, my dear; it is better not."

Medley listened in silence. It appeared to him, that Mrs. St. Arno's manner was very marked; he could not help suspecting, that more was meant than met the ear, and he felt it very difficult to repress his curiosity. He did however succeed, and went to procure a glass of negus for each of the ladies, who said nothing during his absence: whether from disinclination to speak, or incapability, or prudence, or because they had nothing particular to say, we forbear to inquire.

It was not long before the Rev. Elias Blood and Mr. Slapdash appeared in the saloon, with the agreeable news, that the spasm had entirely passed away, and that the Marquis was about to make his appearance. They likewise added, that Doctor Unwise thought it might induce a return of the affection, if the friends of the Marquis should crowd about him; they therefore requested that dancing might be resumed, and that no notice might be taken

of the return of the Marquis, and they themselves ordered the musicians to begin again.

But the words Murder and Poor Child still ran round in an under key, and it was not till the Marquis was actually wheeled in, that they disappeared. He appeared perfectly well and smiling, and talked very quickly and even gaily to Doctor Unwise who stood by his chair.

Miss Iambick would have gone to explain to him what she meant by Love, Murder, and Poor Child; but Mr. Blood, who seemed as if he had the charge of her, contrived to keep her off by various expedients, and at last finding no other effectual, he did penance by leading her into the room, where Quadrilles were danced, and dancing with her himself. None of these manœuvres escaped the notice of Mr. Medley, who with his companions remained on the same spot. He said but little, but he looked uneasy, and at last declared that he thought it would be

amusing to see the other parties dancing; the ladies thought so too, and accompanied him into another apartment, where they perceived on one side the Marquis de Courtoie mounted on a pier table, speaking to rather a numerous company, among whom were the Fuzmans; and being curious to hear what subject he could have chosen to make a speech about, they walked slowly round to the other side, observing as they went along, Mr. Jarrener dancing with as much earnestness as if his life depended on his exertions. He did not see them, and they soon came within hearing of the subject of the little man's oration.

CHAP. XIX.

What Effects the Subjects Love and Murder, produced at Rhanvellyn; with some Hints respecting Mr. Field.

THE subjects, Love and Murder, having interested the whole company at Rhanvellyn, many began to relate the horrible catastrophes they had either heard or read of; and a lady, speaking of the death of Mr. Manton and Lady Mary, of which she had just read an account in Julius Fitz-John, Miss Fitzman said, it was but too true a story, as her friend the Marquis de Courtoie could tell; though she did not know it was in a book. Accordingly, the Marquis was called upon to vouch for the author's veracity and accuracy of description; and having lately taken some pains to improve his English, he was not sorry to

have an opportunity of displaying it. He mounted a table, and with sundry grimaces and contortions, he gave pretty nearly the same account that the unknown author of that work has done.

However pathetic the story was in itself, his manner of relating it made it perfectly ludicrous; and his audience indulged in some mirth at his expense. He expatiated in a very florid style on the scene in the summer-house; and with great minuteness described the beautiful hair of Lady Mary, all bloody, and "*sparkled vit prains.*" It happened that many of the company had read the novel, and considered it as a mere fiction; and notwithstanding the actual appearance of the Marquis de Courtoie, under his own proper title, they were still sceptical as to the reality of the story.

Many of them now questioned him on various points, and the Marquis, feeling his own importance, was happy to answer them. Mr. Medley, who knew the story per-

fectly, not only from the work in question, but from personal inquiries, at last interrupted the Marquis by saying, "I thought, Marquis, that while that melancholy scene was acting in the grounds, you were confined to your bed by the indiscreet revenge of Mr. John? If that was the case, and I believe, from the report of your old flame, Madame Bondent, that it was, you could hardly have seen that horrible spectacle."

The Marquis rolled his eyes about in various directions, and would have replied, if he could have given utterance to his rage. His friend, Miss Fuzman, however, who was cooler than himself, asked what Mr. Medley meant by Madame Bondent; and that gentleman was malicious enough to relate the whole of the meditated attack on Lady Laura, and the actual siege that Madame Bondent laid to the Marquis. He then said, that he could not think of telling the cause of John's rage to such polished ears as those

of Miss Fuzman; but the consequences were felt by the Marquis long after.

Miss Fuzman's nose had no peace during this relation, and her scalp moved in unison with it. When Mr. Medley had finished, she said, in an affected and mortified tone, "And pray, Sir, where did you hear such a foolish story? I suppose you made it."

"Indeed, Madam," returned Medley, "I am not vain enough to think, that such a supposition can be any thing but irony. The whole is, I imagine, fact; and the Marquis can himself tell you, that the author has not done him justice: indeed, when I see and hear him, I feel how impossible it would be to attempt it."

"Dear me! what author?" cried Miss Monimia: "What! is there a book made about the Marquis?"

"There is, indeed," replied Mr. Medley; "but I would not advise you to read it, Miss Monimia; for it is not made after

the new and infallible recipe of the anti-naturals."

The Marquis, who had by this time descended from his pedestal, and approached Mr. Medley, said, that he wished he would tell him the name of the author of Julius Fitz-John; as he thought it necessary to call him to account for having revealed secrets, which he could not have come fairly by.

"Upon my word, my Lord," said Medley, "I have not it in my power to oblige you, or I would with all my heart; for I am persuaded the public would, ere long, profit by your interview."

Mr. Medley and his friends then walked away, leaving the poor Marquis undergoing the fiery ordeal of examination from Mrs. Fuzman, who had great difficulty in understanding the answers of the respondent; and was herself often unintelligible to him:

Mrs. St. Arno feeling fatigued, her niece and Mr. Medley accompanied her

to a seat, and on turning their heads they observed Mr. Slapdash hovering near them.

"I don't understand that!" said Medley. "I have observed that wry faced gentleman hovering near us ever since the Marquis sent him back to say, his twinge was better. I begin to think that—that Sedgely was right."

"In what?" asked Mrs. St. Arno.

"In what I will relate to you before we part, but not now," said Medley. "Have you ever been in the habit of seeing the ——— paper?"

"Some time ago I was," replied Mrs. St. Arno, "and I think, I recollect something connected with the name of Sedgely that may apply here: but I really have forgotten the particulars, and I wish, particularly wish, that you would repeat them to me. I have a sort of confused idea about certain charges—Mr. Slapdash is not within hearing, and I am very anxious to renew my recollection of those

circumstances! I think it is not above six months since the trial."

"True, Madam! and I will now, as you think we are not likely to be overheard, tell you what the affair was. A man of the name of C—, being a lunatic, four commissioners were to be appointed, to manage his concerns, and Field of ——— was named as one. Sedgely objected to his appointment, as an improper person, for the Marquis of Hardenbrass having considerable interest in the property of C—, Sedgely, who was likewise deeply interested, said, that a person in the receipt of an allowance of five hundred per annum from the Marquis, could not be eligible to the management of the property. He wrote on the subject to the magistrates of ———, and received in reply, a direct denial on the part of Field, that any such allowance was paid by the Marquis! the distressed state of whose affairs made it, he said, improbable that such an allowance

could be made to an obscure individual, who was not known personally to the Marquis.

This was but a short time ago, when, on account of some follies and extravagances, that savored more of the Duke, his father's malady, than any thing else, his affairs were much deranged, and his old friend, Lord ——, who, notwithstanding his intimacy with him, is, I believe, a very honorable man, had undertaken to examine into his affairs, with the view of extricating him from his immediate difficulties. The magistrates wrote to Lord ——, to ask whether any such sum was paid to Field; and his Lordship in reply stated, that he had carefully examined and inquired, and he could not find the least document that authorized such a supposition.

Field triumphed not a little upon this, and Sedgely was literally loaded with abuse, and accused of maliciously inventing the report. He, however, again ad-

dressed the magistrates, saying, that he was not surprised that no document was found in the private memoranda of the Marquis, and that though he had said, Field received the money from the Marquis, he had never said, that the Marquis himself paid it; he added, that if they inquired at the house of Messrs. Ragsall, they might probably meet with more satisfactory information. This letter, which, as well as the others, was published in the — paper, came to the sight of Lord —, who felt his honor interested to make every inquiry. He went to Ragsall's, and found to his utter astonishment, that ten thousand pounds had actually been deposited in their hands, as a security to them, for the payment of five hundred per annum to Mr. Field."

"And pray, Sir," said Mrs. St. Arno, "did it appear *why* so large an annuity was paid in this indirect manner, by a man of the importance of our host, to such a man as Field?"

"The reason," replied Medley, "was of course intended to be kept as secret as

the transaction itself; but men thought themselves at no loss to guess at it, when some paragraphs in a paper, of which Field was the editor, and which made great noise at the time, were recollected. These paragraphs consisted of hints, that a certain person, who was so described as to leave no one, who had heard of his character, at a loss where to fix the blot, had been concerned in a most horrid transaction, in which a child had lost its life. There were many dark hints and inuendoes, and a promise, that as the whole was known, it should be published. No more of it, however, appeared, and the silence of the editor was well accounted for, by the annuity Mr. Field received."

"Oh!" said Anarella, "I see it all! Miss Iambick's words struck horror into his heart, or rather, conscience gave the twinge."

"I don't know," said Mrs. St. Arno, "that we are justified in saying so, though

appearances are against him. It is possible, that the mere accusation, if he were innocent, might cause great agitation, and I think we should never ascribe a bad motive to a person, even an enemy, when there is a possibility of his having been actuated by a good one. If I had ever entertained the most distant idea of his being such a person, I would not, on any account, have entered his doors, and *now*, I think, there has been great exaggeration."

"I wish for the sake of human nature it may be as you say," replied Medley; "but depend upon it, there is more concealed than it would be convenient to reveal. Why, that whole transaction with the unfortunate owner of this place, was as complete a fraud as possible, and if I were brought into a court for asserting it, I would endeavour to make good my charge. I wonder that he has never contrived to get the poor girl into his

power! He would not then have so much need to watch the Duke so narrowly."

"Good God, Sir, what can you mean?" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"What I cannot explain," said Medley; "but Fame has lately been busy with that subject, and I can only say, that if I knew either the father or daughter, I would advise them to make such a search as should shew the Marquis in his true colors to the world."

"Surely, surely," cried Mrs. St. Arno, "that sweetness of manner can never hide such depravity! If I thought it did, I would quit the house at day-break!"

"And if you did, depend upon it you would have reason to repent it, Madam. You have, I think I have heard, had one attack made on you. Another might be more fatal. Indeed I never have understood how the first miscarried."

"Good God, Sir! and do you know any thing about that?" cried Anarella.

"Nothing, Miss St. Arno, but what my servant has told me, and what is whispered here. There is some mystery connected with it, and I long to hear what."

"May I ask *what* you have heard, Sir?" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Merely, Madam, that two nights ago, a person whom you had rescued from death in the snow, had let into your house a gang of associates. That by some means they quarrelled about the plate, and a scuffle ensued, in which some were wounded, and consequently retreated. That this person remained, and to you pretending, that he was wounded in your defence, he took an occasion to rob even your servants. That he got clear off, and has not since been heard of. But my man adds, that the Marquis has sent out people in search of him."

"Good heaven preserve him!" cried Anarella, forgetting where she was, and

clasping her hands. Medley looked astonished, and the gentle Mr. Slapdash, who had sauntered about talking to some ladies at a little distance, came to ask if Miss St. Arno was ill.

"I believe not, Sir," said Medley, "only moved by a horrible story I was telling her. Upon my word I think there must be something in the air, for now one can't speak of a few assaults, murders, and other not uncommon occurrences, but they have quite an effect on the nerves; pray how is the Marquis now, Mr. Slapdash? Is he much subject to these twinges? they are awkward things! indeed I fancied he would hardly have recovered sufficiently to join his company this evening, but I'm happy to see I was mistaken! the ladies would have been in despair at losing his elegant society, and I think they ought to vote thanks to Doctor Unwise for his happy endeavours."

While Mr. Medley was running on in this way, not giving Mr. Slapdash an op-

portunity of replying, that gentleman simpered and bowed, and when Medley had finished his sentence, he said the compliment paid to the Marquis of Hardenbrass was certainly most completely merited, for before he had the gout so elegant a man was seldom seen.

"It is truly surprising, Sir," continued Slapdash, "the profound knowledge he displays in all matters of science and taste is truly surprising, and in fact he is a very Vitruvius in architecture."

"I can easily believe that, Sir," said Medley, "when he has the advantage of such knowledge and talents as those of Mr. Slapdash." Mr. Slapdash bowed: the compliment was evidently not too gross for him! he simpered too, and Medley went on.

"Wherever I go, the astonishing and never-ending alterations on the various estates of the Marquis are the universal theme, and of course Mr. Slapdash is as universally talked of. It seems to me

that there is no style however various that you do not excel in; Grecian, Chinese, or Egyptian, all are equally perfect in their way, and the only thing that creates any regret is, that the last beauty is so often produced at the expence of the former one. Have you no remorse yourself, Mr. Slapdash, to see your immortal works as it were devour each other, and thus deprive the world of its ornaments?"

"Why I must own," said Slapdash, "that I do sometimes regret! but I am compelled to yield my opinion, when perhaps I ought not."

"By-the-bye, Sir! will you have the goodness to inform me," said Medley, "what is intended at the Castle in —shire? I was in that part of the country lately, and found those pretty cottages that adorned the side of the hill, and looked so well from the grounds, all levelled with the earth. In their stead had risen a something of the nondescript order or class, pray what is it?"

"Why, Sir, that," said Slapdash, "that was an idea of my own! and the Marquis was so pleased with it, that he let me have no rest till I set about it. I thought it would have a grand and novel effect to unite every kind of architecture in the same building. We were to have the whole of the Grecian orders, which in themselves make a variety! the Gothic, the Chinese, Indian, Egyptian, and Saxon, and I had a model made at a very great expence, which was perhaps one of the most astonishing things you ever saw! I wish I had it here! But, if you are going to town will you do me the favour to call in ----street, I shall be happy to shew it you."

Anarella, affected as she was with many painful thoughts and reflections, could not help smiling at the idea of this heterogeneous mixture of styles, and she asked when it would be completed.

"Upon my word, Madam," replied Slapdash, "it is difficult to say when I shall be happy enough to see it perfected.

The fact is that several awkward things have arisen, and after expending several thousand pounds on it, we unfortunately found that it was built out of square, all awry! and now I fear almost the whole must come down again."

"I should think," said Mrs. St. Arno, "that that circumstance would be an additional beauty in a building of the description you mention, Sir, and add to the elegant variety of the *tout ensemble.*"

"Why, Madam," replied Slapdash, I should have thought so too! but the Marquis was not of my opinion, and so down it falls. It will be a monstrous expence!"

"To a man of such resources as the Marquis," said Medley, "the expence will be a mere nothing."

"To be sure it ought not, Sir," said Slapdash; "as you very justly say, his resources are very great, but so are his expences! you have no conception what his expences are, Sir! You see the magnificent scale he does every thing on!

Then the debts contracted in his minority! so many years ago! that horrid plan of the old Duke's for what he called satisfying the creditors! that interest! a constant drain! then the Marquis is so charitable! it is unknown what things of that sort he does, and how many people receive pensions from him! I wonder myself that he finds funds for so much beneficence."

"And may I ask what are the qualifications to entitle a man to his beneficence?" asked Medley.

"Sir?" cried Slapdash. "I don't quite understand you."

"Why, Sir, I have some little knowledge of a Mr. Field," replied Medley, "and I was thinking—of *his* qualifications." Soon after this reply Slapdash left our friends, and Mr. Medley said he did not doubt that he was gone to inform the Marquis of what he had said, "and probably," added he, "in that phrase of mine, he carries the very news he was sent to collect."

CHAP. XX.

An Account of Mr. Slapdash.—Whirling Dwarfs, &c.

"SOMETHING or other must be very attractive in the Saloon," said Miss St. Arno, "for we are now almost left alone; and this will be a favourable opportunity to tell us who this Mr. Slapdash is, for I dare say, Sir, you know!"

"Oh yes!" said Medley, "and so does Mrs. Fuzman.

"Mr. Slapdash, ladies, such as you see him, is a great man, but his origin is hidden in obscurity. He was brought up in the — workhouse, and at a proper age apprenticed by the parish to a bricklayer. I suppose he showed some sharpness, (though it seems he can't square yet!) for when his apprenticeship was out, old Stowe had him by recommendation from

his master, and he was some time at H—. There he married a kitchen girl, and there he might probably have remained to this day, but for one of those lucky accidents that determine the fate of certain people. The Marquis of Hardenbrass has some estates in that part of the country, and he came down, full of his favourite mania of improvements. He wanted some gim-crack temple building, and Stowe who, was retiring from business, at least he did not take fresh, recommended Slapdash to perform it. It was done to the entire satisfaction of his employer; and he had besides the good fortune to discover that this employer very much admired his little wife. Report says, that a treaty offensive and defensive was immediately concluded; but however that was, the fact is, that ever since that period, Mr. Slapdash has been the friend of the Marquis; he is indispensible to him, and it would fill a volume to recount the buildings up and the pullings down that there

have been. The wife left H——, and was soon heard no more of; but at the end of three months she appeared again, and is now living at H——, on a comfortable income. Since these events happened, Mr. Slapdash has a superb house and establishment, a new wife, suited to his present mode of life, and has, I doubt not, saved an immense fortune. I cannot account for the influence he seems to have with the Marquis, but by supposing, that in addition to flattery, he has become the depositary of some important secret."

"You don't mean," said Mrs. St. Arno, "that any decent woman married him?"

"Indeed I do, Madam," said Medley, "a lady of very respectable connexions, and with a good fortune. She was a young dashing widow, and I know that when the report of her intended marriage was in circulation, a friend of her family kindly informed her that Mr. Slapdash had a wife. The fair widow replied, that she did not believe any thing of the kind, and that she

had too much reliance on his honour to ask a question on the subject."

"It is hardly credible!" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Yet it is literally true!" said Medley, "and the new Mrs. Slapdash seems as satisfied with her lot, as the old one, who, poor creature, has given up all claims to the man for a comfortable maintenance."

"Very extraordinary," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Yes, Madam, every thing connected with the Marquis is extraordinary! why his mode of living would have killed nine people out of ten, years ago!" said Medley. "I am told that Unwise has gained great credit with him, by a new regimen. Some months ago, the Marquis never rose without a large portion of brandy, diluted with Madeira, to steady his nerves, and this necessarily injured him: but Unwise has substituted hot Champagne, which has all the stimulating effect of the brandy, without the deleterious! he is much better

since he took it. I confess that I don't quite give credence to his being so afflicted with gout as is talked of! I have more than once suspected that the malady is more in the head than the feet."

"I wish we could leave Rhanvellyn to-morrow," said Anarella.

"Dear, my love, don't be so impatient," replied her aunt, "if we did, we must give a reason; and as I should choose to remain in the neighbourhood some days, we are better here. It would be unpolite to the Marquis, from whom we have received much civility, to go to-morrow and take up our residence at an inn, or in a lodging. I see the popular opinion is against him, but I do not think so ill of him; his countenance must be a transcript of something better than you suppose. Besides, the house is filled with respectable society, female as well as male, and to remain here with them is very different to remaining alone."

"Granted," said Anarella, "but—— oh!" and she burst into tears. Mr. Med-

ley found there was something that gave her great pain, and he longed to know what, but there was no index to guide him.

"Come, my love," said Mrs. St. Arno, let us join the throng; we have told dismal stories till you are frightened. Besides, it looks odd to remain here when all the world is in the saloon." So saying, she rose, and accompanied by her friends, entered the saloon.

The cause of general attraction there was soon apparent to them; it was no other than the two little Lords waltzing together, and so delighted was the company with this spectacle, that none of the other couples, though many of them waltzed well, could gain even a look. As to the gentlemen themselves, they were perfectly satisfied with the display they made, particularly Lord Crispin, who knew his personal advantages over his partner: nor was the Marquis de Courtoie without his internal triumph, for he thought himself the most graceful of men!

The Marquis of Hardenbrass soon perceived the approach of Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, and accosted them with that grace and ease that he is so remarkable for. He entered into a conversation, too, with Mr. Medley, and more than once expressed the pleasure Sir Gaspar Scoone had done him, by introducing that gentleman to him. "I hope," said he, "that Mr. Medley will allow me to claim another visit from him, at a season when he can enjoy some of the amusements of the country." Medley bowed slightly. "At present," continued he, "the very early and uncommon season has a little deranged my plans, but my neighbours are very kind to come to me! The day after-to-morrow is my birth-day; and as I trust none of my friends will think of leaving me before that time, I have desired my people to prepare a little fête on the occasion. It would give me great pleasure to make it an annual fête, now I am become so large a proprietor in the country. I like every thing that pro-

motes hospitality, and perhaps a birth-day is as good an excuse for a feast as any thing else."

"The birth-days of the illustrious, either in arts or arms," said Doctor Unwise, "are occasions on which the world will, as it ought to do, rejoice fundamentally."

"And pray, Doctor, how is that?" said the Marquis.

"My Lord?" said the Doctor, as if he had not heard right.

"I ask you what species of rejoicing you are talking about, Doctor?" said the Marquis.

"I think," said Mr. Medley, "the Doctor would be at some loss to explain, my Lord, especially in the present company; but probably he used the word by which he designated the species of gratitude, merely from habit; it is naturally familiar to him."

"Upon my veracity, Sir," said the Doctor, "I do not at all comprehend

what feature the present discourse falls upon, nor why I am called upon for an elucidation. My Lord Marquis, would you have the goodness to repeat your question, that I may see, as that illustrious orator and immortal statesman, my Lord Patchpeace, says, what is the fundamental feature of the case?"

"That, Doctor, is precisely what I asked from you," said the Marquis, "and I am sure if my Lord Patchpeace were here, he would be delighted to have so able an expositor of his fundamental features as yourself. Mr. Medley, do you know my Lord? He is an admirable orator, and a man of most uncommon abilities."

"Uncommon, indeed!" replied Medley, "but not so wonderful as his good luck in the world. I am persuaded that if he had lived while the Sphinx was flourishing, he would have been engaged by that non-descript, as a most useful associate for making enigmas."

"Why to be sure, Sir," said the Marquis, "his skill in wrapping up the truth is universally acknowledged."

"So universally, my Lord," replied Medley, "that I believe his hearers never get the least glimpse of truth from amongst the rubbish he heaps together. But he is too well known now to need comment: he is no favourite of mine, my Lord."

The Marquis looked much displeased with either the matter or the manner, or perhaps with both, in what Mr. Medley said, and Mrs. St. Arno observed to Anarella how impatient of contradiction the favourites of fortune became. This, however, threw no damp on the conversation, which ran in a desultory manner from one thing to another, till Miss Iambick having waltzed herself almost into a fever, came and threw herself into a chair. Her partner, Mr. Blood, left her, and asked Anarella if she was now at liberty to favour him.

"I am perfectly at liberty, Sir," said

Anarella, "and acknowledge that I am under an engagement to you, but I trust to your politeness to excuse my keeping it, I really cannot dance to-night: Mr. Medley excuses me, I hope you will too."

"Upon my soul, Madam, you exact from me a sacrifice almost beyond my powers! but it must be on condition that I may claim the same favour to-morrow," cried Blood.

"I cannot promise, Sir, that I will dance to-morrow at all," replied Anarella, "but if I do, I will certainly remember your present politeness and my previous engagement."

Mr. Blood seemed exceedingly pleased with the answer he had received; and having displayed his bodily powers in the *Venus,* as he called it, he thought he would not be cruel, but let the ladies have a view of his mental ones. He made various observations on many fashionable topics, to many of which, if Miss St. Arno had been in spirits, she would have returned replies,

perhaps a little puzzling to the intelligent Mr. Blood. At last, after running the whole circle of his topics, he came to that on which he most delighted to enlarge, namely, pugilism; and here, if Anarella had understood him, she really would have found reason to admire his deep knowledge and his profound skill, as well as his happy choice of words.

"I wish to God, Miss St. Arno, you had been with me in Essex last July, I could have shewn you sport, would have let you see the beauty of the scene!"

"Did you exhibit there, Blood?" asked the Marquis.

"No, my Lord! your Lordship knows," replied Blood, "that my cloth prevents me from shewing skill except in private parties. But, Miss St. Arno, I must tell you what was done near Ilford. There were three fights. The first was between Harry Lancaster and John Ford, both men of great merit!"

"Yes, Sir," said Anarella, "Harry Lan-

caster made a great noise in England some centuries ago."

"Did he, Madam?" replied the delighted pugilist, "then perhaps this may be a regular descendant! he may inherit blood. You shew your good sense, Miss St. Arno, and your taste by the noble sciences I see you delight in." "Upon my word, Sir, you are quite mistaken if you mean to compliment me on any taste for the science I have just heard you excel in," said Anarella. "I believe, I may without vanity consider myself as the first amateur performer in the kingdom, Miss St. Arno; so you have not been misinformed. I'll enter with any second rate man in the kingdom; and few men can say that! I would undertake Ford; perhaps you know Ford,—Miss St. Arno?" cried Blood.

"His name is not new to me, Sir," replied Anarella.

"Ah! so I thought," said Blood; "I was just going to tell you about the match

between him and Harry Lancaster. Lancaster was perfect in the science, but a slight hitter; was backed at 7 to 4, and 2 to 1, but there were anxious takers of the odds. Not much fruit in the affair. Lancaster, as might be expected from a stone of superior weight and length in proportion, had the best of it."

"Aye?" said Mr. Medley, who had walked to some distance, and now returned, "the best of what, Mr. Blood?"

"Of the match near Ilford; the match with Ford," said Blood, happy to have a new, and he hoped a more attentive auditor than Miss St. Arno.

"By-the-bye, Sir," said Medley, "I often wonder what scientific man it is, that draws up those very interesting accounts of such affairs. I declare, I think I don't know any compositions so perfect in their kind, and so amusing, even to unscientific people, as the accounts of pugilistic matches."

Mr. Blood made a graceful bow, and

said such an opinion was the greatest compliment a man could receive; that he always attended to the business when other duties did not call upon him, and that when he did attend, it usually fell to his lot to inform the world of what took place.

"You don't mean, Sir, that you write them yourself?" asked Medley.

"Exactly so, Sir," replied Blood, who seemed to enjoy his surprise.

"But I should have thought, Mr. Blood," said Medley, "that compositions displaying such complete technical knowledge, could hardly be the production of a clergyman!. Why, you must absolutely be a bruiser yourself!"

"Blood is equal to any second rate man in Britain," said the Marquis, who overheard Mr. Medley's exclamation; "and I assure you I value him most highly for his various knowledge. I may say a more accomplished sportsman does not exist. His memory too is prodigious!

there has not been a battle these last ten years, perhaps more, that he cannot give you an account of, extempore, and I'm certain, with the history of each round.

"Such praise, and for such merit!" said Medley, "stamp Mr. Blood's character for ever; and I think it would be unfair, not to inform him that the Curate of Pont-y-V— is a man of science as well as himself! of course he will be happy to know that a brother is so near."

The Marquis thanked Mr. Medley for telling him this, and wished to know the gentleman's name, he would send to invite him to Rhanvellyn immediately. Medley referred him to Sir Gaspar, from whom he had heard of the Curate, and Mr. Blood undertook to write a note in the morning.

And now couple after couple ceased dancing, and congregated about the Marquis, who was amused, and pleased with the pair of whirling dwarfs, who still continued to swim the giddy round. Among

the rest, Mr. Jarrener approached, and after peeping about some time, he spied Mrs. St. Arno, and accosted her.

"I could not imagine, my dear Madam, what opaque body had concealed you so long from my view! Where is Miss St. Arno?"

"She is talking to the Marquis and Mr. Medley," said the old lady.

"Aye!" replied Jarrener, eyeing Medley though his glass, "that is the man! that is the man!"

"*The man?*" said Mrs. St. Arno, "what do you mean by that, Mr. Jarrener?"

"Ah! you don't know, dear Mrs. St. Arno! you don't know what a refrigerating mixture that man is," said Jarrener, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard. "You don't know; you did not hear what passed at dinner; I can't think what pleasure Miss St. Arno can have in the communication of ideas with such an antique."

"He is an uncommonly pleasant man!"

replied Mrs. St. Arno, "and as Anarella has not danced this evening, we have found him a very agreeable companion."

Mr. Jarrener took it into his head, when he heard that Anarella had not danced, that nobody had asked her, or if they had asked her, that she had declined, waiting for his appearance; and as he had intended to hurt her by avoiding her, in revenge for her cavalier treatment at dinner, he was exceedingly pleased. He thought whenever he chose to hold out the hand of reconciliation, she would fly to him with joy, and he viewed her through his glass to see what her countenance said. He thought it looked less placid than usual, and some ladies speaking to Anarella, he fancied that she replied in a mournful manner. This, added to his own vanity, quite satisfied him that Miss St. Arno was grieved at his want of attention to her, and as he conceived that he was pursuing the right way with so high-spirited a young lady, he determined to

redouble his attentions to Miss Lenham, with whom he had been dancing, and to make Anarella so jealous that she should almost be the first to ask for a reconciliation. He accordingly sought his partner, and not long after, supper being announced, he sat by her, at such a distance from Anarella, that even with his glass he could hardly distinguish her countenance.

The whole party adjourned to the supper room, Lady Diana Gormonthwaite, and the Miss Fuzmans taking care to enfold their little treasures in shawls, to prevent them from catching cold after their violent exercise.

CHAP. XXI.

The Politeness of the Host.—A Dissertation on Water—And the Danger of having new Names for old Things exemplified.

THERE was, perhaps, nothing so remarkable during supper as the real politeness of the Marquis of Hardenbrass, who rendered himself so agreeable, that the ladies, as was usual whenever he went out, were all in raptures with him. Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, indeed, could hardly be included among these enraptured ladies; but they had private reasons for feeling some check to that pleasure springing from the attention of the Marquis. They were not gay, but they were not absent, nor remarkably grave; and the time with them passed heavily, because they felt a certain degree of constraint.

Doctor Unwise, who sat on the opposite side of the table, and at no great distance from Mr. Jarrener, was entertaining his exactly opposite neighbour with a lecture on chemistry, and was much gratified by the attention he perceived the ladies, within a certain distance, favoured him with. He had, at all times, a good opinion of himself, and had, in fact, been so completely spoiled by prosperity, that he thought no man in Europe so eminent, in every department of science connected with his profession, as himself. He had talked very learnedly of the gases, and answered with great good-humour Miss Monimia's question of "What is a gash, Doctor Unwise?" When calling for a glass of water, he held it up between his finger and thumb, and looking at Miss Monimia, he said. "Perhaps, Madam, you will admire to hear, that this substance which I am about to ingurgitate, is only two gases."

"Oh dear, Doctor! now you want to

cheat me, because you think I don't know," said Monimia; "but *I do;* for mamma made me go to the lectures; only I never can remember, there are such a set of hard names. But you said just now, gas was air, and that is not air;" and then she looked round with her mouth on the full grin, for approbation.

"It is not now in a gaseous form," replied Unwise; "but I could soon, according to Lavoisier's process, decompose it; and it would then be simply two gases."

"I beg pardon, Doctor," said Jarrener; "but you would find, I fancy, a portion of azote in your apparatus."

"Sir," replied Unwise, piqued at the self-sufficient tone of the young gentleman, "I perceive you are confounding, mixing, and confusing the two experiments of decomposing water, and making water; and I shall be anxious to show Miss Monimia, by actual experiment, that

I am right. I shall be happy to show you, Ma'am, first, the method of decomposing, and you will be satisfied, I doubt not, with the result. We will then, if you please, make water together; I mean, as soon as I can have the honour of meeting you where I can have my apparatus, and you will in a moment be convinced! I do not deny, that in consequence of the impurity of the materials, of the oxygen gas I mean, or perhaps the unavoidable admission of common air, a portion of azote will be found: but the plain fact, Madam, is, that water is composed of 85 parts of oxygen, and 15 of hydrogen; and I shall, as I said before, be happy to convince you, the first opportunity, by making water with you, as soon as the necessary gases can be procured."

This speech, which the Doctor uttered in rather a louder tone of voice than good manners warranted, struck all the ladies with horror; not one, except Miss

Monimia, but was inclined to laugh, and to make her exit; but she was so pure, and so innocent, that she was greatly pleased with the Doctor's good-nature, as she would have called it, and answered, "Dear! I'm sure, Sir, I shall like it very much."

"Be quiet, Monimia; what does it sinnify?" cried Mrs. Fuzman, provoked to see that Monimia did not perceive the unfortunate associations that were tormenting her neighbours. But Monimia had never heard the phrase *make water* in her life; Mrs. Fuzman had elegant and refined expressions for the commonest actions, and her daughters had never had any other term for the every day business now unhappily thrusting itself into the imaginations of all around, but the select one of *Loo de loo.* When her mamma said, "Be quiet; what does it sinnify?" the daughter answered, "Indeed, mamma, but I think it does signify! I like to learn something, and it will be very

pretty, I dare say, to make water with Doctor Unwise."

"Be quiet, Monimia, and let it pass," cried Mrs. Fuzman, ready to die with vexation.

"Well, Mamma, so I do!" said Monimia, angrily; "but it will be very hard if I mayn't learn to make water, when the Doctor has got his discomposing operators ready, and so good-natured to ask me."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Fuzman.

"So I will, Mamma; but don't refuse me the pleasure, pray, Mamma!"

To this Mrs. Fuzman really could not answer; she was ready to cry with vexation, and wished she had had her daughters taught the meaning of these common vulgar phrases; but it was now, for this time at least, too late; and all she hoped was, that Monimia would hold her tongue, and the rest of the company not laugh. In both, however, she was disappointed;

for various snortings up and down the table as far as the sound of the debate had reached, gave her notice of the state of the public mind, and Monimia, who thought she might talk on, provided she did not ask any more about making water, grinned at Doctor Unwise, and said,

"Pray, Doctor, will your operators teach me any thing else but how to make water?"

The Doctor, who had filled his mouth rather too full, did not quite hear the question; but as soon as he had engulphed his food, he raised his head, and said solemnly, "Madam?"

Monimia, with the most perfect innocence, was about to repeat the question, when Lady Diana Gormonthwaite, who could contain no longer, cried out, "For pity's sake, child, be silent, or we shall have a shower without the Doctor's help." At this speech every body within hearing laughed, excepting Doctor Unwise, the family of the Fuzmans, and

the Marquis de Courtoie, who had tried in vain to comprehend what was the subject of the universal panic he saw.

As Miss Fuzman did not laugh, first, because she seldom laughed at any thing but mischief; and, secondly, because she saw that the company were laughing at her sister, but why, she could not tell; the Marquis requested that she would explain to him, in French, what was said, and she, with great gravity, told him, that Doctor Unwise had offered to lend Monimia his apparatus to make water.

"Ah! poor thing!" exclaimed Courtoie, shrugging up his shoulders, "is there any difficulty?"

"I should think not," replied Miss Fuzman, "but it makes mamma angry, I see! I wonder why she is angry about such a good-natured offer!"

"Very good-natured!" said Courtoie, "but I suppose it is the English prejudice makes Madame angry! In France any

gentleman will accommodate a lady at any time!"

"And very polite too," said Miss Fuzman; "but I love the French, they are so truly good-natured and polite!"

Courtoie bowed at this compliment, which he conceived meant entirely for himself, and he looked, as he thought at least, very tenderly on his little mistress, who, on her part, thought he was eyeing a dish of sweetmeats a little way from her. She bid the servant get some, and the delighted Courtoie regarded this attention as an additional proof of her affection. Though he had paid great attention to Miss Fuzman, since his introduction to the family, and though he was fully persuaded, that she was dying for love of him, he had not quite, he thought, a right to dispose of himself. The same scruples (respecting the havoc his marriage would make among the ladies) that assailed him in the case of Lady Laura, assailed him now, and he could not

help pitying his own situation, compelled either to live single, or to break the hearts of the finest women in England.

And now, supper being over, the Marquis of Hardenbrass sent to request that before dancing recommenced, Miss Monimia Fuzman would lend her assistance to a glee, which, at the desire of a lady present, who wished much to hear him sing, the Marquis had consented to take a part in. As soon as Lady Diana heard the message, she cried out, "A glee! I hope it's *Water parted* then, for Monimia will do that best!" This again raised a laugh, and Monimia again wondered why.

No entreaties, however, could prevail on her to try to sing, though she had an agreeable voice, and had been taught by an eminent professor, and the Marquis, with perfect good humor, excused her by saying, it was beautiful timidity. He then asked Anarella if she sung, and as she could not say no, the party was soon

made, and several ladies in the room taking courage by her example, she was soon relieved, and became merely a hearer.

The Marquis sung exquisitely well, and as Mrs. St. Arno and Anarella listened to him, they could hardly persuade themselves, that he, whose every tone breathed taste and sentiment, could be what the world said, or rather, whispered. They knew, however, too well, that if all that was reported was not true, a great part of it was; and, spite of every incentive to pleasure, they both felt depressed.

When the company re-entered the saloon to dance, they both retired for the night, Mrs. St. Arno justly pleading her own age and infirmities, which would not allow her to sit up so late as many others. Anarella no sooner reached her room, than she threw herself into a chair and wept violently, but perceiving that this greatly agitated her aunt, she tried to

compose herself, and begged that her aunt would go to sleep, without discussing any subject that might affect her. Mrs. St. Arno kissed her niece, and said, "My dear Anarella, you are right! my feelings have been too much agitated to-day! and if I were to enter on those subjects that are nearest my heart, I should do myself no good. We will not remain long here! but we must stay over this fête, and I think we may possibly derive some advantage from the society of Mr. Medley. To-morrow I have something to say to you, but for the present, good night!"

CHAP. XXII.

Which contains two interesting Conversations.

IT was late before the rest of the party dispersed, and even many of his guests remained after the Marquis had, by the advice of the Doctor, retired.

When Mrs. Fuzman and her daughters reached their room, that good lady attacked poor Monimia with a violence that astonished, without at all frightening her. "I never was so ashamed of any thing in my life, Monimia! What a fool you are!"

"Dear Mamma! why what's the matter? what have I done now, Mamma? you're always saying I'm a fool, Mamma, and I'm sure I'm not a fool!" cried the daughter.

"Yes you are, Monimia, or you would never have talked so like a fool to that

great blundering Doctor, about making water!" replied Mrs. Fuzman, "when every body knows, every fool can tell, that she is not to talk about such things, in company."

"Dear, Mamma, and why should not they?" said Miss Fuzman, "is there any more harm in talking about making water, than making wine? I can't see *why*, any more than *nim* there."

"No, Miss Fuzman! so you chose to say when we had that debate with the drawing master, and I think the lesson I gave you then might have served you for ever."

"Well, Mamma, I never could comprehend," said Miss Fuzman, "why I might not tell that story to Mr. Jarrener, and you would not explain, you said it would stain my mind. I think it was too bad to take ten lessons, at half a guinea a lesson, to learn to make a drop of water, and at last for the man not to make me do it better! and then when you sent for him,

he was so impertinent he would not abate, but said he had given his time, and it was not his fault that the drop on the leaf was not water. I'm sure it vexed me to pay all the five guineas, and then at last to have such a drawing as I had, not fit to be seen, when he is famous for his drops of water. I would not have paid him, I declare. There's Remnant there knows very well, when she was called in to give her testimony, that the drop was not like a drop of water!"

"No, Miss!" said Mrs. Remnant, "no more it warnt, it war like a wart!"

"Yes, Remnant, so it was! just like a wart!" said Miss Fuzman, "and I shall never forget the fellow's look when you told him so! I enjoyed *that*, though I did pay five guineas for my drop!"

"Hold your tongues, both of you!" said Mrs. Fuzman, "I have paid many a five guineas to make gentlewomen of you both, with as little success as that, if you don't know better than to talk about

water. I have told you both, twenty times, that water was a ticklish subject, and one no gentlewoman can talk about! and it's too bad when I've taken such care of your education, that you should go and talk indecency! It does not sinnify, but I could not have had worse if you had read all kinds of books, like that trumpery Miss St. Arno."

"Dear Ma'am!" said Mrs. Remnant, "what has the young lady dood?"

"It is nothing to you what she's *dood*" (mimicking Remnant), "she's dood enough when she has told a man she should like to make water with him."

"Lord preserve me, Miss Mummia! for sure you did not?" exclaimed Mrs. Remnant. "What, in downright earnest?"

"Yes, old *Ragg!*" said the elegant Monimia sulkily, "but I did though! and I don't know now why I should not, for he said he would get his operators ready, and we could make water together."

"Lord preserve me!" said Mrs. Remnant, "I never heard such wickedness! to think of having a young thing like you, Miss Mommia!"

"And why should not he?" said Monimia.

Mrs. Fuzman could contain no longer, but giving Monimia a box on the ear, she cried, "Why? why? I'll let you know why, Miss! Because, in the first place, you are a gaping fool, and in the next, did you ever hear of a young lady *Loo-de-loo-ing* with a man?"

"Oh dear, mamma, is making water Loo-de-loo-ing then?" asked Miss Fuzman, letting fall her pearl necklace with astonishment. "I thought Loo-de-loo, was always Loo-de-loo, all the world over."

"No, Miss Fuzman, it is not all the world over, as you are pleased to express it," returned the mother, "it is only in *my* family that that horrid phrase *making water* has been abolished, and I little thought to have the disgrace of hearing

one of my young ladies talk as Monimia has talked to-night."

During this speech Monimia was crying with passion, and probably would have continued to do so some time longer, but Mrs. Remnant reminded her, that if she cried the redness would be seen about her eyes for two or three days, and spoil her beauty. Upon this she ceased, and got into bed, but neither she nor her sister could immediately go to sleep, for thinking of the surprising discovery they had made, that Loo-de-loo was making water.

We will now leave the Misses Fuzman enjoying the novel information their mamma ventured to communicate to their pure and unsophisticated minds, which had been formed on the newest models, and after the most approved methods, and inform our readers what had passed in another part of Rhanvellyn.

The Marquis of Hardenbrass, as we have said, had retired early, and not long

after Mr. Medley was accosted by Mr. Slapdash, and informed that the Marquis requested five minutes conversation with him before he retired to rest. "With me, Sir?" said Medley, with some surprise, "what business can be so important as to induce the Marquis to defer the rest he must want, for a conference with me? But I attend his Lordship, Sir, lead on."

Mr. Slapdash then conducted Medley to the suite of rooms which were sacred to the Marquis himself, and at last introduced him into a library where the Marquis was reposing on a chaise longue, while Doctor Unwise was, it seemed, preparing a dose in a glass for his illustrious patient. The Marquis looked somewhat agitated, he evidently did not wish to shew it, and he accosted Medley with an attempt at a familiar smile.

"Mr. Medley," said he, "I trust that by the selfish indulgence of half an hour's conversation with you, I am not

intruding too much on your hours of rest?"

Mr. Medley bowed, and replied that half an hour's agreeable conversation, was in his opinion cheaply purchased with an hour's rest, and that in fact he had not retired when he received his Lordship's message.

"The fact is, Mr. Medley, that my infirmities, which I think are a little premature, sometimes unfit me for society! for it is not easy to enjoy the world while one is racked with pain," said the Marquis; "and at other times I feel particularly disposed to the discussion of indifferent topics, and to what the poet calls 'the feast of reason.'

"To night, Unwise here has dragged me from my friends when I should have liked to stay, and I am determined to make myself ample amends by your amusing conversation."

Mr. Medley could only bow to this

and the Doctor placing the glass on the table, said he would wish his Lordship good night.

"And why in such a hurry?" said the Marquis: "can no temptation detain you a quarter of an hour longer than usual, Doctor?"

"My Lord! I have multifarious duties to perform, or such an invitation would be most pleasant! but I make a principle of seeing that all is right in the North wing before I go to rest!" said the Doctor. The Marquis sighed, and looked as if the mention of the north wing brought with it some painful feeling; then said in a sort of whine, "True! you are right! It is happy for me that I have so intelligent a friend at hand."

The Doctor then said good night, with much ceremony, and the Marquis swallowed his medicine.

Mr. Medley was fully persuaded in his own mind that he was sent for to be sifted, and he having his curiosity as well

as the Marquis, thought it but fair to indulge it: he therefore by way of leading to the subject he wanted information on, observed, that the Marquis was particularly happy in having prevailed on a man of so much celebrity as Doctor Unwise, to take the care of his venerable relative.

"Yes, Sir!" replied the Marquis, "I cannot express the satisfaction the Doctor has afforded me in that sad and melancholy affair! an affair of all others that weighs most heavily on my heart! because, I fear it is without any hope of alleviation. A man of your nice feeling and discrimination, Mr. Medley, will deeply sympathize with the son of such a father as the Duke was. *Was*, I say, Mr. Medley, because in fact he has long been dead to me."

"Aye, my Lord! so I assert!" replied Medley, looking the Marquis full in the face.

Whether it was the stare, or the familiarity of the manner, or some association

that gave the Marquis pain, we know not, but he bit his lips, and cursed the gout that would every now and then be reminding him of its presence.

"Yes!" said Medley, "the gout is as troublesome as a murderer's conscience, which they say no art can get rid of! I have never yet heard that any of the specifics for the gout have been ultimately successful! have you, my Lord?"

"Sir!" cried the Marquis, starting up, and almost off his couch, and staring at Medley with a look that made him shrink from him. He had however sufficient command of himself to pursue his conversation as if he observed nothing particular.

"I fear the mention of a specific, my Lord," continued he, "has conjured up the foul fiend, and produced a severe twinge when you least expected it. Mr. Gout, I suppose, rebels against Eau d'Husson, and flies at the sound of its name! but not away, it seems." The Marquis

had by this time fallen back on his couch, and uttered a deep groan.

"Shall I call your Lordship's physician, or your gentleman?" asked Medley, in the same cool tone. The Marquis made a dissentient movement with his hand.

"Ah!" said Medley, "I perceive that though your Lordship employs the Faculty, it is only when you are driven to it by imperious necessity. For my own part, when I am bilious and have the blue devils, which has not happened to me above half a dozen times in my life, I avoid, if possible, complying with my friends' wishes; and always feel inclined to address the man, if I am so silly as to send to him, in thu words of Macbeth, 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?' and the rest of that famous hacknied quotation."

The Marquis was by this time calm again, and said that he thanked Mr. Med-

ley for his attention to him, but he found so little relief from medicine that he was tired of it.

"Aye, my Lord," said Medley, "and I dare say with reason. In your Lordship's situation you doubtless have tried them all, and it seems found no lenitive for your sore disease. Time, time is the surest remedy! but there are some diseases that time even cannot ameliorate, nor does the torn frame fee any thing but increasing agony. I hope, however, your Lordship's gout is not so very, very obstinate and inveterate as that. Your Lordship had an awkward twinge early in the evening."

"Yes," said the Marquis, mournfully, "that was a forerunner of this."

"So I perceive, my Lord," said Medley.

The Marquis looked earnestly at his companion for a moment, and then said his attack of the gout was *now* particularly provoking, for nobody enjoyed dancing

and the elegant amusements of polished society, more than he did.

" There is no one better suited to excel in them than your Lordship," replied Medley; " the regret must therefore be on the side of your friends. I assure your Lordship that the ladies lament your indisposition very much."

" They are very good," said the Marquis, evidently flattered, " but it is but justice that so devoted an admirer of the sex as myself should have some of their kind thoughts. We have some fine women in this country; and I don't think either the French or Italian girls to be compared to them. Touch but her heart, and an Englishwoman will have as much real life, feeling and voluptuousness, as the others, with an additional charm; a sort of mental beauty, for which I have no name, but of which I have often felt the effect."

" I think I can tell you what it is," said

Medley, "Englishwomen have sentiment as well as sensations, and are not merely ornamental pieces of furniture. There is more of independence and of character in an Englishwoman, and of course she is more amusing and more attractive."

"I believe that may be the case," replied the Marquis, sighing, "they are, as you say, amusing and attractive. Your friend, Miss St. Arno, for example; what vivacity in her eyes! what tenderness, grace and dignity in her manner! She is, I dare say, well connected! are you intimate with her connexions, Sir?"

"Not very, my Lord," replied Medley, who did not choose, for some reason or other, to say that he had never seen Mrs. St. Arno before. He expected the Marquis would make further inquiries on the subject, and began to imagine that Anarella was the ultimate object at present in view; but he was mistaken.

"I fancy, Sir, having travelled a good

deal you have extensive connexions," said the Marquis.

"Why yes, my Lord," said Medley, "I could almost say that I could travel from the Land's End to John O'Groat's house, and see a friend in every county, if not at every town."

"Ah!" said the Marquis, "that is pleasant enough. You have friends probably at —— then?" naming the town where Mr. Field lived.

"Merely acquaintances, my Lord, there," said Medley. "I really know no one there whom I should wish to make my friend."

"Indeed, Sir?" said the Marquis.

"Yes indeed, Sir," replied Medley. "The truth is, that my intimacies are not on that side of the country."

"Indeed, Sir," said the Marquis, "I thought you had had friends in ——."

"And why, my Lord," said Medley, "why did your Lordship imagine that?"

" I thought, Sir, you had known Mr. Field," said the Marquis, with apparent indifference.

" I have certainly some knowledge of Mr. Field, my Lord," said Medley, " and so perhaps has your Lordship."

The Marquis gave no answer ; he seemed holding a council within himself, and at last, with heightened color, he said, " Mr. Medley, may I ask plainly whether any intimate communication ever took place between you and Mr. Field ?"

" Certainly, my Lord, you are at liberty to ask it, but it is on condition that I may ask of what consequence any business I could have with Mr. Field, or he with me, could be to your Lordship ?"

" I see, Sir," said the Marquis, " that you will not oblige me, and for information I must apply elsewhere."

" If your Lordship will be explicit with me, and tell me at once what you wish to know," said Medley, " I may have it in my power to give information."

The Marquis was silent for some moments, during which Mr. Medley observed his countenance, and at last he spoke in a sort of stifled under tone—" Mr. Medley," said he, " you are a man of the world: you have your secret, and I have mine: I wish to make you my friend, Sir; I have not wished any thing so strenuously for some time, and I shall be enchanted if you will point out the way in which I can oblige you. You are not in the House, I think? one of my Boroughs is at your service, if that is agreeable; or if any interest elsewhere, or any pecuniary accommodation could be of use, name but the method, and I am bound to pursue it."

" My Lord," said Medley, " you may believe that knowing the source of your Lordship's proffered favours, I feel a due portion of gratitude. But friends, my Lord, are not to be bought! and if they were, none of the things you have mentioned are the objects of my ambition."

" No?" said the Marquis: then, after

considering a little while, "perhaps, Sir," said he, "it is a title you wish for!"

"Upon my word, no my Lord," said Medley, "I value my liberty too much, to put on gilded shackles."

The Marquis looked both angry and disappointed. He had never before met with a man, whom he could not, in some way or other, attach to him, and make dependant upon him; and he began to suspect, that Medley stood out from the consciousness of possessing information not to be so easily purchased, or rather the concealment of which was not to be so easily purchased. With a struggle between haughtiness and convenience, he said, "I see, Sir, that you are from some reason or other, very impracticable. I am sorry for it. If it must, however, be so, make your own terms, and I accede to them. It is not often that a man in my situation has his friendship so pertinaciously refused."

"My Lord," said Medley, rising, "the

terms you so handsomely offer would make a dependent of me, but not a friend. Connexions founded on interest produce a patron and a dependent; those which arise from dishonourable confidences, an accomplice; those springing from similarity of rank and taste, or society, an acquaintance: but none of these are friends. No man can be my friend, whose actions and principles I cannot approve; and though your Lordship's exalted station, and in particular your handsome behaviour to me on so very short an acquaintance, would authorize me to suppose that your's are, and have been, on all occasions, those of an exemplary man of honour; yet this cannot satisfy a *friend*; he must know and feel that such is the case; and then perhaps length of time may consolidate an attachment founded on virtue and honour. Believe me, my Lord, the present conversation, your Lordship's good-will towards me, and the extraordinary proofs you have offered to

give me of that good-will, will never be obliterated from my memory. Circumstances may perhaps hereafter allow of further intimacy; if we then are agreeable to each other, I shall be happy to admit your Lordship on my very small and select list of *friends.*"

The gentlemen then wished each other good night, and while Mr. Medley retired to his room, with his mind filled with suspicions he almost feared to examine, the Marquis rung his bell, and ordered Doctor Unwise to be called; but we must now conclude this, already too long chapter, and begin another.

CHAP. XXIII.

Which contains various interesting Matters worth the Trouble of inquiring after.

WHEN the Doctor appeared, which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he was not long in doing, he found the Marquis in a most tremendous passion, and swearing and vowing revenge at a furious rate.

"Bless me, my Lord! what can have occurred?" exclaimed the Doctor: "what symptoms are these?"

A torrent of abuse on Medley was the only reply to this: when it a little abated, the Doctor again asked what could have occurred, and what was the result of the consultation.

"D——n the proud commoner!" cried the Marquis; "the result is, that the fel-

low sees I'm afraid of him, and offers, curse his impudence, to admit me hereafter on his very small and select list of friends, if time shall prove that I am worthy that enviable distinction. Damn the fellow's impudence! I never heard any thing like it in my life before! I could shoot him!"

"He ought, I think, to be disposed of," said the Doctor.

"But how? I've too much on my hands now to think of another undertaking at present," said the Marquis; "and, spite of his *virtue*, a scoundrel, he has, I suppose, his price! Well! I must, I believe, give it. He is of too much weight to be meddled with in any other way. I never saw a fellow stand out so in my life! What he will want, Heaven knows! but he must have it, as I said before, and be d——d to him!"

After this elegant harangue, the Marquis took, by the advice of his confidant, a portion of red-hot champagne, and

after sitting a quarter of an hour, to listen to some information the Doctor had to communicate; during which time he spit almost incessantly on the carpet, though an antique-shaped box to receive his expectorations stood near him, he retired to bed.

The two days that Mrs. St. Arno had passed at Rhanvellyn, had, for some reason or other, produced rather painful than pleasant sensations in her and her niece, and they awoke on the third with a sort of gloomy expectation of something sinister. The news that Mr. Medley had communicated, that the Marquis had sent out people to apprehend their unknown guest, on the supposition that he was connected with the ruffians who had attacked the cottage, filled them with regret and alarm, especially as the Marquis had never alluded to his own knowledge of, or interest in, the affair to them. This circumstance, added to the hints that Mr. Medley had thrown out respecting the

Marquis; his supposition that if they should hastily leave Rhanvellyn they might be assailed, as he intimated, by the order of the Marquis; their ignorance of the name of Haverill, their fear that the Marquis might be the secret enemy he talked of, and some other reasons, they had not courage to communicate, even to each other, in their present abode, all made them doubtful what course to pursue.

When Mrs. St. Arno went to sleep, she had determined if Anarella approved it, to speak to the Marquis on the subject, and tell him that he was quite mistaken in his supposition, that the person she harboured had any connexion with her enemies. But morning brought with it a new train of ideas, and when she considered that Haverill, be he whom he might, was gone to his friends, and that she should be placed in the unpleasant predicament of owning that she had har-

boured an unknown man, which might give rise to very painful conjectures, she determined, especially as Anarella was of the same opinion, to await the issue in silence.

The morning, contrary to the general expectation, proved uncommonly fine; and the snow, which had disappeared rapidly, was now only seen on the mountains, or in the valleys. The grounds began to look inviting, and Anarella hoped that in the course of the day she might be enabled to visit some of the remarkable spots in them. She inquired of Alice how far it was, and in what state the road was, to the cottage where the old gardener lived, who, she had heard, cultivated Miss Rhanvellyn's garden; and her aunt and herself determined to walk up there after breakfast, and make some inquiries after the family at the Castle since the Duke had inhabited it; for they thought, if any odd people had been seen

about, within the last three or four days, it was probable that these people might have seen, or heard of them.

They were late before they breakfasted; but late as it was Mr. Medley was not down, and the whole party had in succession nearly finished when he made his appearance. He looked grave and thoughtful, and scarcely took any notice of any body. As to the Fuzmans, they were particularly quiet and unobtrusive; but whether this arose from the damp the the water discussion had given them, or from the almost continually insulting raillery of Lady Diana Gormouthwaite, who seemed heartily to despise them, was more than a by-stander could discover. The two little Lords were in diligent attendance, and from their earnest devotion at the Fuzman shrine, and the gracious manner in which their offerings and incense were received, every body conjectured that the affairs were entirely settled. As to Mr. Jarrener, he seemed

deeply engaged in conversation with Mr. Blood, and though he peeped at Anarella through his glass, he did not approach her, even to pay the common compliments of the morning.

Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, then supported a conversation with some ladies near them; but it was of too general a nature to merit a place here. In the course of it, Mrs. St. Arno took occasion to ask Lady Scoone respecting the most remarkable beauties of the place, and received such information as she wished.

It was the intention of Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, to go alone to the gardener's cottage, unless indeed, Mr. Medley, whose ideas seemed somewhat similar to their own, should join them; and as the day was so fine, they had no sooner breakfasted, than they rose to retire: Mr. Blood perceived their design, and quitting the groupe of young men, whose oracle he seemed to be, he paid his devoirs, as he said, and hoped the ladies had rested well.

Then without waiting for an answer he proceeded. "Do you know, Miss St. Arno, that the information Mr. Medley there gave me is the luckiest possible hit!.. could not be better; for when I least expected it, have hit on one of the fancy, and may shake a friend by the hand. Devilish good! upon my soul! would you think it? but the curate he spoke of is a man of the greatest genius and first bottom in this part of the world!"

"Indeed, Sir!" "replied Anarella, "then I hope he will in time rise in the church."

"No doubt in the world, Miss St. Arno! he must rise!" said Blood, "this introduction to the Marquis will be the making of him! at least I shall say it's a cursed shame if he does not. Why I know his name, and I dare say you do too, for it's a name of some note for miles round, you must have heard of Tilt! Obadiah Tilt?"

"Indeed, Sir, I do not," said Ana-

rella, "a little vexed at being stopped, and at seeing that some gentlemen were attending to what was passing.

"Cursed odd that!" said Blood, "why you knew Harry Lancaster and John Ford? I thought you had known all the Fancy!"

"Is Miss St. Arno then one of the Fancy?" asked a genteel young man with an affected air of seriousness.

"Oh yes!" cried Blood eagerly, "she is indeed! and it gives me a high opinion of her understanding."

"Really, Mr. Blood," said Mrs. St. Arno, "you are now carrying the jest too far. My niece happily for herself, never was in the company of a bruiser before, and she thinks as well as myself that among the *Fancy*, as you designate the connoisseurs and amateurs in pugilism, there ought to be neither female nor clergyman! it is highly indecorous, I think, to hear of a fighting parson."

This produced a general laugh, and

"Are you answered, Blood?" from two or three, and the ladies again turned towards the door. As they proceeded they heard Mr. Blood swear that it was very odd, and that after all he knew he was right, for she knew Harry Lancaster the moment he was mentioned. So fine an opportunity for betting was not to be lost, and before Anarella had crossed the next room, a good deal of money was depending on the account she should give of her knowledge of Harry Lancaster.

Mr. Medley hearing the buzzing this subject produced, looked up, and perceiving that Mrs. St. Arno had quitted the room, he followed and overtook her.

"I cannot allow my own absence to be such a traitor to me, as to prevent me from paying my compliments to you ladies," said he; "and if you are not on some other scheme, I should like to communicate some of my ideas to you."

"We are going on a voyage of discovery this fine morning," replied Mrs.

St. Arno, "and shall be glad of your company, Sir, if you have no better amusement in view."

"You oblige me beyond measure," said Medley; "I'll wait at the Hall-door for you. Is it a pedestrian excursion?"

"Oh yes! we will be with you in five minutes," said Mrs. St. Arno; and as soon as the ladies were equipped they joined Mr. Medley, and took the road through the grounds, which they had understood led to the gardener's cottage. As soon as they were at a little distance from the house, Medley threw back his shoulders, and expanding his chest, said, "Now I breathe again! I declare, ladies, I have passed a most uncomfortable night, and I think you will allow not without reason." He then repeated to them the principal part of what had passed between the Marquis and himself, and added, "I told you that Mr. Slapdash went to report what I said about Field! but I did not imagine my gratify-

ing him would have produced such a scene as that of last night. What do you think of it, Madam? does it look as if the report respecting Field's *merits* was false? I hardly dare say it does not, even to myself!"

"It looks very suspicious!" said Anarella, "and again, I say, let us go, dear aunt."

"No, my dear girl, we must not think of it," said Mrs. St. Arno, "we came here like Mr. Medley, personally strangers to the Marquis, and we ought not to give him reason to imagine, that we have discovered any thing to his disadvantage, more than what all the world knows, and one half of it excuses. His prodigality, his luxury, his pomp, nor even his addiction to gambling, have lessened him in the estimation of the world; and I am sorry to say, that the misconduct of his wife was too glaring to leave any odium to his share."

"Pardon me, Madam," said Medley,

"let her conduct have been what it would, a large share of odium will attach to him. If he was disgusted with her, he need not have forgotten, that she was, by birth, at least, a gentlewoman! he should not have employed people to break her windows, and insult her as she moved."

"And did he do this?" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Indeed he did, or Fame belies him!" replied Medley, "and the most unjustifiable means were resorted to, to suborn witnesses to prove, if they could, enough to entitle him to a divorce. That, however, did not succeed! and though I, in my own mind, don't think her what she ought to be, I own I was glad when his device failed. He will, however, succeed at last! her indiscretion will do more for him than all his own arts. I dare say you have heard that he was supposed [illegible] to the beautiful Lady Letitia [illegible]ertown, the eldest daughter to the Earl of Barbertown, and it was

thought, that the affair of the divorce was to be prosecuted on that account! however, Lady Letitia is now married, so I suppose he has some new fancy. I can tell you, Miss St. Arno, he eulogized your sparkling eyes; so, probably, as soon as he is at liberty, you may have the offer."

"Me!" exclaimed Anarella, with great contempt, "I should spurn the man."

"Softly, my dear!" said her aunt, "wait! wait! you are so earnest in your refusal!"

"And with great reason," said Medley, "he told me, 'you have your secret, and I have mine;' however, mine is happily not of the same complexion as his!"

By this time the party had reached the cottage, and found the good woman at home, preparing her leek-porridge for dinner. She civilly accommodated the gentlefolks, as she called them, with seats, and in reply to their question of, "had

there lately been any strangers about?" she answered, that "the castle was full of them."

"Yes," said Mrs. St. Arno, "we know that, good woman, but we mean strangers of a different description. People of a sort of suspicious character! Men who seem to be wandering without any good design!"

"St. David bless us, my lady!" said the woman, "it's rare I see any but my master. About it's—let me see what!—not more than a fortnight, there was a poor pale creature, as used to beg a drop of goat's whey, when he came to visit the grounds, and honorable he paid for all he had, true enough! He used to look at our young lady's garden, and he was so gentle like, as he would needs one day help to move a rose-tree my master was putting in a better spot."

"This is not the sort of person we inquire after," said [illegible]narella, "we mean odd people!"

"Why, my lady," said the woman, "for such a handsome gentleman, this was odd enough. He had on a queerish black wig, that made him look odd enough."

"A black wig!" cried Anarella, blushing deeply, "and what sort of a man was he?"

"Oh Miss! so very fine! St. David bless us! if he'd a been dressed, as fine as a Markass need to be. But a was but shabby, and had a little knapsack thing, though I don't think they call it so neither, on his back." The woman then described her visitor so minutely, mingling praises with her descriptions, that Anarella could not doubt it was her unknown friend himself. She heard the woman with pleasure, and then asked, whether they might not see the young lady's garden.

"Yes truly, Miss!" said the woman, "but this is no season for flowers in the air! but still my master would be loath

it should be without, for love of the honored lady, God bless her, and take those that keep her away from her people. But dear, my lady, the new Markass have a hordered every flower in the garden to be sent in to-morrow night, for his birthday! and my master do grieve over it, for he thinks it a bad sign for the young lady."

Anarella had by this time hurried out of the house, and was followed by her aunt and Medley, the first pitying, the last wondering at, her agitation. They found the gardener, who, like the few flowers that remained, seemed the wreck of a better season, and Anarella having made the woman shew her the rose-bush, that the man in the black wig had assisted to move, gathered some of the leaves that remained, and deposited them in her pocket book; then looking round her, she admired the disposition of the garden, and the exquisite neatness with which it was kept.

"Yes, Miss," said the woman, "it is our duty to keep the young lady's garden neat, and my master would scorn to sleep if there was a weed in it. We lived under the good family, and knowed the good lady, and the young lady too! and we hopes to live to see her stand here herself, and give her commands about the poor plants! Aye, that will be a good day, whether before or after St. David!"

"Aye, good woman!" cried Medley, "and I trust in God it will come! I don't know the young lady—but her fate is a hard one!"

"More's the pity, Sir!" said the woman, by this time alone with Medley, for Anarella and her aunt were admiring the contrivances the gardener had used, to preserve a few flowers under sheds, and in various ways, in spite of the snow and the early winter.

"Do you hear any particular noise at the castle with the poor Duke?" said Medley.

"Oh yes, your honor! worse than ever!" replied the woman.

"Umph!" said Medley, gruffly, "then I am mistaken. Well!"

By this time Mrs. St. Arno was again at the elbow of the woman, and complained that she felt the ground too damp to stay longer. They all returned to the cottage, and while they sat there the woman, encouraged, probably, by their previous questions, to talk, said, that three mornings ago they had been terribly alarmed, by some horses coming before it was light to the castle, and that there was such groaning, it was sure but a spirit, and forewarned of a death.

Mrs. St. Arno then inquired minutely as to the hour, the probable number of horses, and whether they had been heard of since, and she was horror struck to find, that the woman's account gave her every reason to imagine, these might be the same people who had visited Rose Cottage: she, however, made no observation,

but merely asked, whether the woman had heard of any wounded man being carried to the castle. "Oh! no," the woman said, "there was nobody wounded but Doctor Stirit, as the mad duke had wounded with a knife! she wondered they let him have a knife. Mrs. St. Arno then inquired, who Dr. Stirit was, and received such information as the woman could give her, altogether not very satisfactory.

During their walk towards the castle, Anarella was entirely silent, and her aunt and Medley were half afraid of communicating their thoughts to each other; they both wished heartily that they had not come to Rhanvellyn, and as heartily that they had a decent pretext for leaving it; but they agreed, that now it was best to stay over the following day. Slowly then, and as if unwilling to approach the castle, they proceeded, and what they saw on their road, we will relate in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXIV.

Some Account of the Slapdash—And the Arrival of Tilt.

ON the lawn before the house a great part of the guests were assembled, some of the gentlemen on horseback and the rest on foot; and Mr. Blood no sooner perceived the approaching trio, than he waved his hat in the air, and called out "Victory!"

"What is the matter now with that disgrace to the cloth?" cried Medley, "some foolery is acting, I suppose, of which he is the spring."

He was not long in suspense, for Mr. Blood, followed by some other gentlemen, came up, and said, "Now Miss St. Arno, you are just arrived in time to de-

termine what your sudden retreat this morning rendered very distressing."

"Bless me, Sir! what?" asked Anarella.

"There now, Blood, your impetuosity frightens Miss St. Arno," said the young man who had before asked if she was one of the fancy. "Allow me, Madam, to explain this weighty and momentous affair."

"If you please, Sir!" said Anarella very coolly.

"This gentleman, Ma'am," continued Mr. Harford, "w[illegible] is better known in the fashionable world by the appellation of the Fighting Parson than by his own name, asserted this morning, that a celebrated public character, high in the annals of pugilistic merit, had the honour to be known to you; and some of the company thinking it hardly probable, have various sums of money depending on the issue; that is, whether you really and *bona fide* are acquainted with Harry Lan-

caster, or you are not. We request then that you will favor us by informing us."

"Upon my word, Gentlemen," said Anarella looking very angry, "this is exceedingly unpleasant to me, and I am not at all flattered by the supposition, that I could for a moment countenance people of that description."

"Why now, Miss St. Arno, "said Blood pettishly, "did not you say yesterday that you did know Harry Lancaster? I risked my money on your word, I know."

"If I recollect rightly, Sir," replied Anarella, "I told you the Harry Lancaster I knew lived between four and five hundred years ago, and I have not the honour to be acquainted with any other."

Some of the bystanders laughed at this, but Mr. Blood was angry at what he thought an equivocation in Miss St. Arno, and said, "Then, Ma'am, you said besides that you knew Ford! you cant deny that, I suppose!"

"No indeed, Sir," said Anarella, "but it was good Master Ford of whom you will see some account in Shakespeare."

This produced another laugh, and the ladies walked on to observe a sort of machine, by which stood Mr. Slapdash.

"What is the matter now?" said Medley, "what foolery is about to be performed?"

"It looks like a stage," said Mrs. St. Arno, "is Mr. Blood going to exhibit?"

By this time, they were near enough to see that it was an inclined plane, rising to the height of about two feet and a half, with a platform at the upper end, and near it stood one of the grooms with a horse.

"What is all this, Sir?" said Medley to Mr. Slapdash. "Sir!" replied that gentleman with the appearance of much self gratulation, "this is a thought of my own: have but a moment's patience and you will own that I deserve some credit for it." He then looked towards the

hall door, and the rest of the company following the direction of his eye, saw the Marquis of Hardenbrass pushed forward in a chair on rollers. He was moved up the ascent with the gentlest motion possible and placed on the platform, which was then raised by screws high enough to pass the horse under, and finally his lordship was let gently down into the saddle.

"An admirable contrivance!" cried twenty voices at once; "an admirable contrivance! Does infinite honour to Mr. Slapdash! infinite! He ought to have a patent for it! It would make a man's fortune! Mr. Slapdash, I congratulate you on so lucky a thought!" To all this Mr. Slapdash bowed.

"I think," said Miss Iambick, "we ought to give it a name!"

"A name, Ma'am!" said Dr. Unwise, who had attended his patient out, "what name, what appellation can be more just, and appropriate, and satisfactory, and im-

mortal, than that of its happy author? Why call it any thing but the Slap-dash?

"Aye, why indeed?" said Mr. Jarrener, "I wish to God I could hit on such lucky thoughts! but my genius lies in another line."

"Yes!" said Anarella, who stood next him, "your soul is dedicated to medicine! what a pity your Mamma did not make a mechanic of you! you would have shone equally in that line, Doctor, I dare say!"

Jarrener was too happy to be so kindly, as he thought, addressed by Anarella, and while he was uttering his compliments, and the Marquis of Hardenbrass was riding gently about the lawn with some of his friends, the rest of the party continued the discussion. Miss Iámbick had been foiled in her attempt to christen the new machine, but she did not therefore lose her desire to distinguish herself among so many people of fashion, and

raising her voice, she again said, she thought a name was requisite, and it might be added to Slapdash. "I was thinking of Pegasus," said she, "it is classical!"

"Very classical! very beautiful!" the Misses Fuzman and some other young ladies declared.

"Now, Mr. Medley!" screamed out Miss Iambick, "you are a delicious poet! do make a compliment on the Slapdash Pegasus!"

"Madam!" said Medley, "I cannot throw off four or five hundred verses in a morning, and if I could on any other subject, a compliment would effectually damp my genius."

"Oh! you cruel Apollo!" cried Miss Iambick.

"Pray, Sappho, don't call names," said Medley, "wait till I merit one half of the celebrity you have gained, and then you may abuse me as much as you like!"

"I think," said Lord Crispin, "who

with his brother dwarf had been walking under and examining the machine, "I think instead of *Pegasus*, it ought to be called *Pagusup!*"

No sooner did this sally of wit reach Lady Diana Gormonthwaite and the Fuzmans, than they laughed immoderately, and repeated it twenty times, with various expressions of approbation and admiration, and Miss Fuzman advised Monimia to write it down, for fear she should forget it. Monimia said she was sure she could remember it without writing, and Lady Diana said, "Yes child, you caught it, I saw, in your mouth, so pray swallow, and make sure of it."

And now Miss Iambick was requested, as she had hoped to be, to exert her inimitable talents on such a subject, and after various coy denials, which all said "yes" very plainly, she consented to write a poem on the occasion; but she did not decide at that moment whether it

should be Ode or Epic, or Epigrammatic.

Mr. Medley asked her what she intended to take, to enable her to throw off her verses, and she only shook her head and called him an envious brother in return.

And now the attention of the company was attracted towards a stranger, who appeared mounted on a small Welsh poney, so ill suited to his own height, that his legs seemed to touch the ground as he came along. He was a very tall stout young man, with a ruddy face, and a pair of large staring eyes. His hair was of a stiff course nature, and he had powdered it as white as a snowball. He was dressed in a pair of nankeen trowsers, a white waistcoat, and a rather shabby black coat. Round his neck he had a roll of handkerchiefs, that might have supplied half a dozen moderate men, and his hat stood on one side, in the true sailor style.

Though by no means overpowered with modesty, the Rev. Mr. Tilt, (for it was he himself) felt somewhat awkward when he perceived so gay an assemblage, and he adjusted himself in the best manner possible on his saddle, and urged his little galloway to make a shew among the fine folks. The beast sympathized with his gallant master, and came so gaily forward, that it excited the admiration of the ladies. But the poor little creature had never seen the Slapdash, or any thing like it before, and when it came within a certain distance, it could not be prevailed on to move in a straight line, but seemed to prefer the diagonal, and even the retrograde movement.

Mr. Blood, whose heart was elated with the sight of one of the fancy, turned the circumstance to profit, by instantly offering to bet that Tilt would conquer the poney, and his companions as readily betted that the poney would conquer Tilt. As the affair proceeded, and Mr.

Tilt displayed his skill in horsemanship, business proceeded among the gentlemen, and at last when Tilt rode to the hall door in triumph, he was received with universal applause.

A groom having taken his poney, he was conducted by his brother Blood to the Marquis, and most graciously received, and indeed, the general voice seemed to be in his favour. The ladies said he was a fine fellow, and well made, and the men revered him as a man of science.

It was not long before a sort of privy council was called, among the knowing ones of the party; and the Marquis of Hardenbrass having expressed a desire to see a little sparring, the two *Fancy* Parsons consented, as soon as his Lordship had finished his ride, to contribute to his amusement, and soon after his Lordship being gently unhorsed on the Slapdash, was as gently screwed and rolled down again, as he had before been elevated, and the whole of the males, including Mr.

Medley himself, adjourned to a convenient place, to enjoy the amazing treat Mr. Tilt's arrival had furnished them with. In this worthy pursuit we will leave them, and turn to another kind of scene.

CHAP. XXV.

A Chapter on Fools—with an Example.

When Mrs. and Miss St. Arno left the lawn, which they did before the adjournment of the male part of the community, they retired to their own room, and there they found Mrs. Dunn amusing herself with trying on some new things, that Broadhead had brought that morning for Anarella, and, as she said, when she saw her ladies enter, the *vegetable* truth was, they might have knocked her down with a feather, to find herself so unluckily caught. The liberty she had taken was certainly without excuse, and some ladies would have reprimanded Mrs. Dunn severely for such a breach of trust; but Mrs. St. Arno made some allowance for the frailty of female nature, and thought

it natural enough for a woman to try how she looked in a new-fashioned garment.

We entreat that our female readers will not imagine, that we mean the least possible satire on the fair sex by the record of this trifling incident: to such a charge we shall not plead guilty; for we should think it highly dishonourable to ridicule that natural desire to appear as beautiful and bewitching as possible, that all women must feel, and that affords to us males so many opportunities of admiring, not merely the native beauties of woman, but the taste and ingenuity that enable her so to vary, *ad infinitum*, the ornaments of those beauties. But to return.

Mrs. Dunn was divested of her borrowed plumes, and dismissed with a reprimand, by way of preventing her from repeating the folly; but though this reprimand was of the gentlest nature, and though she must have been conscious, that she deserved a more severe mark of

her lady's displeasure, she was highly offended at it. Her mistress told her she might leave the room, and as the morning was fine, she thought she had better put on a cloak, and take a walk out.

"And I should be glad vor to be deformed, Ma'am, where I be to purvey myself," said Dunn, with a toss.

"Where you please," said Mrs. St. Arno; "you have staid in my apartments, I see, till the air does not agree with you. Pray go, and be wiser."

"Very well, Ma'am, I *shall* go," said Dunn, and out she flew.

"That woman grows intolerable," said Anarella, "and I wonder, Ma'am, you have so much patience with her. Now, I dare say, she will bounce about all day, and half tear our things to pieces, and at night keep us awake by roaring and crying. I do dislike fools; I hate to have them about me."

"But that's wrong, my dear," said

Mrs. St. Arno; "you should not dislike them, you should pity them."

"Let them keep out of my way, then," said Anarella; "for however I may pity them when I hear of the catastrophes their folly may produce, I am out of all patience while they are present. And now, dear aunt, what do you think of the Marquis?"

Before Mrs. St. Arno could answer this, a gentle tapping was heard at the door, and Anarella, on opening it, saw Miss Monimia Fuzman. She looked as if she thought her preceding conversation ominous, and reached a chair for Miss Monimia.

"Bless me, Monimia," said she, "this is an extraordinary favour; to what am I indebted for it?"

"Oh!" replied Monimia, "I heard just now, from Remnant, that you had got some new dresses, all *so* fine! and I want to know if you will show them to me?"

"Most willingly, my dear," replied Anarella. "My new dresses, you see, lie in a small compass; merely a net and a crape with a satin slip."

"Oh dear! how beautiful! how lovely! how very lovely that crape is! how I wish I had one! but how is it made? Aye, with full sleeves, and a low back! and what a pretty front! and these beautiful roses! What a beautiful trimming!" cried Monimia, all in a breath.

"The thing is pretty enough," said Anarella; "and the roses do credit to Pont-y-V——; but I think this blue trimming on the net is quite as pretty, and will perhaps look better by candle light."

"Oh! do you think so?" said Monimia: "I like pale blue, it suits my complexion, I'm so fair! What do you think Remnant calls me, Miss St. Arno?"

"I can't tell, indeed!" said Anarella; "perhaps she calls you Snowdrop, in allusion to your fairness."

"No, indeed! that would be a bad illusion," returned Monimia; "but she calls me *wax-work*, and she says, my nose is wax-work, and like the Queen of France! and her nose was very beautiful, you know."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. St. Arno, "so they say; but I never heard that she boasted of it."

"Well, how odd!" said Monimia; "she ought, I think. How many likenesses do you think I've had found for me, Miss St. Arno?"

"I can't even guess," said Anarella, throwing aside her new dresses.

"Can't you? then I'll tell you," said Monimia, counting them on her fingers. "Foremost was the beautiful Mrs. W——, that died of a decline, I think they call it. Every body says, I am the very image of her. Then there is the pretty Mrs. B——, of P—— House: I dare say you have seen her picture in the Exhibition. Then there is the famous Scotch

beauty that had her picture done for the P——! I'm *so* like her! Then there's the Marchioness of D——, that is so admired. How many is that, Miss St. Arno?"

"My dear child," said Mrs. St. Arno, "how many fingers have you?"

"Nine, Ma'am!" replied Monimia, holding up both her hands. "Oh no! I see now eight."

"And how many likenesses have you?" said the old lady.

"Why, I've eleven, all beauties; that's just one for every finger, and one over."

"But did you ever learn arithmetic, my dear?"

"Oh yes! and I do hate it," said Monimia.

"So I should have guessed," said Mrs. St. Arno, "or you would have known that eight and one make nine."

Monimia stared with her mouth wide open, and at last said, with a foolish laugh, that she did not understand.

"Very likely, my dear," said Mrs. St. Arno; "but see, you are overturning—dear now, child, how can you be so awkward? You have thrown the glass of water on Anarella."

Monimia started up, and stood while Anarella changed her gown, as if petrified, with her mouth open, and her hands on the full stretch. As soon as she recovered courage to speak, instead of a single apology for her awkwardness, she cried, "Law, Miss St. Arno! do you know the shockingest thing happened to me at dinner yesterday; only you was too far off. Do you know, I said as bad as telling Doctor Unwise, I would loo-de-loo with him."

"And what is that, Monimia? some new game?" asked Anarella, almost out of patience with the silly creature.

"Law! don't you know what loo-de-loo means?" asked Monimia, with unfeigned surprise.

"No, how should I?" said Anarella;

"I never played at it in my life, that I know of; unless you mean loo."

"Well!" cried Monimia, "that is funny: I thought every body had known what loo-de-loo was, if they were ever so innocent, as mamma says."

"What, is it something bad?" asked Anarella.

"I can't tell you for shame," said Monimia; "but I'll tell you what the Doctor was so good-natured to say to me, and then perhaps you'll guess, but don't tell any body. He said, if I liked, he would make water with me, and I said I would; and mamma was angry, and said, to say 'make water,' was as bad as to say loo-de-loo."

Monimia had hardly finished, when both her auditors burst into so hearty a laugh, that it would have been impossible for them to reply; and Monimia, half offended, said she could not tell what at. When, however, they had a little composed themselves, and wiped their eyes, Monimia

looked very cunning, and said she knew why her mamma and Lady Diana had sent her out of the way; but she did not care: she should like to be married, and do as she liked.

"If you wish to do as you like, my dear, you must not marry," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Oh yes, Ma'am! but you're mistaken there though," replied Monimia, "for mamma always did as she liked, and she governed papa, and I shall govern Lord Crispin."

"Ah ha! Miss Monimia," said Anarella; "so you are really confessing: well, I give you joy of the little prize, and I hope you'll govern him mercifully."

"Do you know," said Monimia, "Lady Diana and Mamma are talking about it now; and if Lu has the Marquis, we shall both have titles in one day. When are you to marry Mr. Jarrener?"

"Never, my dear! I never thought of marrying Mr. Jarrener," said Anarella.

"What, then it's true that he has forsaken you? dear, how provoking!" said Monimia.

"He could not forsake me," replied Anarella; "I never intended to secure him to myself."

"What, you think yourself so pretty, then? But they say he is making love to Miss Lenham; *she* will have a fortune," cried the gentle Monimia.

"Did you come here, Miss Monimia, to show your vanity, or your ill-nature?" said Mrs. St. Arno, in a severe voice.

"Dear, no!" said Monimia, half-frightened; "I came to see the new dresses, to tell mamma whether they are as pretty as ours."

The answer disarmed Mrs. St. Arno, and she said no more.

"Do you know," said Monimia, "there is to be a concert to-night, and mamma says she will make me play; but I'll cheat her, I'll say my fingers are sore."

"What! whether they are or not?" said Anarella.

"Oh yes! Mamma says it is convenient to cheat sometimes, as it is to be civil to the common people, attorneys, and the trades-people, and them low people. I've seen Mamma as civil! I wonder she'd the patience; but then her interest was concerned, and she bid us always be civil when our interest was to be civil," said Monimia.

"Admirable!" said Anarella.

"Yes, so it is; but you won't wonder I cheat about the harp," said Monimia; "for the first lesson Mr. M—— gave me, it made my fingers bleed so, they ran in great streams down upon my frock, it was frightful! and what do you think cured them directly it was put on?"

"Indeed I can't guess," said Anarella.

"Why, Eau de Cologne," replied Monimia; "they were well as soon as

ever I touched them; and was not that good?"

"Very good," said Anarella, laughing; "and I think, in future, no master ought to give a harp lesson without a bottle of this Eau by him, or a surgeon, whichever the lady prefers. When you are married, Monimia, you can get my Lord to bring such a bill into the House, and it will be Crispin's Bill."

"So I can," said Monimia; "he will do just as I like."

"Are you sure, child, that you did not lose the first joints of your fingers on that memorable occasion?" asked Mrs. St. Arno.

"No, Ma'am," said Monimia, holding out her hands; "I don't think I did."

The laugh this produced from her auditors half offended Monimia, and having gratified her curiosity, she departed.

"And now, aunt," said Anarella, "may I be permitted to hate fools?"

"Why, my dear, at present, I believe,

I must not restrain you," replied her aunt; "but the truth is, Monimia is not by nature a fool; she has been made one by the very refined and purified education Mrs. Fuzman piques herself upon. But, poor woman! she seems sadly to mistake cunning for wisdom, impertinence for wit, and ignorance for delicacy. Her daughters will, perhaps, one day convince her of her error."

"I dislike them all!" said Anarella, "they are a spiteful set of beings; and perhaps will raise some story about us before we leave Rhanvellyn. However, they are not worth thinking about, while we have so many subjects of real moment to reflect upon, and so, Adieu, Mrs. Fuzman!"

CHAP. XXVI.

An interesting Conversation between the two Fancy Clergymen, and its wonderful Influence on the little Lords.—Mr. Tilt's great powers, and their Effects.

When Mrs. St. Arno had rested herself sufficiently, she and her niece joined a party of ladies, among whom the Fuzmans were not included in a visit to the great cascade, which from the previous state of the weather was sublimely terrific, and they returned only in time to dress for dinner.

The gentlemen of all ages had been so interested with the sparring, that it was late before the dinner bell announced that the first course was about to be served; and so grateful were they to the fancy, for the amusement they had afforded,

that the whole subject during dinner was boxing.

This gave Mr. Tilt an opportunity of appearing to great advantage, and he recounted the various fights he had witnessed, and distinguished the delicate merits of the combatants with the true taste of a connoisseur. Among the rest, he did not forget that between Diggle and the Pedlar, and confessed that Diggle shewed more bottom than he expected. He added, however, that he was glad the fellow was punished, as he was an enemy to the church,

"Church!" cried Blood, "that puts me in mind of the match at Moulseyhurst, that came off there between Scroggins and Church."

"Good God, Sir! Was you there?" asked Tilt.

"I was," replied Blood, "and never better pleased in my life; such goodness as Church shewed was astonishing! the man is immortal!"

"He was tickled by all accounts!" said Tilt, "I never regretted any thing in my life, so much as not seeing that sport."

"It was worth seeing!" said the Marquis.

"So it was, my Lord," said Blood, and murmurs of assent ran round the table. "Why, my Lord," continued Blood, "the ring was astonished, that it was in the nature of man to bear so much punishment! At one time it was Billingsgate to Lumbercourt about the event. Poor Church! I never saw any thing prettier in my life! Why, Sir, his nose was smashed! to mummy! his daylights were darkened! his head had been in chancery! and well milled it was; and Scroggins planted a hit on his jaw bone, that dropped his man with the celerity of a pistol ball. And yet the man made a manful stand! Oh! it was delicious."

By this time some of the ladies near gave signs of disapprobation, and the

Fancy, out of consideration for their weakness, communicated in a lower voice, and did not impede the chat that was passing among their neighbours. The events of the morning, however, and the arrival of Mr. Tilt, had produced a surprising effect on the Marquis de Courtoie, who having hitherto despised the pugilistic art, was now struck to perceive how much it raised a man in the general estimation, and on mentioning his wonder to Miss Fuzman, she said he might be sure it was very genteel, or the Marquis of Hardenbrass, and all the genteel people would not be so fond of it. "I'm sorry, my Lord," said she, "that your Lordship can't box, it is so necessary for a gentleman; but I suppose it is soon learnt."

To a man of the Marquis de Courtoie's gallantry, this hint was enough, and as soon as the ladies had retired, he communicated his wish to Mr. Blood, to be taught the noble science of boxing, and the general applause this wish procured

him, rejoiced every gallant nerve in his noble body.

Notwithstanding the friendship between him and Lord Crispin, there was a sort of jealousy between them respecting their accomplishments, and Lord Crispin determined not to be outdone, for as soon as he heard the Marquis declare that he would take lessons from Mr. Blood, and be put in training, he himself requested Mr. Tilt, to impart some portion of his science to him, and that gentleman was infinitely rejoiced to have such a pupil.

The glorious example of these two noblemen was not thrown away at Rhanvellyn; the young men all agreed to practise a little the next morning, and the Marquis of Hardenbrass regretted his own inability to join them. In short, so general was the enthusiasm, and so happy were the gentlemen, that it was late before they joined the ladies.

Many of the ladies had seated themselves at the card table, and were not

sensible of the absence of the Lords of the creation! some were practising the favourite waltzing, and others were in the music room turning over books, or listening to some one good enough to amuse them.

Mrs. St. Arno and Anarella were among the latter party, and while a young lady was playing a difficult sonata of Woelffel's, they were listening to Mrs. Fuzman's commands to Monimia, to play as soon as she was asked. But Monimia kept her promise of not yielding, and at last she said she could not play, her fingers were sore. Mrs. Fuzman, upon this, fixed her eyes with a look of fury on poor Monimia, and indeed, those organs looked as if they would have leapt from their sockets into the open mouth of her daughter. The debate continued some time, and at last the daughter began to cry, upon which her mamma bid her not be a fool; to which she answered, "I can't help it, Mamma!"

When, however, her mamma was engaged in conversation with Lady Scoone, and some others of the party, who were congratulating her on the news Lady Diana had communicated, Monimia spying Anarella, ran to her and said, "You'll see I'll keep my word, Miss St. Arno! Directly the Marquis asks me, I'll say my fingers are sore! I never was beat in my life, and they shan't conquer me now, when I'm going to be married!" She then ran off to her sister, who was examining the dresses of the ladies near her, and very soon they came to examine Anarella's. She bore their scrutiny with great good humor, and told Miss Fuzman, that if she would allow her maid to take a pattern, it was much at her service.

When the gentlemen joined them, it was evident, that the soul-stirring subject of conversation, or some other motive, had induced many of them to take more wine than sat becomingly on them, and

among the rest, Mr. Tilt looked rosy as Bacchus. That gentleman indeed was elated beyond almost his powers of sufferance! he was in a society to which his utmost hopes had never bid him aspire, and this filled him with a degree of self-conceit, and set a mass of native impertinence afloat, that rendered him a very formidable personage. He walked through the apartments with his neck stretched to its utmost length, and every two minutes he gave his head a sort of shake, that said as plainly as shake could say, "see what a great man am I."

Mr. Jarrener, who was warm with wine, came up to Anarella on the full grin, and begged she would go to the dancing-room and waltz with him. It was in vain that she told him, she did not intend to dance. He said, she must; and at last, she was fain to accost Mr. Blood, who was passing, and request he would provide Mr. Jarrener with a partner. Upon this, Mr. Jarrener turned upon his

heel, somewhat offended, and Anarella found, that in getting rid of him, she had brought a worse evil upon herself.

Mr. Blood began a sort of expostulation with her, on the trick he insisted she had played him about Harry Lancaster and Ford, and complained that he had been devilishly unlucky! But Anarella was so disgusted with him, that she made no reply, and he soon walked off.

The Marquis of Hardenbrass soon after appeared, and had his chair wheeled to the spot where Mrs. St. Arno was sitting. He was followed by Dr. Unwise, Sir Gaspar Scoone, and Mr. Medley, and he asked, whether Miss St. Arno would oblige him by assisting in a glee or duett. Anarella, glad to avoid conversation with a man, of whom she had conceived the most horrible ideas; instantly consented, and Dr. Unwise was dispatched to select performers for a concert.

He was tolerably successful, and found several gentlemen who could take either

the violin, violincello, or flute, and the Marquis of Hardenbrass himself led in a very masterly manner.

After playing the overture to Figaro, and some of Haydn's beautiful symphonies, the Marquis claimed Anarella's promise, and contrary to her own expectation, she sung well, and was in fine voice. It seemed as if "Music was the food of love," for Mr. Jarrener forsook the ball-room, and stood with folded arms to listen, and the Marquis looked as if, had his gout permitted him, he could have thrown himself at Miss St. Arno's feet. They sung several duetts together, and the evening passed rapidly and pleasantly away, for Anarella forgot the man in the musician. At last he begged that she would indulge him in one duett more, his favorite, "Ah Perdona," and when they had concluded, he remained by Mrs. St. Arno, and expressed his obligation to, and admiration of, Miss St. Arno, in terms which her aunt thought rather

passed the bounds of moderation and propriety. But she knew the world and human nature too well, to shew either alarm or dislike, and as Anarella did not hear it, having joined some young people in the next room, she sat very composed.

The Marquis of Hardenbrass was not the only person enchanted by Miss St. Arno's voice; Mr. Medley had stood a silent and delighted hearer, and when he saw her leave the room, he followed and joined her.

Anarella received many compliments from the ladies, and Mrs. Fuzman said, she supposed she had been used to sing at concerts. Anarella gave no answer, for she saw Mrs. Fuzman was vexed that Mnimia had not been asked.

Mr. Medley took his place at supper by Anarella, and exerted himself to amuse her, and render himself agreeable to her; and, perhaps, at the time he forgot that there was a difference of be-

tween twenty and thirty years in their ages.

The conversation on music continued, and Mr. Tilt regretted exceedingly, that he had not been present at the match. "But, perhaps, Miss," said he, "you will favor me with a warble or too now."

"Excuse me, Sir," said Anarella, "I am no warbler! I have monopolized too much of the time this evening."

"Well, Ma'am," said Tilt, "that's very handsome on your side, I must say! every body his turn is fair play! and, perhaps, brother Blood here will let us hear what his whistle says!"

"No! no! Tilt," said Blood, "sing yourself! The company will find you as good bottom in the musical as in the fancy line."

"Well, Sir," said Tilt, who desired nothing better, "I'll sing you a duett." This produced a laugh among his admirers, and after a tremendous clearing of his voice, he began the song in the

Babes in the Wood, of which the burden is, "Whistle, Robin! loo-de-loo!" and he performed all parts with admirable justness and no small humor.

This burden of "Loo-de-loo," made the Miss Fuzmans blush scarlet, and Monimia sat with her mouth open, and so shocked, that she was unable to speak. All those who had either actually heard, or heard of the mistake of yesterday, were now seized with a violent inclination to laugh, and the whole of it had been whispered from one to another, and even the servants had learnt that Loo-de-loo was indecent in Mrs. Fuzman's family. Mr. Tilt's efforts from this cause produced more mirth than he could have hoped, as every body thought the real reason of their laughing, known only to themselves—but Mrs. St. Arno was wearied, and complaining of fatigue, she and Anarella retired early; the rest of the party remained some time after them, and seemed awakened to new pleasure

by the wit and humor of Mr. Tilt, whose fund of entertainment was not easily exhausted: he fancied, truly enough, that he had made great advances in the favor of the Marquis, and that all the ladies were enchanted with his spirit.

CHAP. XXVII.

An Eulogium on the Marquis—with its Effects on the Ladies.

MRS. Dunn was not in waiting when her ladies retired, and it was some time before she answered the bell.

"I thought you would have been in bed, Dunn," said her mistress, "but I am glad to see you so much better."

"*Yes*, Ma'am, I *am* better," said Dunn, "but I did not sit up for that. I sit up for my duty, Ma'am."

"Well, that is very right," said Mrs. St. Arno, "I like to see people do their duty. And pray when you do go to bed, be so good as to fall asleep as quietly as possible, for I am quite exhausted."

"Oh, Ma'am!, I shan't go to disturb you," replied Dunn, "I have excepted Mrs. Shanks's offer to take a room contagious to her own, and that's far enough

from the mad Duke, and so I shall sleep there to-night."

"Very well!" said Mrs. St. Arno, "take care you don't get cold. I hope you can hear my bell where you are."

This answer did not please her it was addressed to, for she had intended to vent her own ill-humor, and gratify it by vexing the ladies, as she imagined she should, in leaving their apartments. She, however, went on with her business, muttering something unintelligible, while her ladies, either from weariness, or some other cause, were perfectly silent. At last, however, feeling a desire to communicate, which even her ill-humor could no longer repress, she began as follows:

"I suppose, Ma'am, you've heard what a performance the Markass is to exhibit to-morrow on his *feet*, as Mrs. Shanks says is the *num-and-clatter* of birth-day. He's a great man, as Mrs. Shanks says, and all the 'fair sect,' old and young, gentle and simple are over head and hares

vith him And, indeed, upon my voracity, I'm not at all insprised at it! for he have a pair of heyes!"

"That's a very common thing!" said Anarella.

"Vhy, yes, Ma'am, as you say," replied Dunn, "except in case of haxident, it is, but not such hopsticks as the Markasses. Mrs. Shanks says as how, there is a libertine look about him, that pleases all the fair sect, and that he have dood vhat he liked vith many a noble lady, as nobody respects."

"For shame, Dunn! how can you talk so!" said Anarella.

"Law, Miss!" said Dunn, "you vould think it no shame if you heard all the ladies and marchionasses, and even some higher, nor that, as Mrs. Shanks have a prescribed to me. And she is a very unintelligent gentlewoman, and I think may be respected of knowing about his *moors*. She says, upon her voracity, that there vas one gurt-lady, but I have

not the right renunciation of her name, as he followed, and hoggled, and beseeched, and she was hard to be gained over, but at last his purwailing, and sinwaiting crouchments conquered her virtue, and she gived him one meeting too much! and then she gived him another, and another, as the poets say, and so they went on in her own house at a fine rate! And at last her lord, if he was a lord, but he might be only a sort of a mobility, he smelt a rat, and as he was detached to his lady, it pained his intrails. Vell, Miss, vhat do you thinks he does, not guessing it was the Markass, for they say, he vould have eaten his wife first, if he'd a knowd it var he, but vhat do he do, but come in vhen the lovers var a dollying, and he tacks the Markass, and vounds him in the back, and vhen he discovered vho the man vas, he vas like to sound to see. Vell, Miss, all was set to rights soon then, and they managed so nicely, the kind gentleman never vas

in the vay to spoil sport no more, but the Markass used to go in a little gig, and pay the lady a visit at a purcise time, at two o'clock, I think, and he, vhen he knowd that, valked out to meditate, and never vas knowd to go home vhen the gig stood at the door. Vas not that very kind and commodating, Miss?"

"I am ashamed of you, Dunn!" said Anarella, "such an infamous story ought not to be repeated if it was true! but it cannot be! and I wonder you can believe it."

"Law, Miss!" said Dunn, "vhy I can believe more than that! and so will you by and bye. If it vas a flaw in the gentleman's character, I would be the last to tell! but all the world know that the vomen likes him betterer. Perhaps, Miss, you'll not credit the count of his lame leg, as was lamed by a lord—dear I vish I could *runandhiss*, as Mrs. Longword say in her books for remember, vhat that lord's name vas. But he comed

in von day, and he found the Markass making a fine attack on his vife, and he made no bones of him, for he fairly gived him a lackering, and blacked his heyes, and lamed his leg, and there it was a long time before the Markass could rambulate among the ladies again. And that vas a shame that time, his tack on that lady, for Mrs. Shanks do say, he fairly kept that lady's husband's mother many years! but, perhaps, he liked the family!"

"Pray hold your tongue, Dunn, and tell no more of these scandalous tales!" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"Dear, my lady! vhy is there any moral turditube in telling a story as all the vorld knows? Praps you'll think the old story of Mrs. Fuzball duberous! the lady as he kept before his marriage, and they say, if ever he really love voman it var Mrs. Fuzball. She var a vidore! and how insprising it is, he have always preferred vidores or married ladies to maidens! but yet Mrs. Shanks say, he

have his fancies that vay too! and if fat, fair, and forty pleased him twenty years agone, fat, fair, and fifteen vill tickle him now."

"Well then, take care of yourself," said Anarella, "and I hope Mrs. Shank will find something better to talk about than her master's frailty."

"Oh, Miss, she don't do it for scandal, or vant of respect, vor she say she be as proud of his moors as he be, and think it very honorable to be in the service of a gentleman vho is a versatile favorite vith the fair sect."

"I think the less you talk to Mrs. Shank the better," said Mrs. St. Arno. "I am disgusted with any female who can approve a dissolute life in a man, and I desire that you will not imbibe such ideas."

"Law, Ma'am!" said Dunn, "I'm sure the ladies as visits him improves his disslute life as much as we poor dumsticks as only talks about it."

"That's too true!" said Anarella, with a sigh, "go to bed, Dunn!" a command which Dunn, after some further little phrases, obeyed.

When she was gone, Anarella expressed, in rather strong terms, her disgust with the character of the Marquis; "and yet," said she, "I declare, so pleasing, and so insinuating is his manner, that it is almost impossible not to be pleased with him! I mean, if we could for a moment forget what we know, or what we suspect! Oh! my dear aunt! I cannot express my feelings! whether it is that I have exhausted myself by singing, or it is a presentiment of evil! I am more depressed than I ever was in my life, and very ill at rest in this house. I wish to-morrow was over! The idea of a fête, to celebrate the birth of that man, who has been the bane of so many, is disgusting! I can't bear to think of it!"

"Don't think of it, my love," replied

Mrs. St. Arno; "you are exhausted, and want rest; and may comfort yourself with the reflection, that there is but one day before we quit Rhanvellyn; for I am determined to set off to Pont-y-V——, and there wait for my letters, the morning after to-morrow. I have heard enough to alarm me, and to-night I have seen more than I like. I hope no bad or unpleasant consequences may or can arise from our unpremeditated visit; but we will shorten it as much as possible. One day more and you shall be content, my Anarella."

Anarella sighed, but whether from what her aunt said, or from some recollections produced by her ring, which she was at that moment contemplating, we never could prevail upon her to own. She examined the state of the rose leaves she had deposited in her pocket-book, and soon after went to bed, unwilling to converse, from the fear of keeping her aunt awake longer. Her rest, however, was

not refreshing, and towards morning she fell into a heavy sleep, from which she did not awake till late. Her aunt did not rest much better, and a sort of undefinable dread seemed to have taken possession of both.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Marquis shows his Skill in Note-writing.—A Concert.—Mr. Tilt again distinguishes himself. —Will Weepforall.—Tilt makes some Progress in the good Graces of Miss Monimia Fuzman.

It had been the intention of the Marquis to give a dinner to the tenants of the house of Rhanvellyn, to celebrate his birth-day, and some preparation had been made for their accommodation; but this, nobody knew why, was abandoned, and the festivities were confined to the inhabitants of the Castle. The day was occupied in preparations for the evening among the domestics, who were to have a ball and supper among themselves.

Before Mrs. St. Arno and her niece went down to breakfast, they received a beautifully written and very polite note

from the Marquis, to request Anarella's assistance at a morning concert, as the evening was to be dedicated to dancing alone. With this request he had contrived to mix and mingle expressions of admiration and praise, and obligation for the happiness their society gave him.

Anarella's gloom seemed to increase upon her, but she could not refuse her assistance, and she comforted herself by thinking, that to-morrow she should quit Rhanvellyn.

The whole party was assembled in the breakfast-room when she and her aunt went down, and to look at and listen to each individual, one would have imagined that the birth of the Marquis of Hardenbrass had been a subject of general rejoicing, and that his life had been a blessing to mankind. Contrary to his usual custom, he was visible at that early hour, as if to receive the compliments of his friends; and as every body made him some compliment, in addition to that of

the morning, he had an opportunity of displaying his peculiarly happy talent of replying to polite nothings. But it was in vain that he seemed to look for something of the kind from Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, and Medley; they could none of them utter even the simple phrase of many happy returns of the day; and the Marquis, in consequence, was so chagrined, that he forgot to be pleased while Miss Iambick was apostrophizing him in wretched blank verse, that made many of her hearers wish she had confined her talents to mending stockings, and writing washing-bills.

The concert was well arranged to afford pleasure to the real lover of music, as well as the mere dabbler in that now important 'science,' and Mr. Tilt offered to enliven it by singing a comic song in character, acting a scolding duet between a Lady of Thames' Street and a Nightman, performing sundry curious feats in the character of Harlequin; and con-

cluding the whole by a scene from the last new pantomime, that had drawn crowded houses in town.

The Marquis accepted his offer with joy, and expressed his satisfaction at having met with a man of Mr. Tilt's very extraordinary and versatile talents, which, as he justly observed, were calculated to advance him to the highest dignities in the church. "There are but two ways," said the Marquis; "This of universal taste, or the enthusiastic, and no man of genius has occasion to have recourse to the latter. To your mediocres, indeed, it is every thing, and many men in this country, laymen as well as churchmen, owe all they have to it. I dare say, Sir Gaspar, you are acquainted with the famous public man, Will Weepforall; though his connexions do not lie this way, now I recollect."

"Every body knows him, my Lord," said Sir Gaspar; "his very patriotic exertions make him every man's brother."

"Aye," said the Marquis, "so all good people say; and yet I would not admit him to the freedom of a brother. However, one might bear all the regular routine of his business, if he did not think it necessary to give along with his mite, either of money or advice, a flood of tears gratis. It puts me out of patience; I would have none but the ladies weep."

"Dear, how ill-natured!" said Monimia; "why should we weep?"

"Because, Madam, tears add lustre to your beauty," said the Marquis; "though I confess it is already but too dangerous to us."

"Dear, how good-natured!" said Monimia; and she ran from one to another, telling how the Marquis of Hardenbrass said her beauty was dangerous, and asking how he meant?

"I must confess, my Lord, that I am of your opinion," said Medley, "and have more than once had an argument

with my friend Sir Gaspar here, on the very subject. He thinks Mr. Weepforall a miracle of integrity and propriety, and pins his faith on his veracity. Now I happen to have connexions at ——, where he gained his election after he had forfeited his word; and I have not found any reason to change my usual maxim on his account."

"May we know what that is, my dear Sir?" said the Marquis, much pleased to find Medley did not avoid him.

"Merely, my Lord, that an unusually large cloak of righteousness, is generally worn to cover an unusually large portion of—of something else! I won't say what."

"Well, but my good friend," said Sir Gaspar, "you judge! you judge too hastily! and should not apply your cloak every where. Never did man act by all accounts with more propriety than Weepforall has done on all occasions! all occasions! I deny that you can bring for-

ward the slightest thing that can in the least compromise his character."

"That's a bold challenge!" said Medley, "and as the ladies are at a distance (for our present subject is no favourite with them), I'll accept it, I shall merely mention the fact or facts, and leave it to the Marquis or any other judge you may appoint to decide between us.

"When this same William Weepforall was a young man, spite of his inward righteousness he had some outward frailties; and actually fell into the sin of keeping a woman whom it was reported he had seduced, but that I will not vouch for. Probably he fancied he had, and that is the same thing. She lived many years with him and had several children, and at last he became weary of her, and wished to get rid of her. He knew that if he set about seeking a lawful wife, the poor creature would soon hear of it; so he commissioned his friends to look out a

rich lamb of the fold, that he might lead an honest life as the chosen of the Lord ought to do. They soon found one, who though neither very young nor at all pretty, satisfied him, as she was very rich, and a good religious connexion. The lady received one visit from him before she married, and the poor creature who probably was the only one that ever really loved him, was left with a very slender support to bring up her family. Such was his noble generosity!"

"I presume, Sir," said Sir Gaspar, "you think a man had better marry than live as he did?"

"Why, my good friend," replied Medley, "I think every man had better marry! and if he choose to do so, well and good. But with his immense fortune it would I think have been most proper, and as a friend of humanity should act, to have provided liberally for the poor creature, whose peace he had ruined, and her ill fated offspring. However, his first

wife brought him no children, and those the second has produced in the male line are too like the father ever to be any thing but whining schoolboys."

"You cut deep, Mr. Medley," said the Marquis.

"My Lord," said Medley, "my weapon is truth; a special two-edged sword. But I saw a piece of mummery, this same William Weepforall chose to perform on occasion of his second nuptials, that is too good to be forgotten.

"He and his lady retired to the solitude of Bath to pass the honeymoon; and I happened to be there at the time. I was walking in the pump room with a party of friends, and like the rest of the world fancying I enjoyed the heat, squeeze, noise, and music; when this individual William Weepforall entered with his bride of the day before in one hand, and a good sized Bible in the other. With the most sanctified air they squeezed their way to the recess at the top of the room,

and amidst the wonder and even laughter of the whole beau monde of Bath, they deliberately opened their Bible, and sat down to read it together. I declare I never was more disgusted in my life! I could have kicked out both; but that not being my province, I sent Colonel H—, who was offering to bet, that they would conclude by the kiss of love, to tell the band to strike up, 'Come haste to the Wedding,' and was amused to see how little any thing the rest of the world did could move his well trained muscles. He long boasted of this step, and said a wicked and adulterous generation wanted an example how they ought to employ themselves, in such sinks of corruption, and hot beds of vice as Bath."

"Well," said Sir Gaspar, after the laughter this had created a little subsided, "I give him up on the score of delicacy, however! you never told me this before!"

"I could tell you many more comical

anecdotes of that man," said Medley, "but for the present I have done."

And now Doctor Unwise and Mr. Slapdash began to marshal their forces for the concert, and as it had begun to rain, it was determined *nem. con.* that it should take place somewhat earlier than had been originally intended.

Mrs. Fuzman was exceedingly mortified, that neither of her daughters, upon whom such immense sums of money had been expended, should be more than hearers, and as she had boasted to every body of the fine tones Monimia brought from the harp, she was determined to force that young lady to play. She knew that neither supplication, command, threat, nor entreaty from herself would effect this, but she imagined, that Monimia would yield to the wish of Lord Crispin without a word, calculating on the policy of the thing! accordingly, she told his Lordship that this was a happy op-

portunity for Monimia to conquer her dislike to play to any body, and she did not doubt that her girl would yield that to *love* that she had refused to duty.

Lord Crispin, who was prepared to be as vain of his lady's accomplishments a he was of his own, and who was induced to marry Monimia only because the men thought her pretty, and he should find her fortune convenient, told Mr. Slapdash, that Miss Monimia Fuzman would on this joyful occasion play a harp concerto, and that gentleman arranged accordingly. He then went to his intended bride, and told her what he had done, adding that he did not doubt sweetness like her's would instantly oblige him.

"Indeed I shan't, my Lord," said Monimia; "I have told Mamma fifty times that I never will play, for I know directly I begin I shall stop, and cry, and I won't try, I'm determined!"

This absolute refusal exceedingly offended Lord Crispin, who expected to

have found the gentle, smiling Monimia all submission to *his* wishes, whatever she might have been to her Mamma's; and thinking his own honour interested in the affair, and perhaps peeping at future debates, when a bad precedent would be a fatal thing, he stretched himself to the utmost extent of his little person, and looking amazingly dignified, said, "I expect, Miss Monimia, that you will try to gratify *me*, whatever you may do with your Mamma. If you were already Lady Crispin I should insist upon it, and you cannot but know that the wife *must* obey! But I wave all right our situation might give me, and I entreat you, my dear Miss Monimia, not to give me room to feel as if I had any reason to be displeased with your conduct." "Dear, what a fuss!" said Monimia, red with rage; "If I was Lady Crispin, my Lord, I should do as I liked, you may be sure! I never was conquered in my life; I'm not such a fool as to give up to any body."

Nothing but the idea of the forty thousand beauties Miss Monimia had at her disposal, now kept Lord Crispin from declaring open war; but he checked his choler, and only said, "You will now let affection conquer you, Miss Monimia, and if not—duty." So saying, he walked away, and Anarella, who had heard the last word, asked Monimia what was the matter. "I don't know," said Monimia, half frightened, "he has been telling me, that if I was Lady Crispin he should insist and I must obey! I never heard any thing so rude in my life! I'm sure I never, never shall do as *he* wants me, so he need not expect it!"

"That," said Mr. Tilt, who now came up, and who, having no modesty, intruded himself into every conversation, "that, Miss, is the true orthodox doctrine in Wales, and I think no man ought to suffer less than fine and imprisonment that expects a fine lady to obey his will. I declare I should sooner think of matching

Church with the Champion, or fighting him myself, than contradicting a lady! It's a dead rude thing, and no man, that *is* a man, would think of upholding the old high church doctrine of the wife obeying.

"Law, Sir!" said Monimia," that's exactly what I always thought! and I'm sure you're vastly polite to say so too. I hate to do as I am bid! and if I liked to play ever so well before, I should not like it then."

"By G—d, Miss, that's damned natural," said Tilt; "and I admire your spirit and your honesty, to tell the truth and shame the devil. Besides," said he, in a lower voice, "such a beauty as your's is made to command!" and then he sighed deeply.

Anarella had walked away as soon as Mr. Tilt began speaking; and that interesting young man remained sitting by Monimia, whose own friends were selecting a piece for her to play. He had

heard before what a good speculation one of the Miss Fuzman's would be, and had longed for an opportunity of trying his luck with one of them, but as they were declared engaged by all the party at Rhanvellyn, he was beginning to think of the mother. New lights, however, struck him, when he heard what the subject was between the little lover and his gaping mistress, and he determined instantaneously to improve this opening to the utmost.

Lord Crispin, relying on his blood, and his personal beauties and accomplishments, had paid but little attention to his mistress; who, as she married him for a title, and received compliments from others, cared very little about him. But Mr. Tilt saw the empty vanity and ignorance of the girl! His maxim was, that flattery will do every thing with a woman and a fool; and having been a lucky man among the ladies, he was well qualified to employ it. He talked of her kill-

ing eyes, and wondered any man who looked at them could dare to contradict their owner! He gazed on her in a way that would have raised the blushes of any young woman not brought up on the anti-natural system, and vowed that he never in his life felt such delight. This tender scene, to which Monimia replied by smiles and blushes, raised by the new sensations Tilt's new mode of address created, lasted some time, and terminated by Monimia's promising to dance first with Mr. Tilt in the evening.

Mrs. Fuzman came in search of her daughter, and looked very angry when she saw who was her companion; this Tilt perceived, but not at all abashed, he jumped from his seat, and seizing Mrs. Fuzman's hands, he whirled her into it, and then begged to have the honour of her commands.

"My commands, Sir," said the lady very coldly, "are to Miss Monimia Fuzman. The party is assembling in the

music room, my dear Monimia, I beg you will go instantly."

"Aye do, Miss Monimia," cried Tilt, drawing her arm through his, "I'll have the felicity of accompanying you."

He then hurried her away, and as they went along, whispered soft nothings in her ear, which nothings being suited to her capacity, were received with a delight she had never felt before.

CHAP. XXIX.

Mr. Tilt gives Proof of his great Talents.—He continues to be the Hero of the Day.—The Marquis is interrupted in his Pleasure.

MR. Tilt led Miss Monimia to a seat at some distance from that where Lady Diana Gormonthwaite and Lord Crispin were placed to hear the music, and his friend Blood, who saw in a moment why Mrs. Fuzman was waddling after the young people, threw in a diversion by accosting that lady, and preventing her moving till the concert was beginning. By that time the way to Monimia was no longer open, and the mortified mother was obliged to sit down by her eldest daughter and the Marquis de Courtoie. Anarella had a number of gentlemen flocking around her, and as Mrs. Fuzman observed, seemed to be pleased with some of them, though Mrs. Fuzman could not

tell which was the favorite. At last, after some instrumental music she was called on to sing, and Mr. Medley led her to the instrument, on which she accompanied herself.

Some other young ladies then sung a duet, and glees followed, which were executed by various performers, and in an excellent manner.

During the whole of this time, Lord Crispin, Lady Diana, and Mrs. Fuzman, were swelling with rage at the strange conduct of Monimia, who could demean herself by flirting with so low a fellow as Tilt, and my Lord in particular was offended at her; but Monimia knew nothing of life, of human nature, or of the probable effects of her whim! she was giddy with the passionate and complimentary speeches of, Mr. Tilt, and she began to fancy that he was, as he said he was, deeply in love with her, and that what she felt was love too. The whole scene before her, except the individual Tilt, vanished from her view, and she was

only recalled to it by the approach of Doctor Unwise to lead her to the harp.

The being awakened from her vision, and the cause of being awakened, were equally disagreeable to her; and when the Doctor offered his hand to conduct her, she drew back both her own, as if he had been a venomous reptile.

"Law, Sir! I told both mamma and Lord Crispin I would not play," said she, "and I won't try. You'd better ask my Lord to play for me."

The Doctor understood this literally, and walking up to Lord Crispin, said, with great solemnity of manner, that the young lady whose concerto was next in succession, requested his lordship would play for her.

"A low-born creature!" cried Lady Diana, loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Fuzman; and without permitting my Lord to answer, said, "My Lord Crispin won't so demean himself! so you must settle it with her." Upon this, the Doctor bowed, and returned to Monimia, to

ask what she meant to do. "Oh! nothing, Sir," said she; "I can't play, and I won't play."

"Dearest Miss Monimia!" said Tilt, "My Lord refuses to be your knight, let me supply his place! I shall be but too blest!" with a profound sigh, and a tender stare.

"Oh! dear Sir, how glad I shall be!" cried Monimia; "it's so good natured, and I shall be so happy!"

Mr. Tilt then with a great air of drollery, and yet with affected solemnity, gave his hand to the really solemn Doctor Unwise, and amidst a laugh, in which all joined, except the firm Crispin, Gormonthwaite, and Fuzman, he was conducted to the harp, on which to the great surprise of all he played very well; and he sung a Welsh song, which he accompanied, and in which he was encored. Loud and reiterated applause now gratified the ears of Mr. Tilt, and the fair Monimia grinned and gaped amazingly. Her new admirer was quite different to

any thing she had seen before, and he had cunningly taken occasion to tell her that he was of a good family, having a great uncle who was a Justice of Peace. To her question of had he no lords in his family, he said, "Yes, several;" and Monimia was contented.

The Marquis was delighted with Tilt, and began to think him a man of extraordinary talents! He begged him not to quit the instrument! or if he did, to favour him with another style. Mr. Tilt bowed, and quitting the room, he ere long returned with a scarlet cloak he had borrowed from a woman servant about his shoulders, a black silk handkerchief tied round his head, from whence proceeded two huge horns he had himself formed of cartridge paper, and a pitchfork in his hand. He was welcomed with plaudits; and bowing to the company, he deposited his pitchfork, and striking the harp, sung the following elegant composition, which he called a Satanic Love Song.

SONG.

Come my pretty maid,
  Come, and with me revel!
Do not be afraid,
  I'm a funny devil!

Scarlet is my cloak,
  Like your blushes glowing,
Come and wear the yoke
  With a dog so knowing.

If your peepers bright,
  Wish to shine and twinkle,
Satan's phospor light
  On your eye-balls sprinkle.

Would you smiles display,
  Should shine in future story,
Catch from me a ray
  To fix your simper's glory.

Horns are no disgrace
  In a land of freedom;
Blessed be the face
  Shall smile and never heed 'em!

Mine aloft shall move,
  While the ladies revel,
I'm the god of love,
  Though a simple devil.

As soon as Mr. Tilt had concluded he threw off his dress, and hastening back to Miss Monimia, found his seat occupied by Mrs. Fuzman, who looked fire and brimstone at him. This, in his new character, could not of course offend Mr. Tilt: without the least appearance of affront received, he squeezed close to the end of Monimia's seat, and entertained her in a whisper. This Mrs. Fuzman could not bear, and turning to him she said, "I desire, Sir, you will not talk to Miss Monimia Fuzman. I have a particular objection to low people."

"Quite like me, Ma'am," said the undaunted Tilt! "I always keep the best company the country affords. But at Pont-y-V—— there is no choice, but from the bricklayer to the baker, and the baker to the butcher!" Mrs. Fuzman bit her lip with vexation.

"Dear! Mr. Tilt you don't visit such low people, do you?" cried Monimia.

"Never but in the way of business,

Ma'am!" replied Tilt. "At a wedding, a christening, and a funeral, I eat of course! The poor devils would not be happy if I did not make one among 'em."

"I would not though, if I was you," replied Monimia, "for only think, how horrid to eat with a bricklayer! it would choak me to think of it! would not it choak you mamma?"

"Hold your tongue, Miss Monimia Fuzman," said her tender mother, "and go with me to our friend Lady Diana Gormonthwaite; she is of course offended at you for leaving her."

"I chuse to stay where I am," replied Monimia, "for I like it better. If she's offended she'll scold, a cross old thing."

"Hold your tongue, Miss Monimia!" said the mother; while Mr. Tilt squeezed the tip of Monimia's elbow, to induce her to go on. And now Mr. Tilt was again called upon for an exertion of his talents, and he very readily obeyed the

call. He sung what he called, a duet between a Fishwoman and a Nightman, tolerably highly flavored with their respective professions, in a style of humor truly comic, and as the Marquis, who was known to be in all things politeness itself, declared it delicious, all the rest of the party applauded.

When this was concluded, the company adjourned to another apartment, where Mr. Tilt had room to expand himself. He soon arranged every thing to his satisfaction, and stripping off his coat, he surprised every body by some extraordinary leaps, which would not have disgraced a professed Harlequin, while the harpers' enlivened the scene by their music. As he danced about in character he perceived Monimia grinning applause as she stood between her mamma and Lord Crispin, and all at once approaching her, he threw his arms round her, and hurried her off to dance with him. The anger visible on her mother's face,

and the swelling of her little lover, were unseen or unheeded, and as Monimia was proud of her dancing, she heartily seconded his wishes. At last, when he had fairly tired her, he kissed her hand and pressed it tenderly, with a sigh, meant for her ear alone, and then led her back to her friends.

By this time the day was losing the little lustre it had, and the Marquis informed his guests, that as so long a time elapsed between day-light and the hour of dinner, he had given orders that some fire-works should be exhibited on the lawn as soon as it was dark; by this arrangement avoiding any interference with the dancing. Every body was of course pleased, and conversation filled up the intermediate twilight.

Perhaps the Marquis of Hardenbrass never appeared in higher spirits, than he was at the time we are speaking of, and he examined the ladies who surrounded him with the look of a man, who is a

connoisseur in beauty. He addressed several pretty speeches to the young ladies, and when he spoke to Anarella, it was with a manner so warm, and so particular, that she was herself struck with it. The Fuzman party whispered, that it was plain enough something would come of it, and Mr. Medley could hardly refrain from warning Anarella, to beware of so notorious and successful a libertine. While the Marquis was thus enjoying himself, a gentleman was announced, who was a stranger, and he was wheeled out of the room to receive him in another.

CHAP. XXX.

An Incident quite unwelcome and unexpected.— Fireworks, and the Progress of Love.

THE stranger was a fine florid man, about fifty, or, perhaps, not quite so much; he looked weather beaten, as if he had visited foreign climes, and his manners were unpolished and abrupt. When the Marquis was wheeled into the room, he merely bowed to his salutation, and stood waiting to speak, as if he expected Slapdash, who accompanied his patron, to retire.

Mr. Slapdash had had orders to stay, and of course he did so, but the stranger perceiving this, said, "I fancy, Sir, I see the Marquis of Hardenbrass?" The Marquis bowed. "Then, Sir," continued the stranger, "I don't want any third person in our conversation: I have particular business with you alone."

The Marquis changed color and looked disconcerted, but after a moment's pause he said, "that Mr. Slapdash was his intimate friend, and they could have no business together which that gentleman might not hear."

The stranger then presented his ticket to the Marquis, and said, "My name, my Lord Marquis, is sterling for fifty miles round where I live, and you cannot but know that! I have business with you that must be transacted without witnesses, and therefore, Master Slapdash, if you please to retire."

This was uttered with much earnestness, and Mr. Slapdash immediately made his exit.

"My Lord!" continued the stranger, "if there is one man upon earth, whom, without any provocation you have injured more deeply than another, you will easily guess that I come from him. He is now, thank God! able to do himself justice, and I am the bearer of a note to that

effect." He then presented a letter to the Marquis, whose hand shook so, spite of his endeavours after composure, that he tore it in attempting to open the seal.

"Don't ye shake, my Lord," said the stranger, "*I'm* not commissioned to send you to your last account! so you're safe."

"Safe, Mr. Ingram!" said the Marquis, starting upon his feet, and forgetting his gout, "safe! this to me?"

"Oh! oh! my Lord," said Ingram, "I'm glad to see your gout's a sham, it won't then hinder you from accepting the poor lad's invitation."

The Marquis sat down again, unable to answer, and began to read the letter, which was as follows:

To the Marquis of Hardenbrass.

'My Lord,

'You have injured me beyond the power of reparation, and nothing less than the life of one of us can satify my wounded honor. I shall be at L——

Wood, on the morning of Saturday, at eight o'clock, and expect to meet you there. My friend Mr. Ingram will settle all minutiæ.

ARTHUR HAVERILL.'

H—, 1st Nov. 18—.

The Marquis held the letter in his hand a considerable time after reading it, and then in a gentle voice said, "This is very extraordinary, Mr. Ingram! very indeed! That I should receive a letter of this description from Major Haverill, whom I never saw in my life! but for whose family I have done so much. I would not reproach the Major with my benefits, but he must know, that out of friendship to his father I rescued him from a very inferior situation at Hamburgh, and that it was entirely through my influence, that he rose so rapidly in the army. If he has forfeited his commission, I can't help it! I can only say, I am sorry for the worthy members of a

family too deeply wounded by his eccentricities: never man threw fortune and happiness away as he has done."

"All this, my Lord, is vastly pretty," said Ingram, "and as well said as if you'd penned it first. But it won't do now; the Major has taken his affairs into his own hands, and I won't be a false agent to him. So, my Lord, may we expect you at L——, or not!"

"If nothing else, Sir, will satisfy Major Haverill, I must comply," said the Marquis; but I take God to witness the sin shall lie at his door; I have no malice."

"I don't see how you should, my Lord," said Ingram; "you never were injured by the Major, and as to the sin, it will lie where so many other sins lie. Well, my Lord, the Major will be accompanied by my unworthy self and a medical friend; and I advise you to have one with you. We shall keep our carriage in waiting, and you of course will

have your's. These, with your pistols, are enough." So saying, Mr. Ingram rung the bell, and ordered his post-chaise, and bowing slightly to the Marquis, withdrew.

Mr. Slapdash, who had retreated no further than the door, immediately entered, but stood aghast when he saw the countenance of the Marquis, as he made but one or two strides across the room. He feared to ask what was the matter, and the Marquis took no notice of him.

"Curse the fellow! who would have thought of this?" said the Marquis: "it certainly was he, and *that* would have secured him. To be compelled to meet him—yes! I can't avoid it now, too many, it seems, know that—he is a dupe. Then I must not lose a moment—to-morrow I must set out, sleep at the Hall to-morrow night, and be first in the field—if it must be so." He then perceived Slapdash, and asked in an angry tone why he was there. Poor Slapdash knew

not what to reply, and the Marquis bid him, with a curse that made even Slapdash tremble, go and fetch Unwise.

It was not long before the Doctor came, and heard with horror that the Marquis intended to fight, and that he intended too to take him with him. He would fain have excused himself, but the Marquis insisted in a way the Doctor could not withstand. When this important point was settled, and a long consultation on the feasibility of a certain project, the fertile brain of the Marquis had conceived, but which was abandoned, not on account of its iniquity, but its impracticability, was concluded, the Marquis had to consider whom he should invite to be his second.

The man he would have preferred above all others was Mr. Blood; but his profession unhappily stood in the way, and there was the same objection to Tilt. Besides, the Marquis began to reflect, that the character of the gentleman who

should accompany him would have some weight in deciding on his having the right or wrong of the affair, and he instantly thought of Mr. Medley.

To Mr. Medley, then, who was enjoying a tête-à-tête with Anarella, Mr. Slapdash addressed himself, and requested the pleasure of five minutes conversation with him; and Medley followed that gentleman to the room where the Marquis was again seated in his rolling chair.

The two gentlemen were left alone, and the Marquis, assuming an air of great sincerity, said, "In my last interview with you, Mr. Medley, you evinced such extraordinary fortitude, such incorruptible integrity, that I cannot relinquish the hope of making you my friend; and I am now about to give a proof of my confidence in you. Since I left my friends, Mr. Medley, a most painful and unpleasant affair has occurred. I want your assistance, Sir, and I'm sure you'll not refuse it. Sir, I have an affair of honour

on my hands, and I want a friend to accompany me; may I calculate, Sir, on your kind assistance?"

"My Lord," said Medley, after a pause, "tell me, are you the injurer, or the injured? But I'm a fool to ask such a question."

"If you mean, Sir," replied the Marquis, "to ask whether it is an affair of my seeking, I tell you *not!* I do not even know why I am called upon."

"On the faith of an honest man," said Medley, looking full at the eyes of the Marquis, "you never injured the challenger?"

The Marquis changed colour two or three times, though he did not avoid Medley's eye, and then with a convulsive catch of his lip said faintly, "Never!"

"My Lord," said Medley, "your secret is safe with me; I would not betray a confidence; but I beg to be excused meddling with the affair, a much *younger* man will suit your Lordship better." He

then left his noble host to curse his folly, in having spoken to him at all.

Doctor Unwise, who now returned, represented that the company was waiting for the fireworks, and the fireworks for the order from authority to begin; and after a little further delay, the gentlemen returned to the other apartments. Very soon candles and lamps were extinguished, and the spacious windows were crowded with guests, to witness a display of fireworks, prepared by an Italian servant who always attended the Marquis in his various migrations.

The night was not very clear, but the effect from the favourable slope of the ground was good, and the attention of almost all was confined to the exhibition. We say almost all, for there were two or three individuals whose minds were diverted from it, and among these Mr. Tilt was conspicuous: he contrived, spite of mamma's vigilance, to stand next to Miss Monimia, and relying on her inno-

cence, he ventured upon two or three affectionate squeezes, which were not ill received.

The Marquis was lost several times in a deep reverie, and Medley felt so uncomfortable that he enjoyed nothing, not even Anarella's conversation. His absence afforded Mr. Jarrener an opportunity of talking to her, and he explained, at some length, the method of making the various kinds of fireworks, and from thence travelled back to the famous Greek fire. This brought him round again to modern times, modern discoveries, Congreve rockets, torpedoes, and every variety of destructive engine. He was exceedingly well satisfied with his own performance in the philosophical line, and as Anarella said nothing, he took it for granted she was too. Indeed, he was so certain in his own mind that she really did love him, that he determined, as soon as she left Rhànvellyn, to marry her; and he whispered pretty broad hints of his

intention to more than one of his acquaintance.

A good deal of time was occupied by the display of fireworks, and when the company thought them all concluded, a Chinese bridge and temple, splendidly illuminated, suddenly burst upon the sight; and at last, after discharging various beauteous devices, vanished with a tremendous explosion.

The delighted spectators highly applauded the whole exhibition, but particularly the last scene; and lights being called for, they all dispersed different ways, to dress for dinner, and prepare themselves for the festivities of the evening.

As to the Marquis, he shut himself up in close conference with Doctor Unwise; and so interesting was their debate, that they had not concluded it satisfactorily when dinner was announced: they were not, however, inattentive to the summons, but immediately repaired to the scene of action.

CHAP. XXXI.

The brilliant Invention of Hardenbrass.—Its Effect.—He announces his intended departure.—Anarella's joy at the prospect of quitting Rhanvellyn.—How to secure an Heiress.

THE Marquis of Hardenbrass like some other great characters, delighted in every thing that was new, uncommon and expensive; and perhaps no man in the three kingdoms had thrown more money away on splendid trifles than himself. If he had been born in an humbler sphere of life, he might probably have been an useful member of society, and learnt to excel in some one useful or ornamental art; but prosperity had spoiled him, and he had squandered away immense sums of money, some of it the produce of his gambling propensities, in sumptuous entertainments or extravagant buildings,

furniture, and eternal alterations, that gave the sober part of mankind no other idea of him, but that he was as mad as his father.

On the present occasion he had determined to execute an idea he had got from some Eastern romance: this was to have a refreshing stream of water flowing down the centre of his table, in which gold and silver fish should sport to the delight of all beholders. At first it was proposed that the stream should have a bed twelve inches in breadth to flow in, but this was found impracticable, and it was reduced to six. On the borders were placed beautiful vases filled with flowers, and the table was otherwise most sumptuously decked out. A superb service of gilt plate was sported on the occasion, and he must, indeed, have been fastidious, who could have found fault with his entertainment.

Though the Marquis was occasionally absent, he was much delighted with seeing

his plan executed, and with the wonder expressed by the ladies, how it was the Marquis made his water run so nicely, and why it never stopped. Some said it was a magnificent idea, and some declared it most astonishing. The little gold and silver fish played their parts very prettily, and not a few crumbs were thrown in for them by the charitable.

The truth was that nothing could be more paltry than the effect, or less suited to the climate, and season of the year. But it was as Mr. Medley observed to Anarella, an emblem of it's author's genius, and the half dozen little fish, well represented his few floating ideas. Notwithstanding this truth sufficiently obvious to all, the Marquis and his friend Slapdash who had assisted in the construction of the gutter, were loaded with flattery, and had it not been for certain plans in agitation, they would have been quite satisfied.

If the dinner was magnificent, the dessert was no less so, and every luxury in

and out of season was found at Rhanvellyn! To these were added the most delicious wines, and the entertainment supplied the guests with a subject of conversation. It occupied a considerable time, and it was late before the ladies retired to prepare for the ball.

Before they left the room the Marquis in a neat speech thanked them for the honour they had done him, and regretted that an unexpected business obliged him to absent himself the following day; but he added, that he should be most happy, if his friends would use his house, till his return, which he trusted would not be deferred longer than Saturday evening or Sunday morning.

This intelligence of course determined the various parties to return to their respective homes on the morrow, and Mrs. St. Arno was glad that it afforded her a decent pretext to quit Rhanvellyn. She had become assured in her own mind, that the Marquis had conceived, what he

would have called a passion for Anarella, and though she was too prudent to give any hint either by word or look, that she had such a suspicion, she thought it right to guard as much as possible against exposing her niece to attentions, that could be nothing but insult and dishonour. She was the more alarmed with respect to the Marquis, as he evidently endeavored to conceal from herself, even the little attentions and civilities towards Anarella, that the usages of society fully authorized, and what she had heard, and observed since she came to Rhanvellyn had made her but too certain, that he would hesitate at no means, however nefarious, to gratify an appetite.

Though Anarella had not said a word on the subject, her Aunt was persuaded that her great disgust towards the Marquis was partly produced by his behaviour to herself, as well as the conduct she had heard attributed to him, and this served but to confirm Mrs. St. Arno in the truth

of her observation. As soon then as she left the dining room, she rung for Broadhead, and ordered him to have the carriage ready by eleven the next morning, and Mrs. Dunn was bid to prepare every thing to set off at that hour.

And now the debate was where they should go. Mrs. St. Arno could not but see that if she remained in the neighbourhood of Pont-y-V—, supposing her suspicions to be well founded, she was exposing Anarella to the danger she was now most solicitous to avoid; and the idea of returning to her cottage on the Banks of the Wye, was rather melancholy at such a season of the year. On the other side, Haverill had promised a confidential communication, which if it should fall into the hands of others, might occasion unpleasant consequences to him, and she had now so bad an opinion of the Marquis, as to think that he would not scruple to inquire for, and open her letters. In this dilemma, it occurred to her, that she

might without any impropriety go to H—, which was but a day's journey from Pont-y-V— and leave a letter there with Doctor Twentymen to prevent Haverill from writing to her at the Cheese Toaster. From thence she meant to proceed to London, and remain there till the return of spring should enable her to change her residence with pleasure.

Anarella perfectly concurred with her aunt in this plan, and felt an unusual pleasure in the idea of going to H—, as it was not improbable her unknown friend might be there, or if not, at any rate they would see Doctor Twentymen, whom he had mentioned as his friend. She expressed her pleasure in the arrangement, with her usual openness and sincerity, and as her aunt's curiosity, and interest in Haverill was very lively, she was equally pleased that the idea had occurred to her.

The thought of quitting Rhanvellyn gave an unusual stimulus to Anarella's

spirits, as well as to her aunt's, and she went down to the ball-room in all the bloom of youth, beauty, and animation. Every surrounding object was calculated to give spirits to the company; and there was not, perhaps, one face that did not shine with pleasure, except Mrs. Fuzman's and Lord Crispin's: the former was enraged and mortified at the conduct of her innocent Monimia, who was giddy with the coarse and offensive flattery and fondness of Mr. Tilt; and the latter felt his dignity so severely wounded, that if Mr. Tilt had not been a clergyman, he would instantly have called him out.

As to Monimia, in spite of her mamma's absolute commands, she would dance with Mr. Tilt, and the reproaches she received when she sat down, determined her to dance with nobody else; she told her lover so, and he was too happy in the intelligence to think of another partner. He even thought of turning his

now certain victory to profit, and offered five guineas to receive an hundred, if he married Monimia within the month; two hundred, if he accomplished this feat within a fortnight; and five, if within a week, with the full consent of Mrs. Fuzman. His brother Blood backed him, and poor Monimia little thought of how much importance she was to several gentlemen present, or how anxiously some watched the manœuvres of her mamma, while others observed the gaping pleasure she herself exhibited. Mr. Tilt, on his part, spared no pains by means of sighs, squeezes, stares, and flatteries; and, in spite of Mrs. Fuzman's diligence, he contrived to whirl Monimia from one room to another out of her mother's sight, and to give her no small quantity of negus, and other good things; which, as she seldom took more than one glass of wine, almost intoxicated her.

About one o'clock in the morning, the Marquis of Hardenbrass requested, that

the two little lords would oblige him by a repetition of their elegant movements in the waltz, and they were too proud of their science to refuse. They had already danced a great deal, and Lord Crispin, to mortify Monimia, had selected the prettiest girls in the room for his partners. Among the rest, he had asked Anarella, who, contrary to her determination, was induced to dance, partly from her enjoyment of the exercise, and partly from perceiving that if she did not, the Marquis of Hardenbrass would stay by her all the evening. She had just concluded her set with the little lord, when this request was made, and being near Mrs. Fuzman, she sat down, and said something to her about the great taste that was shown in the decorations of the apartments. Mrs. Fuzman was exceedingly enraged with Monimia, but she had not met with any body to vent her ill-humour upon; so as Mrs. St. Arno was at a distance, she took the opportunity of

giving Anarella a specimen of her low mind and impotent malice. She talked of young women brought up to get husbands with nothing but a pretty face, and a few accomplishments, to recommend them; of schemes to catch titles, and of flirting with married men; which, as she truly observed, never came to good: of the strange, indecent education given to some young women, who were not ashamed of knowing the meaning of words, that no modest woman should ever hear explained, and threw out some pretty plain hints, that this knowledge rendered them an easy prey, or perhaps she ought to say, a willing prey to the first man who said a few civil things to them.

Anarella could not but see that all this was aimed at her, but she knew not how she had deserved it, for she certainly never knowingly used a word that could convey an indecent allusion. Nobody detested it more than herself. However, she thought it proper to tell Mrs. Fuzman,

that she thought it was better to know the meaning of any odd expression, than to run the risk of using it through ignorance; and that she knew none of her acquaintance who did flirt with married men. "As to those who fall a prey to the passionate schemes of men, Ma'am," said she, "I have heard my aunt say, that nine times out of ten they are the simple and the ignorant, and I should think it most likely."

"Very pretty doctrine, Miss, your aunt teaches," cried Mrs. Fuzman; "so a girl who is pure in mind is more likely to do a foolish thing than one of your knowing ones."

"I think knowledge one means of creating purity of mind," said Anarella; "how can there be any merit in a purity that is mere ignorance!" so saying, she left Mrs. Fuzman staring as if some new light had struck her, and returned to her aunt.

Mrs. Fuzman was addressed by some

one else as soon as Anarella quitted her, and at least half an hour elapsed, during which she did not observe that her daughter Monimia had quitted the dance. Mr. Blood coming up, and perceiving her peeping about, asked if she was looking for Miss Monimia; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, told her, he had just left her dancing a cotillion in the next room with the Miss Thomases and Miss Ap Griffith. This satisfied Mrs. Fuzman, who was glad to hear her daughter was dancing; and she soon after went to the room where the refreshments were placed to take something. After this, which occupied again some time, she walked to the cotillion-room; but Monimia was not there, and Blood again accosting her, said, she must have missed her daughter by coming out of one door, while she went in at the other; for he saw Mr. Tilt leading her towards the supper-room. Again she returned to

the supper-room, and as she looked fatigued, Blood offered her his arm, which was accepted, and he paraded her through all the apartments, unable to discover the object of their search, though he frequently declared that he caught a glimpse of her. At last she fairly sat down through mere fatigue, and it was not till after the lapse of some time that she found her Monimia alone with Mr. Tilt, seated in a retired apartment, and apparently much agitated, while Tilt was tenderly protesting that he never would, upon the word of a man of honour, he never would forsake her. When he saw Mrs. Fuzman entering, he whispered, "Don't be afraid; tell her plainly, and keep your promise:" and then putting her hand into her mother's, he rushed out with a look of triumph.

To all her mother said Monimia answered not a word, nay, contrary to her usual custom, she shut her mouth; but she looked excessively frightened, and did

not object to go back to the room where her sister was; and during the rest of the time that the dancing lasted she sat perfectly quiet. Mr. Tilt, on his part, did not come near her, but seemed in earnest conversation with his friend Blood.

When the dancing ceased, which was not till a late hour, the company retired to the supper room, where there was every thing to satisfy the appetite, and the Marquis of Hardenbrass privately withdrew, on account, as he said, of the early hour at which he was obliged to rise in the morning.

Some time after, the company observed that the domestics were all gone; and though nobody had yet separated for the night, Miss Iambick felt certain qualms within that warned her it was time to depart. Medley, who was near her, and observed the twitching of her countenance, asked if she was going to throw off a few hundred verses; to which

she answered, "God knows what I shall throw off:" which made several near her laugh. But as the scene that ensued will ask some little labour, we must rest before we begin it.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Marquis gives a fundamental Proof of his Hospitality.—Mrs. Fuzman makes a Discovery as well as her Daughters.

If the ancient custom of invoking a goddess or muse was in fashion, we should, on occasion of writing this thirty-second chapter of our second volume, be under the necessity of composing an invocation to a celestial, who receives more daily and hourly offerings than any other goddess, either of ancient or modern times. But we are happily exempt from this task, as even the very mention of her name would not be tolerated in a modern work. We proceed then with our story. Miss Iambick's twitchings continuing, she pinched the arm of an old lady who sat next her, and rose from her seat. Several other females rose at the same time, and all moved towards one of the doors.

They found it fast, and spite of all their efforts so it remained. The gentlemen, in the mean time, had tried the other, and that too refused to move. It was some little time before this alarming fact was known throughout the assembly, and then every body was at a loss to conceive, why such a trick should have been played by the domestics, for they did not suspect any body else. But very soon the mystery began to be cleared up, to the great horror of every member of the party. Several ladies and gentlemen were fain to fly to seats, where they sat with their teeth and lips firmly closed, and their frames shaking with distress and pain; and Monimia Fuzman began to cry bitterly. Some ran about the room with their bodies bent, and their hands pressed upon their lower stomachs, uttering groans that would have moved a heart of iron, and those who really felt nothing, fancied every instant that they did. In short, the dismay was universal, and the

words beast, villain, brute, &c. circulated freely in the apartment. At last, the general distress became so urgent, that the poker was had recourse to, and the Marquis de Courtoie congratulated Miss Fuzman, as he stood bent into the form of a C, that now her bowels would soon be delivered: Mr. Tilt, who, brute as he was in some respects, was indignant at this specimen of his noble host's wit, exerted himself amazingly, and at last succeeded in forcing a passage for the ladies, who rushed out with such violence, that some of them were overturned in the flight.

We forbear to relate the disasters that occurred, or the threats of vengeance uttered by the gentlemen, who all agreed, that the Marquis had meditated to leave Rhanvellyn in the morning, only to avoid the consequences of such a diabolical trick. He would have been called out on the spot and worthily chastised, had not Dr. Unwise, who took all the gods

to witness, that he knew nothing of the plot, interceded for him! assuring the gentlemen, that his life would probably be the sacrifice of being called from his bed at that hour. His sentence then was remitted till morning, and the gentlemen retreated to their apartments, having first thrown every bottle and jug out of the window, and vowed that the same drugged posset should do no more mischief.

As to the Marquis himself, he was walking about his apartment enjoying the ingenious conjectures of Mr. Slapdash, who had assisted in this brilliant effort of genius, and waiting anxiously for the report of Unwise, who had himself dictated and prescribed the due propor- of jalap and other ingredients for the occasion, and who, when he appeared, delighted his friend and patron, with a minute account of the effects of their scheme.

This scheme, however, had not for its

end amusement alone, and we shall soon have occasion to shew what good effects it was expected to produce: in the mean time, we will leave the Marquis and his friends meditating and planning, and return to Mrs. Fuzman and her family, who have occupied so much of the reader's attention, and about whom, of course, he is somewhat interested.

After the first exclamations were over against the Marquis, and the ladies had rendered themselves as comfortable as they could, they found another subject of complaint, in the non-attendance of their maid, Mrs. Remnant, who kept them some time waiting for her, unable to begin to undress themselves till her arrival, for such poor helpless beings were seldom to be found.

To the torrent of abuse and reproach that assailed her, she looked defiance, for she had imbibed a portion of good wine free from jalap, and was as rosy as Aurora herself is represented. Her mis-

tress reproached her as if it was a crime to dance and drink negus, and even hinted, that nothing good could come of it, and that where women were concerned, it was dangerous to be off their guard.

Mrs. Remnant, in reply, was beginning an oration on virtue in general, and her own virtue in particular, when her mistress stopped her, and turning to Monimia, addressed her as follows:

"You little obstinate fool! what a pretty piece of work you've made of it, to go flirting and romping with that brute Tilt, and offend my Lord Crispin, and lose a title! You'll be a commoner all your life, you little beast! It does not sinnify, but you are enough to make one mad!"

"Now don't scold so, Mamma!" said Monimia in a drawling tone, "but do tell me now, pray do! the exact meaning of *flirting*."

"Tell you! you little wretch," replied

her mother, " you can practise it enough I think, enough without knowing the meaning.'

" But, pray, Mamma, do now, for once, tell me! You never will tell me the meaning of any word—and I wish you would."

" Well then, Miss Monimia," replied Mrs. Fuzman, " flirting is being so intimate with a man, as if you was going to be his wife, and laughing, and dancing, and talking."

" And is that all?" said Monimia. " Law, that is not what I wanted to know!"

" No!" cried her mother, " what did you want to know then, you fool?"

Monimia gave no answer, but began to untie her sash, and her mamma, after a short pause, went on.

" You may know this, Miss! that I'll have no more of your flirting with that low fellow Tilt! I insist upon your never speaking to him again."

Monimia began to cry, and her mamma went on.

"I shall go to Aberystwith to-morrow, and try to reconcile Lord Crispin to you. It's more than you deserve, you fool! and you shall be married directly."

Monimia here threw herself on her knees before her mother, and sobbed out, "I never can marry my Lord, Mamma, so pray don't force me! I never can! for I am married to Mr. Tilt."

"Married? what are you talking of, you wretch?" screamed her mother.

"Oh! Mamma! of the truth!" said Monimia, "when you came to find me to-night in the Boudoir, I had just come in from Mr. Tilt's room, where he—— married me!"

"Married you?" repeated the mother, standing stiffened with horror.

"Yes, Mamma! he said he would marry me in the church to-morrow, but it was all the same thing, and that we were as really married in his room

as if the church service was read over us."

The whole truth now rushed upon Mrs. Fuzman and her maid Mrs. Remnant, and the enraged mother pushed Monimia down, and kicked her.

"You polluted creature! you fool! how could you let any man take liberties with you! don't you know, ideot, that you have committed the greatest crime a woman can commit? don't you know, you are ruined, disgraced for ever?"

"No, Mamma;" sobbed Monimia, "I never heard it was a disgrace to be married; and dear Mr. Tilt told me I was only being married. You never told me men could ruin women, as you call it, and I did not know I ought to be afraid of them."

"Ideot!" screamed the mother.

Miss Fuzman was in the most utter astonishment at this scene, and asked what Monimia had done.

" Hold *your* tongue, Miss," said Mrs. Fuzman.

" You'd better tell her," said Monimia, " or she may do wrong without knowing it, as I did."

" I'll prosecute the villain for seduction," said Mrs. Fuzman.

" What is seduction?" said Miss Fuzman.

" What is it, you ideot!" replied the mother, " it is a man using a girl ill, as Tilt has that creature, and forsaking her. But no! we must try to conceal it—perhaps my Lord may yet be persuaded to take her, and if the marriage is concluded immediately, nothing bad can come of it."

" I won't marry my Lord," said Monimia, rising, " I'll marry Mr. Tilt! I'm my own mistress when I come of age! and as to concealing what passed we can't, for the House-keeper knows it! she was in the room when we first went in, and Mr. Tilt told her he was going to marry me!"

This news completed Mrs. Fuzman's dismay! she never attempted to go to bed, but sat up in a chair, planning and turning in her mind what was best to be done; and, at last, the conclusion she came to was, that the sooner Tilt married Monimia the better. As to the two young ladies, they went to bed, and Miss Fuzman received information from her sister, which probably that poor simpleton would never have had an opportunity of giving, if their mother had treated them like rational beings. Mrs. Remnant retreated to her companions, and before morning there was not a servant in the house, who did not know that Mr. Tilt had married Miss Monimia Fuzman, and that it was to be hoped, he would prove honorable, and not refuse to make an honest woman of her, seeing that she sinned through ignorance, as her mamma never would let her know what the meaning of right and wrong was.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Which we trust will be read with great interest by all.

While these things were passing in Mrs. Fuzman's apartment, Miss and Mrs. St. Arno were employed in theirs, in collecting their clothes, and preparing for leaving Rhanvellyn. Tired as they were, they were obliged to do it themselves, as they found, upon inquiry, that Dunn was gone to bed, and nobody else came to offer them any assistance.

It is impossible to express the contempt and abhorrence they felt towards the Marquis, and Mrs. St. Arno blessed God that the events of the evening and their departure on the morrow, would set her heart at rest with regard to any plans he might have imagined against her beloved Anarella. She was already in bed, and Anarella was locking the boot box which she had packed, when a gentle tap was heard

at the door, and as the family had for some time been still, Anarella hesitated to open it. It was repeated a little louder, and she then asked " who is there?" to which a female voice replied, " It's the housekeeper, Miss; if you please but to open." Upon this, Anarella opened the door, and admitted Mrs. Shank, habited in her night cap and dressing gown, as if she had risen again after going to bed.

On being questioned respecting her errand, she said that Mrs. Dunn, who slept in a small room adjoining her's, had awoke in a dreadful fright, and seemed very feverish and ill; that she had got up and offered her several different things, of which she refused to taste; and that she called out incessantly for Miss St. Arno. " Indeed, Miss," continued the woman, " I can't at all govern her! I am afraid she'll break from the young woman I have left with her; and I thought if you was not asleep, you would perhaps have the charity to come and try to still the poor creature."

The lateness of the hour, the number of people in the house, the distance of Dunn's room, and her own weariness and dishabille, made Anarella hesitate, and she said they had better get the surgeon to look at her; but recollecting the way in which the poor wretch had been treated before, she at last determined to go. She took then one of the candles, though Mrs. Shank observed to her, that she had already a light, and followed that person towards the part of the house in which were the Duke's apartments, but to a still greater distance than she had before gone. Mrs. Shank opened a door near the extremity of a gallery which at that late hour seemed of an extraordinary length, and said she would take her through that spare room, it would shorten the way.—Anarella returned no answer, but folded her shawl still closer about her, and hurried after her.

Having crossed the room, Mrs. Shank opened a door, and peeped in as if she was

listening; and after the pause of a moment she proceeded. They passed through a passage, and Mrs. Shank opening another door, addressed a woman who was standing near a bed, and said, "Here is Miss St. Arno, Betty; so you may go now." Anarella placed her candle on a table, to avoid disturbing Dunn with it, conjecturing she was fallen asleep; and while she was doing so, Mrs. Shank and Betty disappeared, and she heard them lock the door after them. At the same moment, the Marquis of Hardenbrass appeared from behind the bed-curtain, and caught Anarella in his arms. The dreadful certainty that she was betrayed, and that there was no chance of escape but in her own strength or finesse, struck her forcibly—and suddenly disengaging herself from the arms of the Marquis, she exclaimed, "My Lord! my Lord! why am I thus betrayed? For your own sake, abandon your vile purpose, if you will not for mine!" at the same time

extending her arm to prevent his again seizing her, which he attempted to do.

"My lovely girl!" said he, "all your heroics are in vain! I love you with a violence that cannot, will not be restrained; and so well have I concerted my plan, that nothing, not even your screams, if they were ten times louder than they could possibly be, would excite alarm. Your wise old aunt, who thinks me a devil incarnate I know! is already informed that you mean to remain an hour with the woman, and the rest of the family are too well used to noise to be disturbed with it. Give me that hour, sweetest girl! and do not lessen the favour by obliging me to use violence." There was a savage look of triumph about the Marquis that made Anarella shudder, but she had no time to observe or to reply, for the Marquis again seized her and dragged her to the bed.

She now uttered the most piercing shrieks, and by an effort, the offspring of

despair, she struck her ravisher so severe a blow with her elbow, while he held her hands, that he gasped, and she made a spring to escape from him. But he was too quick for her, and in the scuffle that ensued, she was thrown upon her knees. He still held her hands, while he endeavoured to throw her down, and she felt his knee upon her bosom.

Determined to part with her honour only with her life, Anarella disengaged one hand, with which she pressed against his shoulder, while she again struck his chest with her elbow, and so effectually, that she was enabled to repeat her blow, and threw him back. His head struck against the legs of a table, and Anarella, once more at liberty, ran to the door to endeavour to escape; but escape was impossible, and her loud and continual cries for help were of no avail.

She saw his animation returning, and looked round for some weapon to defend herself, but none presented itself; and,

almost frantic, she implored him to spare her, and to allow her to depart.

"Never!" said he, "I would persevere now if it were only to revenge myself for your cruelty. I'll not only have your person, but the world shall know I have it, and you cannot deny that you came voluntarily to my embraces."

To this Anarella replied only by fresh cries for assistance, and to his new assault by blows, which were so happily directed, that she nearly deprived him of sight. But after a struggle, that lasted longer than any one who had seen the feminine delicacy of Anarella's form would have believed possible, she was on the point of falling a prey to her brutal ravisher, when in answer to a scream that was the last effort of despair, the door suddenly opened, and a form that looked as if it came from another world, appeared. The figure, however, proved that it was material; for, raising a fist so large, that it might have belonged to giants of other days, it laid

the Marquis flat on the ground with one blow, and then gazed with amazement at Anarella, who, even in her distress, was collected enough to guess it was the mad Duke who had broken loose from his confinement. She did not, however, stay to examine him, but snatching her candle, and picking up the remains of her dressing gown and her shawl, she left the room, dreading to take a wrong turn, or to meet Mrs. Shank or some of the Marquis's myrmidons, before she reached her own room.

In all her distress, Anarella had never lost her presence of mind, and it now happily did not forsake her. She reached her room door, which she opened with a violence that awoke her aunt, and securing it with both lock and bolt, she set down her candle, intending to be composed, but the effort was too much ; with a groan that seemed to come from her heart, she fell senseless on the bed, and remained to all appearance lifeless. Poor Mrs. St. Arno was thunderstruck at this dreadful

scene! she got up and applied her hartshorn to Anarella's nose and temples, and then discovered that she had a contusion on her face, and her neck was black in several places; her hair was hanging loose about her shoulders, and her clothes were almost torn to pieces. The truth was now visible to her, and as she wrung her hands in agony over the child of her affection, she prayed that, if she had suffered pollution, this might be her last struggle, as life, under such circumstances, would be but wretchedness prolonged.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Our fair Friends once more arrive at Pont-y-V—.

It was a considerable time before Mrs. St. Arno succeeded in restoring any thing like animation to her dear Anarella, and a still longer, before that unfortunate girl, could satisfy her anxious relative with an account of what had happened.

"Thank Heaven, that the villain did not succeed in his iniquitous project!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Arno, "I now see, that from the first moment of our meeting, such has been his intention, and probably before that time. Might not the attack on Rose cottage, be for the purpose of carrying you off? If so, how much greater is our obligation to our poor refugee, than we believed it! and, how thankful ought we to be, too, that there is

really a mad Duke, to defeat the horrid plots of his son!"

"Yes!" replied Anarella, "there is certainly a Duke! that I am satisfied about, and his strength for so old a man, must be prodigious! But bless me, what noise is that?"

The ladies listened with some anxiety to a noise that at first seemed distant, but continually approached, and at last somebody tried the lock of their door. The person however did not stay a moment, but seemed to fly on, and was followed by others talking in a sort of half whisper, and soon after, such groans and exclamations succeeded, as convinced Mrs. St. Arno, that it was the Duke whom his keepers were again engaging. After this, there was a continual bustle in the house, and Mrs. St. Arno and her niece, relinquishing all idea of rest, put on their travelling dresses, and prepared every thing to set off the moment that there was day-light, being determined to breakfast

at Pont-y-V——, from thence to go to C—— where they might remain for an hour or two if necessary, and to sleep at H——.

At seven o'clock, Mrs. St. Arno rung her bell, which was answered by Alice, whose look of amazement at the black mark on Anarella's face, made the ladies conclude, that she was ignorant of the plot. She was bid to call Dunn, and order Broadhead to bring the carriage round as soon as possible. She asked, whether the ladies would not have breakfast, and looked surprised, when she received an answer in the negative.

In about a quarter of an hour Dunn appeared, and, in reply to the question, of "how did you sleep last night?" she said, better than she had done ever since bloody Arkles frightened her out of her wits. She supposed it was the *Negass!* Her mistress then bid her take some of the things down to the carriage, and order Broadhead to come for the boxes. It

was sometime before Broadhead, who had sacrificed largely to Bacchus the preceding night, could be roused, and from their impatience to be gone, it seemed twice as long to the ladies. At last, however all was ready, and about half past eight o'clock Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, were on the road to Pont-y-V—— heartily thanking Heaven, for having escaped so well from the cave of Polyphemus.

Nothing can well be more melancholy and uncomfortable, than setting out on a journey, on a dark dreary morning in November, and without a breakfast too! so at least thought the domestics of Mrs. St. Arno, and Broadhead said to himself, that if this was to be the *go*, he should soon go.

A November morning however has its beauties, though it must be owned, they are of the mournful cast; and so well did the gloom, the vastness of the mountains half concealed in mist, and the rushing of the waters, accord with Anarella's mind,

that she had a sort of mournful enjoyment in the scene.

"I have been thinking, my dear Aunt," said she, after a long silence, "that it was wrong to set my heart so much upon any thing, as I did, upon coming into this neighbourhood! from first to last, nothing but misfortunes!

What weather we had to begin with! then we were overturned, and you ran the risk of getting your death of cold! Then what a time we had at the cottage! how frightful was the snow, and how much more frightful that scene of blood and desolation, that will never be effaced from my memory! I can hardly believe that last night, still more dreadful than the former, was but the fourth since that scene! it appears an age, and the last misfortune, but the conclusion of a long and painful period!"

"True, my dear!" replied her Aunt, "it does so! and I pray God grant that this may be the last of these violent agi-

tations! they really quite shake me, and I don't know whether it will not be wise for us to lie down an hour, in our old room at Pont-y-V—— after we have had our breakfast. That attack on the cottage, is a very mysterious affair, and I am determined to have it inquired into. I will stop at Pont-y-V—— to make the proper communication to a Magistrate, and a reward to an inferior agent, will probably produce a discovery. Who knows whether, independently of the attempt on you, my sweet girl! we were not waylaid, to prevent such a step! It was natural enough to suppose, that we should quit the spot, as soon as day-light appeared; I think, I'll see the landlord too! I am determined to have the affair investigated."

"But," said Anarella," may not such a step oblige us to mention our guest; and who knows what unpleasant consequences might arise to him!"

"Probably none my dear," replied the

Aunt, "for you will recollect, he intimated that a fortnight might remove all occasion of further concealment, and this is the fifth morning including that on which we left the cottage. Besides, I need not mention his name! it is enough to say that a friend was there! if any one is taken up on suspicion, he will of course come forward."

"I think the best way would be," said Anarella, "to get a warrant, to search the Rhanvellyn premises, for after all, there the depredators will be found."

"That is what I mean to do, my dear," replied her Aunt, "but I chuse, first to see our friend, Mr. Skin. The delay will be but that of a day or two, as we shall go directly from H—— to London, and situated as I am, I wish to have his sanction to such a step."

This reason satisfied Anarella, who relapsed into silent abstraction, till the carriage stopped at the door of the Cheese Toaster, where Mrs. Puffin came out to

welcome the ladies, whom she said, she had done nothing but talk about the last three weeks or more.

There being no fire in the best room, Mrs. St. Arno and her niece again seated themselves by the kitchen fire, and as the kettle boiled, they had some breakfast immediately prepared for them. While they were eating it, and Mrs. Dunn and Joan were preparing a bed for them to repose on, a conversation passed, which we shall record in the next chapter. We hope the reader has too pleasing a recollection of Pont-y-V—— and the Cheese Toaster to refuse to follow us.

CHAP. XXXV.

What passed at the Cheese Toaster.—An Interview with Mr. Dowding.

"LAW, my Lady!" said Mrs. Puffin as she waited on her guests, I should have been in a sad quandary upon you, if as Mr. Dowding had not a deformed of your Ladyship's going to the castle, where, by all accounts, there have a been a smart action in the feasting line. They say as how the fireworks was well worked; and a Italian engineer. Poor Mr. Dowding have a lain the whole afore Mr. Justice Hellborough, and have hexerted hisself to have a discovery of he perforators; and the Markass too! he have a sent the folks about the country to find out the *villains.* We had the men here

in this very spot, and they told the Captain there, as the Markass was furious again one man he respected, and they was to secure he at all events. They prescribed the poor man, as if he was the self same as lived here so long; but I told them plainly, says I! don't go to furbicate an ill name of the Cheese-toaster, for if you do, the Captain can right his honour! and moreover, that same gentleman was a gentleman every inch of him, as our wench there say, and can swear! and she ought for to know, for she was every thing for him, poor thing, by night and by day, while he lodged here."

Mrs. St. Arno judged rightly enough, that she had more chance of procuring the information she wanted by letting Mrs. Puffin proceed without interruption. That good lady, however, pausing to take breath, she asked whether Mr. Dowding was at home, as she wished to see him,

after she had taken a little refreshment and an hour's rest.

"Law, my Lady, yes! I dare's to swear, and he'll attend your call, my Lady, I dare's to swear as soon as the summons comes to him my Lady. He have been in a fierce taking, my Lady, I can tell you! He have made a stir! and let alone his being a friend to justice, as every man should be, my Lady, he thinks, mayhap, that his house may be haunted with the spirits. To be sure, every man must mind his interest, that is the virst of all things; and if the murderers been't a taken, vor sure the spirits will keep a fine march in the house. I see, my Lady, the young lady here have had a blow, and a mercy it was her life did not pay for it!"

"Why," said the sergeant, who was seated on the chest; "when once an action begins, and a man gets heated like, there is no saying how he may act! a life is soon taken and nobody the wiser.

So a man may strike a woman by chance of war, but if he make an attack on a woman, he must be a cowardly rascal. It's well for the young lady she had not a gun-shot wound, or a thrust with a bayonet, or a cut with a sabre, or a brush with a cannon ball, or even a pistol bullet, that would have been worse than a confusion!"

"I shall lie down for an hour, for I do not feel very well," said Mrs. St. Arno; and I must beg, that Mr. Dowding may be requested to meet me here, when I come down again."

She then went up stairs with her niece, and both fell asleep as soon as they lay down, leaving orders with Mrs. Dunn to call them at the end of an hour, and with Broadhead to have the carriage ready at that time.

Nothing could exceed the pleasure Mrs. Puffin and her family had in hearing the detail of all that had passed at Rose Cottage and at Rhanvellyn, but that Mrs. Dunn had in relating, and she left

an impression of a sort of nondescript monster called Bloody Arkles on the minds of her hearers, such as they had never before received. They all agreed that his plot was deeply laid, and that he came in the snow to be received into the cottage on purpose; and the serjeant said he should not wonder if he was no man but devil's spawn, as it was well enough known, they went about like roaring lions, seeking to devour. "But whatever he was," continued he, "you may be sure till he is hung up on the spot, there will be no peace for that there place; for all the dead men will march in file, and soon defeat them as shall stand against them!"

"I've heard say, Sir," said Dunn, "that if a man be vipped up in chains, his spirit keep there on the spot and never leave so long there is a rag of him left."

"Very true!" said the serjeant; "and it's my belief, it will be a fine long time afore they be all marched off the station

below there. Mr. Dowding had best pull down his place and sell the material, for no man in his senses would go to a house to be knocked about with dead men's bones." Dunn was beginning to express her horror at the idea, when the noise of a carriage attracted their attention, and the sergeant looking out, found it was the Marquis of Hardenbrass with Mr. Slapdash and Doctor Unwise, in a plain travelling carriage drawn by four of his own horses, and attended by two outriders in undress jackets. He drove furiously through Pont-y-V—, and Mr. Puffin observed, that he could not think what he should be in such a hurry about; he thought it would have been more genteel to have stopt at the Cheese-toaster, if it had only been to call for a Welsh-rabbit.

Mrs. Puffin enquired of Dunn, why the Marquis was leaving the castle when he had so many friends there; and Dunn, who hated to say she did not know, said,

it was a very particular business, and there was a lady in the case. From thence she digressed to tell all that she had heard or could imagine about his amours, and thanked God that she had got safe out of Rhanvellyn; for once she saw the Marquis in the gallery, and if he had a *tookt to her* she did now know how she might have been treated. This subject naturally introduced Miss Monimia's accidental marriage with Mr. Tilt, and as that gentleman was a great favourite at the Cheese-toaster, the inhabitants rejoiced at his good fortune, anticipating the pleasure of preparing a good dinner, which they did not doubt he would give to his old friends in Pont-y-V—, before he quitted them.

To their inquiries after Doctor Stirit, Dunn could only say, that she heard the mad old Duke had a stuck him; at which Mr. Puffin grinned, though he was too prudent to say any thing. Dunn then added, that the Duke had got loose the

last night, and it was a mercy they were not all murdered in their beds. He did get into his son's room, and beat the Marquis poor dear gentleman sadly, and after that he got into Mrs. Fuzman's room, and the noise she made brought somebody, and after a good hunt they secured him. "But bless you all, he must be vondrous strong for his age!" said Dunn, "vhy by all accounts he went about knocking, and breaking and frightening volks to death."

Mr. Dowding who arrived before Mrs. St. Arno was ready to receive him, gave Dunn an opportunity of repeating her news, and joined heartily in her lamentations about Rose Cottage, which he said had lost its character for ever.

Mrs. St. Arno found on conversing with him, that he had in conjunction with Justice Hellborough taken every proper means to discover the depredators, and inquire into the affair, and that he was in great hopes, as the Marquis of Harden-

brass was interested about it, and had sent a person to talk to the Justice about it. This intelligence determined Mrs. St. Arno not to visit the justice on the subject, for she had but too much reason to distrust the Marquis; and telling Mr. Dowding that she was perfectly satisfied with what he had done, and that she should heartily concur in any measures he might think necessary, she entered her carriage and pursued her journey to C—to the great regret of Mr. and Mrs. Puffin, who would have been glad to detain such good paymasters. They, however, consoled themselves by reflecting, that the gentlefolks from Rhanvellyn would soon be going home, and that of course they would want horses or something else.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Mrs. St. Arno begins to feel the Effects of her alarms.—A Physician—and hints on Inflammation.—Anarella pays a visit.

FROM the state of the weather, and the nature of the country, the roads were exceedingly bad, and Mrs. St. Arno experienced more fatigue from travelling than she had ever before done. Anarella was much alarmed with a certain look of sickness about her, and wished most heartily that they were arrived at H—, as there her Aunt might have rest, and, if necessary, medical attendance. The poor horses, however, could not keep pace with Anarella's wishes, and they were an hour later at C—, than they had expected to be. This determined them to take four post horses, and leave Broadhead to bring his own after them to H—,

and as the next stage was not so bad as the first, they proceeded at a tolerably good rate. At H— they were informed that the Marquis of Hardenbrass had passed through about an hour and half before them, *incog.*; news which by no means pleased them, though as he could not possibly know their intention, they had no reason to imagine that his journey was at all connected with them. At the next stage he had taken post horses, and at the next, they lost the trace of him. This was some satisfaction to them, as the day began to decline, and they had yet two stages to H—. These were past without any other occurrence but meeting two carriages, one of them with lamps, and the increased illness of Mrs. St. Arno, who, on her arrival at the Stag, was taken half fainting from the carriage and conveyed to bed.

Anarella sent instantly for Doctor Twentymen, but he was gone out, and not expected home till late. She then

inquired what other Physician there was in H— ; to which the landlady, a fine showy woman, dressed in the first mode, replied, that there was one to every street, and half a dozen over! but the man that had all the practice, was the celebrated Doctor Leuk! the finest man in the world! he cured all disorders in the genteelest way, and was as handsome as he was high! For her part, she made a point of patronising him! For Doctor Leuk then Anarella sent, not because he was handsome, or the fashion, but because she thought great practice must give great experience and knowledge of disorders.

The answer to her message was that the Doctor had been suddenly called out to Lady Fiddlefaddle, who was taken dangerously ill, but that Mrs. Leuk would send to her Ladyship's to let him know. Poor Anarella was in despair at this delay; but she would have had despair turned into indignation, if she had guessed that the doctor was all the time in his

own house, and that Lady Fiddlefaddle was as well as usual. This was a common trick with Doctor Leuk, who had succeeded wonderfully at H——, where he led the world in a string by means of sheer impudence, and a thorough contempt for veracity, while many worthy men were almost starving, because they could neither lie, flatter, nor pimp.

At length, after the lapse of a proper time, the doctor made his appearance. He was, as the landlady had said, a remarkably handsome man, but his countenance was bold and vulgar, and he surveyed Anarella in a way that would have given her great disgust if she had observed it; but her attention was too much occupied with her aunt's situation.

After making a few inquiries, respecting the patient's usual habits of life, whether she liked white meats or brown meats, whether she was irritable after eating, and some others of the same kind,

he shook his head, and said, he feared it was a bad case!

"Good God, Sir! what is it?" said Anarella.

"Why, Ma'am, I don't know whether I am justified in telling you or not according to my rule," replied he; "but the fact is, it is Inflammation! it is wonderful how common Inflammation is now! I find it general! in one part or other, nothing but Inflammation! I ascribe it entirely to the humid state of the weather, and the early arrival of winter."

"Where is the Inflammation, Sir?" said Anarella, "and what must be done for her?"

"My beautiful young lady!" said Leuk, "I can refuse you nothing. I do not think the inflammation is on the chest, for I perceive none of the symptoms! nor is it in the liver nor in the bowels."

"Good God, Sir, tell me where it is, not where it is not," said Anarella.

"Allow me, Madam to finish a communication I should not concede to every one! but beauty is all powerful! the inflammation not being where I have mentioned, nor in the kidneys, nor in other parts I could name, and as it must necessarily be somewhere, I conjecture that it is and must be on the peritonæum.

"And what and where is the peritonæum?" asked Anarella, in despair at perceiving she had got hold of a quack.

"My beautiful young Lady," replied Leuk, it is the membrane or wrapper that surrounds the bowels! an odd affair, I promise you."

"Well, Sir, and what is the remedy?" said Anarella.

"My dear young lady! your questions encroach! but I can refuse nothing to beauty and intelligence like yours! bleeding is the only remedy! I shall cause her to lose some ounces of blood, and I doubt not that will render her perfectly easy."

"Easy, Sir, !" said Anarella, "see how she lies easy, enough! except the aching of her limbs, which I imagine to proceed from fever occasioned by excessive fatigue. I must beg to say that I cannot consent to have so delicate a woman bled, without the opinion of more than one physician, and to tell you the truth, Sir, I do not think you have been happy in your guess." She then tendered him his fee, which he took, and shrugging his shoulders, said that if she had told him at first the lady had been excessively fatigued, he should have been able to consider the subject in another light. That his opinion still was that there was inflammation somewhere! and if it was not on the peritonæum, he could not tell where it was; that the patient's life would be lost, unless she was copiously bled; but that if the young lady objected to it, he would defer it till morning, when he would call again. He then departed with a low bow, and left Ana-

rella in a most distressed state of mind, for she knew her aunt could never bear bleeding even on a moderate scale.

By this time Mrs. St. Arno was a little better, and she told her niece that she believed she could cure herself, if there was any good Madeira in the house, as she had always found that taking it in small quantities and frequently, had restored her strength. Besides, she said, she felt as if it would be pleasant to her, and therefore she believed it would be salutary.

Anarella delighted to see her aunt revive, sent for a bottle of Madeira, and during the night gave her some of the wine at intervals in small quantities with the happiest effect, for towards morning she slept very comfortably. Anarella, however, could not rest, she was too anxious to see Doctor Twentymen, to whom she had sent a note, urging him not to delay his visit: and though much exhausted, and far from well herself, she

sat in the great chair listening to the ticking of her watch, and the breathing of her beloved aunt, unable to close her eyes. The morning, however, did not bring Doctor Twentymen; nine, ten, eleven o'clock! She began to doubt whether her note had been delivered, and recollecting that the landlady had said she patronised Doctor Leuk, she fancied there was some unfair dealing in the case, and determined to go herself to the house of the Doctor. She slipped out of her aunt's room, leaving Dunn sitting by her, with strict orders not to admit any body till her return; and ringing for a waiter to attend her, she set out for the doctor's house.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Recollections.—A sad Reality, and its Effects.—Where Anarella found herself and her Aunt, and how the good Lady came there.

When Miss St. Arno arrived at Doctor Twentymen's door, she was told by his housekeeper, a portly, formal personage, with her hair turned over a roll in the style of forty years back, that she had been expecting her master home every minute the whole of the morning; and that, for her part, she could not guess what hindered him. Anarella was really ill, and she looked so; and the woman, thinking that she wanted to see the Doctor on her own account, asked if she would please to walk in and wait, for it could not possibly be long before her master returned.

"I will, if you please, Ma'am," said

Anarella; "and if he does not return within a quarter of an hour, I can write him a note."

She was shewn into an elegant library well furnished with books, busts, and engravings; and the housekeeper set the writing materials before her, and with a curtsey left her. It would be most natural, perhaps, to suppose, that Anarella would gratify her curiosity, by examining the various novelties around her, and conjecturing what sort of a person their owner might be: but so wayward is human nature, that these things, which would at another time have given her great pleasure, now engaged little of her attention; and as she sat opposite a beautiful cast of the Niobe, she wondered to herself whether her unknown friend, whose face sometimes looked as despairing, had ever sat where she did, and admired it as much. This idea brought back the little age of her acquaintance with Haverill, and she lived over again

not only every scene of pleasant intercourse, but every terrific circumstance that had occurred. What, however, made the deepest impression on her mind, was his last tender and fraternal address to her; and she almost dreaded to see Doctor Twentymen, lest some sinister news of her friend should greet her ear. Not a quarter, but at least three quarters of an hour elapsed without Anarella perceiving it; and she was at last roused from her dream by the sound of carriages stopping at the door. She started up, and ran to that window in the apartment that looked towards the street; there, concealed from view by a Venetian blind, through which she peeped, she saw the door of one of the carriages opened, and a fine-looking, middle-aged man alight, followed by a servant, who opened the door of the other carriage, and assisted his master to lift out a person apparently in great pain: the face of the sick man was visible to Anarella, and she saw no

more, but that it was Haverill himself. Worn out with her late sufferings and watchings, this overcame her; she uttered a faint scream, and fell lifeless on the floor.

How long she had remained in this situation she had no means of judging; for when she recovered her senses, she was lying on a bed in a strange room, and apparently alone, and she felt as if unable to speak or raise her head. Mrs. Sweetapple, the housekeeper, who was sitting by her bed-side, heard her breathe more freely, and putting a little wine into her mouth with a teaspoon, bid her not be afraid, as the Doctor had taken good care of her. Anarella swallowed the wine, then suddenly starting, cried, "Oh! my aunt!"

"My dear Lady, you must be pleased not to talk," said the housekeeper; "my good master is with the sweet old lady now, and she is as well as can be expected."

Anarella did not quite comprehend all

that was said, but she made an effort to rise, and said, she would go to her aunt. This her nurse opposed, and told her, if she would be so very good as to lie still, she would go and fetch her master, who had ordered her to call him whenever the young lady came to herself.

Anarella was too weak to get up, and hardly enough in her senses to comprehend what passed; she closed her eyes, and Mrs. Sweetapple went to call her master. He came almost immediately, and feeling her pulse, said, that nothing but rest and a few saline draughts were necessary. Anarella said to him, "My aunt, my dear aunt!"

"I understand you, my dear," said the Doctor; "you are uneasy about your aunt. I have been to see her, and would have brought her to see you, but it rains, and I thought it would do her no good."

"Is she very ill?" said Anarella.

"No, no, not very ill, my dear; but,

like yourself, she seems to have been terribly harassed."

"I'll be carried to her," said Anarella.

"Pardon me, my dear, if I say no to that," said the Doctor; "I am too happy to use the advantage some accident has given me, to allow you to move. Be easy, your aunt is doing very well."

Anarella now began to recollect how she came to the house of Doctor Twentymen, and where she was when she fainted; and this brought back the image of Haverill pale and breathless. She groaned, and the kind-hearted physician fancied that she felt some bodily pain. "Where do you suffer pain, my dear," said he; "are you hurt with your fall?"

"No, no," replied Anarella; "but pray tell me, Sir, is our preserver alive? Alas, I fear not!"

The Doctor now began to discover that she must have seen Haverill from

the spot where she fainted, and as he had heard from that gentleman an account of what passed at Rose Cottage, he was at no loss to answer Anarella. He assured her that he was alive, and he hoped likely to live; and that he should have no doubt about the matter, if he was enabled to convey a good account of his old friends to him. "So take care of yourself, my dear, and follow my orders," continued he: "to-morrow the weather may be better, and Mrs. St. Arno may be able to reach you; and I hope soon to see three people who have been so mutually useful to each other, and who so kindly esteem each other, meet comfortably over my Christmas plum-pudding."

The good news and the kind manner in which it was conveyed, had a most happy effect on Anarella; and after receiving repeated assurances that her aunt was doing well, and that she might see her soon, she fell asleep.

As we imagine the reader must feel

some interest for Mrs. St. Arno, who was left in bed with Mrs. Dunn to guard her, we will look back a little, and recount what happened to that worthy old lady. She had slept about ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour after Anarella quitted her, and so had Dunn, who was a little exhausted with the festivities of Rhanvellyn; and both were awakened by the entrance of Doctor Leuk, who walked up to the bedside of his patient, and asked how she had passed the night.

Mrs. St. Arno had been startled by the abrupt entrance of the Doctor; and the only reply she gave was, "Bless me! where is Anarella?"

The Doctor looked shocked, at least he attempted to look so, and said to Dunn, "How long has your mistress been in this way?"

"Ever since last night, Sir," said Dunn.

"Aye," replied he, "the case is plain; the inflammation is on the brain! I knew

it was somewhere; I was sure of that; and happy would it have been for this worthy lady, if I had taken fifteen or twenty ounces of blood from her yesterday, as I proposed: she might then have had some chance."

Mrs. St. Arno heard all this, though the Doctor spoke in a sort of under tone, and knowing that whatever she might say, would only serve to confirm him (for whose visit she was at a loss to account) in his idea, that she had an inflammation on the brain, she remained silent, wondering, however, why Anarella was not there. The Doctor again approached the bed and surveyed her, and she, on her part, looked him steadily in the face.

"Aye!" said he, after a pause, "a lucid interval! My dear Madam, permit me, while you are yourself, to make an interesting and delicate inquiry of you: a true and correct reply to which will exceedingly contribute to forward your

final convalesence. Don't be shocked, for the disagreeable duties of my profession oblige me to propound and propose questions, that are revolting to the ears of delicate sensibility! but I trust, I shall have your excuse! Have you had any *event* since yesterday, and of what complexion is it?"

To this, Mrs. St. Arno made no immediate reply, for she did not understand why he should inquire after the complexion of the events that had occurred to her. Seeing that she was either at a loss, or unwilling to answer him, he went on.

"You may assure yourself, my dear Madam, that my question, is of vital importance, for without knowing the free course, and complexion of events, how are we to have any foundation for our judgment? how are we to frame our sentence? how are we to send forth our decree? Let me therefore exhort you, while yet you are capable, while the rage

of the inflammatory particles, is, as it were subdued, repressed and kept under, to signify to me what, and of what nature, consistence and complexion, have been the events, within the last twenty-four hours. Whether they have been accompanied with painful constriction, and collapsing of the parts concerned, with gnawing, with spasmodic affections, with fainting, with heat! or, on the contrary, the usual satisfaction of a healthful effort has resulted from them, and joy and gladness have crowned the performance."

Mrs. St. Arno shook her head, to signify, that she did not understand him, but he imagined it was to say, that no joy, no gladness had crowned the performance.

"I am truly sorry for it, Madam," said he, "most truly! for where some satisfaction, some pleasure does not result, such as a lessening of distension, a relief from uneasy —— what shall I call it? fulness! does not ensue, it is a sure sign, that the event is not such an one as the

patient desired. Well, now I have got that information, my dear madam, I must beg you will be sincere with me, and tell me of what complexion they were. A great deal depends upon complexion! a great deal indeed! people generally speaking, are little aware of what importance is the complexion of an event. Experience shows them to us, of all complexions! from the black to the white! Yes, I will maintain of all! I have seen every tint of the olive, green, brown, amber, gold, yellow, sulphur, grey, down to white! and an example of the last mentioned, most horrid no-tinted event, occurred to me, as I was passing through St. Peter's Church-yard, this very morning. Before I reached the gate, I heard a poor creature moaning and groaning, in the most moving way! upon my veracity, Ma'am, it moved every entrail within me! Some minds are prone to sympathize! I saw presented to my view right before me, in the foot-path,

one of the largest and fattest fundamental features, as our distinguished and immortal statesman says, that I ever saw appropriated to a subject of that age! from whence, had proceeded an event of the colour and consistence of chalk and water, and in such profusion, that I take Heaven to witness, I could not have believed, the little body could have contained it, if I had not myself seen the action of the organs. Well might it groan! unhappy little wretch!"

Mrs. St. Arno, who was now enlightened enough to see what this delicate Physician meant by an event, here burst into a violent fit of laughing, and though she tried to check it, and to speak to Doctor Leuk, it was all in vain! the convulsion would have its way.

"Ah!" said that gentleman, looking gravely at her, "it is now too late! I see plainly the phrenzy is returned, and nothing but leeches on the head will do."

This declaration contributed to sober

Mrs. St. Arno, and she replied, that she was now really a great deal better, and did not require any further assistance. "My niece, Sir," said she, "will, I expect, be here immediately, and she will have the pleasure of offering you a fee; but, I must decline any further attendance, as indeed, I feel perfectly recovered."

"The most fatal symptom in the world!" replied the Doctor, "the most fatal symptom in the world! and often precedes dissolution! so far, Madam, from declining my attendance, if you were sane, you would court it as your greatest good! and I cannot be such a traitor to a patient who has once called me in, as to leave her to expire under the fatal delusion that she is well! the worst and most dangerous of all delusions! Madam; I trust that when you have been two or three days, or at the most a week under my care, you will feel such an alteration, that you will own you are not well, and

that medical assistance is absolutely necessary."

"Oh dear yes, Sir! that I am perfectly convinced of!" replied Mrs. St. Arno, "but I do not intend to run the risk, and must therefore again beg to decline any further advice.

"Madam," said Leuk, who, when once he had hold of a patient, would stick like a leech, and leave the purse a mere skin, "if I considered you sane, and compos to judge for yourself, I should with all humility submit to your determination! but I do not! and being now obliged to attend to some of the nobility and gentry, of whom this neighbourhood is full, and who would die without me, I will leave you for the present; proposing to revisit you in the course of three hours, and to bring with me a person qualified to perform what I decree! a very good morning to you, ma'am!" He then left the room, and Mrs. St. Arno again inquired anxiously after Anarella, who had now

been gone near an hour. Dunn could only inform her, that Miss went out to fetch another Doctor, and as her not returning was very singular, the distance from one part to another of the town of H—— being a mere trifle, Mrs. St. Arno would get up, in order to follow her.

The morning was cold and damp, and rendered it dangerous for the poor invalid to leave her bed, much more her room; but she was weak and irritable, and by the time she was drest, had fretted herself quite into an agony. Dunn asked whether she would have the carriage, but as she was then ready to go out, she would not wait till the horses were put to, and bidding Dunn call a waiter to shew them where Doctor Twentymen lived, she took Dunn's arm, and set out.

It began to rain as she went up the street, and she hurried a little more on that account! then a saddle horse without a rider, galloped furiously by them, and Dunn who was on most occasions a

Job's comforter, said it might perhaps have met Miss Starno, and kicked her or knocked her down, or, at least, frightened her! These little things, added to the state of her own mind and body, rendered her almost unable to walk, and by the time she arrived on the steps of Doctor Twentymen's house, she could hardly stand. There were three or four steps to ascend, and unluckily one of them was partly broken. In her hurry, she did not perceive this; and having put her foot on the broken piece, just after she had left hold of Dunn's arm, she fell.

Dunn made a furious noise at the bell and the knocker, but it was not immediately attended to! when it was, however, she was carried into the house, and laid upon a sofa, in a little room close by the door. The Doctor soon came down, and Dunn having announced her mistress, he received her with marks of great respect. He found her very ill, and advised that she should allow his housekeeper to put

her to bed. She complained of great pain in her arm, which was broken, and she begged that if her dear niece was there, she might be sent to her.

The Doctor stared at the mention of her niece, but Mrs. Sweetapple clapping her right hand pocket with her hand, said, as sure as a man was a man, it must be the young lady who was waiting in the library for master, and she had forgot her, as clean as she had the day of her birth. She then ran to the library, where she found Anarella stretched on the floor, as we have before described, and she uttered a scream, that informed Mrs. St. Arno something sinister had happened. It is impossible to paint her grief or her distress, and it was with difficulty that the Doctor prevented her from running to the room. He promised her, that he would use every means for the restoration of her Anarella, provided she would allow herself to be put to bed, and let his friend Sidebottom the Surgeon set her arm. To

this she consented; and the Doctor's family were for some time employed in attending on the two ladies. He thought it advisable that Anarella should lose a little blood by way of precaution, for he knew not what might have happened to her, and by the black mark on her face, he conjectured that some one had attacked her; though, how this could be in the streets of H—— he could not tell.

The operation on Mrs. St. Arno's arm was happily performed, and the kind-hearted Physician was summoned from her apartment, when Anarella revived. He soon returned with the pleasing intelligence to her aunt, and added, that he was obliged to say the thing that was not, and to tell her, the rain prevented her from coming out, by way of keeping his fair patient quiet. "But to-morrow," added he, "I may tell her the truth, for she will be able to bear it, and I think it generally answers best. I see something has agitated her exceedingly! she appears exhausted! but a day's rest, and a

little good nursing, will make her bloom again. I believe, her best cure will be to see you mending, Ma'am, and I am sure you will submit to my orders, to forward so desirable an end."

Mrs. Dunn asked, if she might not go to tell her young lady how her aunt was; but the Doctor fixed a sort of inquiring eye on the waiting gentlewoman, and said, "What is your name, my good girl?"

"Dunn, Sir! Betty Dunn! at your service," said she.

"Well then, Mrs. Dunn, or Mrs. Betty Dunn!" replied he, "I order that you shall not upon any account, go near Miss St. Arno's apartment, and that in this room you shall not speak one word till to-morrow at this time. If you do, I shall be under the necessity of having an operation performed on your tongue, and if after that you continue, you will be banished to Mrs. Sweetapple's room, to wash currants for the minced pies."

"As to speaking, Sir," began Dunn,

"that's what nobody could never accuse me for."

"I believe you from my soul!" replied the Doctor, "nor shall I! so take care of yourself! not a word as you value your tongue!"

Dunn would have answered again, but the Doctor looked furiously at her, as if he was about to operate on her tongue; and she was fain to sit down in the arm chair, and for once be silent. He then, after seeing every thing necessary administered to his patient, returned to Haverill; who, when he heard that Mrs. and Miss St. Arno were likely to do well, submitted to whatever was ordered for himself, and though he regretted that evil should befal two beings whom circumstances had rendered so dear to him; it was no small pleasure to know that they were in the house, and that if he recovered, he should have the happiness of seeing them once more.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Anarella discovers what Accident had happened to her Aunt; and hears some Account of Doctor Leuk.

On the following morning, the Doctor found his female patients as well as he could expect them to be; and Anarella would have got up to go to her aunt, but he told her that if she did, she certainly ran a great risk of injuring herself materially. Anarella was not often unreasonable, though sometimes a little impetuous, and she submitted to keep her bed till evening, when the Doctor said he should perhaps permit her to sit up an hour or two, and that he would go and see how her aunt was directly.

Afraid to give trouble, Anarella waited, without asking any questions, for his return; and so anxious was she to hear how her aunt was, that no recollection of Haverill, or what had preceded her own fainting, occurred to her. At length the

Doctor appeared again, and he took a chair and sat down by her bed-side, without speaking.

"Have you seen my aunt, Sir?" said Anarella.

"Umph!" said the Doctor.

Anarella thought he was offended at her asking, and began to feel offended too. She was silent a moment, and then said, "Excuse my teasing you, Sir; but indeed I am very unhappy about my aunt, and your present silence makes me fear that——"

"That what, my dear young lady, what is it you fear?" said the Doctor.

"That her life is in danger!" said Anarella, bursting into tears.

"Then I can assure you that your fears are groundless, according to present appearances," replied he, "but all depends on her being kept quiet; that is the great thing; and I was unwilling to speak, because I have been doing what you will con-

sider a very hard-hearted, cruel thing! but I thought it necessary, and I doubt not you will submit without grumbling."

"What is that, Sir?" said Anarella, half alarmed.

"Why, my dear, seeing that the weather is not that of midsummer, and that to venture into the air might be dangerous, I have ordered Mrs. St. Arno to keep house."

"I am sorry it is necessary," said Anarella, "but I will not consider the injunction any thing but what it is, very kind, and I doubt not very proper! I must have patience!"

"Well, now, that is very reasonable, and like Miss St. Arno," said the Doctor, "and if I thought you would behave as well the next time, I would treat you as I think you deserve to be treated."

"How do you mean, Sir?" said Anarella.

"Why, I mean I would tell you the

whole truth—for I do not like to have a lie to support! it costs me more trouble than writing twenty prescriptions."

Anarella now felt alarmed again, and said if any thing had happened to her aunt, she begged to know.

"Well then, my dear, you shall know," said the Doctor, "for I see you are very reasonable. The fact is, that your aunt, setting off in search of her niece, who had done me a favor my good genius gave me no intimation of, arrived at my house, and, as ill luck would have it, she fell and hurt her arm."

"Dangerously?" said Anarella, in a despairing tone.

"She broke it, but it was set immediately, and she has this morning every appearance of doing well. This is the truth, and the whole truth, my dear," said the Doctor, "and she bid me give her love to you, and beg you will not think of rising till I give you leave. I promise you that if she is at all worse, you shall go to

her, even at your own risk. Are you contented ?"

"I am," said Anarella. "But tell me, Sir, is she at the inn, or here!"

"Oh! here, my dear, I promise you; and in the next room to yourself," said the Doctor.

"And you have a friend of ours in the house too," said Anarella; "may I ask how he is, Sir?"

"Aye," said the Doctor, "you mean your unknown guest, and most truly grateful friend. I wish I could give as good an account of him as of your aunt; but I hope the best. He is desirous to tell his history and adventures to your aunt and yourself; and so I will leave him in his present obscurity, poor fellow! a more honourable, noble-minded man never existed, and I hope in a week or two we shall all assemble together and hear what he has to say for himself. I promise you, my dear, that he talks very eloquently of the ladies of Rose Cottage, and the name

of St. Arno will exhilarate him at any time. But I am talking too much, I see; you will have an attack of fever, and I shall be obliged to cure you again! so God bless you, my dear young lady, keep quiet, and don't send messages to your aunt—she must be kept perfectly still." So saying, the Doctor departed, and left poor Anarella in no very enviable situation. She however tried to compose herself, and the following morning was so much better as to be able to visit her aunt; and in a day or two she became her principal nurse. As to Haverill, the Doctor advised that nothing should be said about him to Mrs. St. Arno, as he thought if any thing was said, the whole truth should be told; and he did not consider it safe to relate any thing that might move her feelings. In this Anarella acquiesced; and as she heard every day from the Doctor in what state Haverill's health was, she was tolerably contented.

When Mrs. St. Arno was well enough

to sit up and bear conversation, the Doctor regularly took his tea with her and her niece; and when they would have quitted his house, considering themselves sufficiently well to go to a lodging, he would not hear of such a thing. "The fact is, ladies," said he, "that during the last three weeks, your residence here has given me some pain, for I have feared for your health; but now that fear is gone, and I anticipate nothing but pleasure. If you are really not called by business or inclination, let me beg you to end the old, and begin a new year with me; your unknown guest may probably make his appearance soon, and I think, having known him under no name, you will not be sorry to see him under his own. My house, you see, is too large for me unless my friends will condescend to help me to fill it; and I assure you my housekeeper already anticipates the pleasure of having to cook and order for company, as she calls it. Heaven knows what comical things she will

have the gratification of producing! but this I know, that the very thoughts of it will keep her in good humour."

An invitation so given Mrs. St. Arno could not refuse, and she was besides really desirous of seeing Haverill, about whom she forbore to ask, lest he might imagine, when he heard of her inquiries, that she had endeavoured to obtain that information from others which he had promised himself.

One evening, as they sat together, Anarella mentioned the visit of Dr. Leuk, and his having condemned her aunt to be blooded, because she had inflammation somewhere.

"Aye!" said Twentymen, "he is a decided friend to inflammation, and always either finds it or creates it. It is not always a pleasant thing to talk of a brother Phizgig, but I think the present company will acquit me of malice. I must just give you the man's history. He was born in a village in C——, and put

apprentice to an apothecary, with whom he served his time. 'The fellow you see is very specious! just as his apprenticeship expired his master had an illness, and his son, who was at that time walking the hospitals, could not consistently with his own views come down to take the business. Mr. Leuk attended the patients and contrived by means of flattery towards the inhabitants, and lies respecting the young man, who I believe was a very superior young fellow, to get footing, as it is called. When, after a few months, the young man came down to take the business, he found but a cold reception, and soon learnt what reports had been spread to his disadvantage, and by whom.

"Seeing that his all was at stake he took his resolution, and invited all the male part of the population to supper. Mr. Leuk was, of course, there, and after supper, when the glass had circulated a little, he produced a pair of pistols, and laid them

before him. The whole room was astonished, you may believe, and not at all less so, when rising from his chair he thus addressed them:

"'Gentlemen, I have requested the honor of your presence to-night, that I might have an opportunity of appealing to you, and making you witnesses of my just punishment of a cowardly enemy. Mr. Leuk, I call upon you by name, and I will bring my charges directly home to you. At a time when my father was unable to attend to his business, and I was constrained to be absent, you most industriously and diligently supplied his place. If, in this conjuncture, you had fairly and honestly gained the good-will of the town and neighbourhood, well and good! I should have submitted without expostulation, though not without regret. But I am prepared, Sir, to shew, that you have effected this in a most scandalous and unfair manner, and I now call upon you, either to prove, or to con-

tradict the infamous reports you have spread concerning me; and if you refuse this, Sir, I have here a pair of pistols ready loaded, and I leave you to take your choice of them.'

"This speech was received with great applause by all but Mr. Leuk, whose white teeth chattered in his head, and he vowed and protested, that he had never either uttered or invented a report to the disadvantage of the young man, but that for any offence he might have unwittingly have given, he was ready to ask pardon. This would not do, for unfortunately for him several individuals were present, to whom he had told the sports of his imagination, and, at last, he was compelled to recant, article by article, all he had said. I was present myself, and never better pleased in my life.

"Well, ladies, he then tried his fortune in another place, and there for a time he succeeded very well; his handsome face,

and his impudence, recommending him to the daughter of an attorney, who had ten thousand pounds to her fortune. The lady, however, refused to marry an apothecary, as she considered it below her rank, and he procured a Scotch diploma, which dubbed him Doctor, and secured him his fair prize.

"Two or three years was enough for him there! at first he did as he has been doing here the last six months, he carried all before him, by means of grand entertainments, and some meannesses, which I forbear to mention! but, at last, the bubble, broke, and it is very near breaking here, I believe! for he said the other day, that he had so many, and such pressing solicitations to go to London, that he believed he must comply! and to hear him talk, you would suppose the lives of all the inhabitants in the metropolis depended on his compliance. His wife too is an admirable

helpmate, and has a famous water that she makes to cure eyes. They are a precious couple, and even their old patroness, Mrs. Vela, begins, fool as she is, to see through them."

CHAP. XXXIX.

In which Mrs. St. Arno's Curiosity respecting Haverill is gratified.

It was not long after this, that Dr. Twentymen told Mrs. St. Arno, Haverill was actually in the house, and that it was merely on her own account that he had forborne to tell her so. "The truth is, my dear Madam, that my young friend was brought home badly wounded, the very day you did me the favor to call on me," said he, "since that time he has undergone an operation with the happiest results, and I propose, if agreeable, that you shall all meet in the drawing-room to-morrow."

Mrs. St. Arno expressed her satisfaction at hearing this, and the pleasure it would give her to meet a man to whom she owed so much, and the Doctor left her to inform Haverill, that he might now have leave to appear. That gentle-

man was happy to hear this, for he was heartily tired of having only his own thoughts for companions, and he employed the interval between this time and the morrow, in completing a little sketch he had made of his adventures. The effort was rather more than he was able to bear, and produced such a degree of fever as induced the Doctor to pass sentence of longer imprisonment upon him. To this he was prudent enough to submit, and in the meantime he sent the manuscript to Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, and those ladies feeling very curious to peruse it, took the first opportunity of being alone to begin. Anarella undertook to read it to her aunt, and having stirred the fire and snuffed the candles, she read as follows:

THE HISTORY OF ARTHUR HAVERILL.

To Mrs. and Miss St. Arno.

'Circumstances have prevented me, ladies, from keeping a promise which I

fully intended to perform when I left you on the road from Rose Cottage to Pont-y-V——; and so good, so just, so reasonable you are, that I am certain you will, when you shall know them, admit them as an excuse for my omission.'

"Aye, indeed," cried Anarella, interrupting herself, "we have no control over circumstances, and it would be very unfair to blame him for them. By the bye, aunt, you see his name *is* Arthur! you know you called him so in sport. That was comical enough! Arthur Haverill! it is rather a pretty name I think! A— H—! A, for Arthur, A, for Anarella! droll enough!"

"Bless me, child! what is the matter with you this evening?" said Mrs. St. Arno, smiling, "I have not heard you talk so much nonsense since you were five years old. Do recollect, that I am very curious and somewhat irritable, and let me have the genuine text without comment."

Anarella smiled, and went on without replying.

'Though I have now the happiness to be once more in the same house with you, and could communicate what I have to say *vivâ voce*, I prefer the present method of giving you a sketch of my life on many accounts.

'First, it will save me those violent and painful emotions that the repetition would unavoidably occasion, and my kind friend would, perhaps, forbid me to proceed; next, the act of writing does not hurt, it serves to amuse me; and besides, I shall be under the necessity of mentioning circumstances and situations, of which, perhaps, it might not be pleasant to you to hear me speak, though, blest as you are with really pure and good minds, you will not object to read of them.'

"Dear, what can he mean to say?" cried Anarella; "surely he has not a paw paw story to tell us!"

"Have patience and proceed, child,"

said Mrs. St. Arno, "we shall know in time!"

'My father had a small estate of about five hundred a year, in the county of ——, which he farmed himself, and like many others, contrived to make improvements, till he involved himself deeply. Of this, however, I was not aware, for he had sent me early to school, and from school to a merchant at Hamburgh, where I remained some years, and was admitted to a small share in the business. Unfortunately for me, the situation of the Continent involved our house in difficulties, and we were at last bankrupts. I cannot express to you how much this hurt my feelings! I wrote to my father in a more desponding way than you would have thought probable; and in return received a letter from him, telling me, that he had been constrained to sell his estate, which lying contiguous to one of the Marquis of Hardenbrass', that nobleman had purchased at a good price; that the Marquis, with unparalleled

generosity, had used his interest to procure him a lucrative post under G—n—t, and as his creditors had received the chief part of the sum his estate produced, the Marquis had lent him money, to furnish himself with such an house and equipage as his present situation demanded, and even talked of qualifying him for a Borough, and bringing him into the House. To this he added, that the Marquis had inquired particularly after me, asserting that he had observed me when a boy, and felt an interest in my establishment. That he had laid my present situation before the Marquis, who advised, that I should go into the army. He sent me a commission, with a letter of introduction to his brother, then commanding in H——, and promised that I should be pushed up as quickly as possible.

'You will easily suppose, that I did not hesitate a moment to enter on my new career, which, to own the truth, suited much better with my inclination, and, if

you please, my pride, than the line of life my father had chosen for me. I own, however, that I was exceedingly at a loss to conceive how the very great intimacy between the Marquis and my father had commenced, and not a little pleased to be remembered by a man, who is on all hands acknowledged to be the most elegant gentleman of his day.

'I joined my regiment in H——, where I was received with particular attention and kindness by the Marquis's brother, and consequently by every body else. In short, I was a captain at the end of twelve months, and being supplied liberally with money, I entered into every expence without fear, and was, perhaps, the vainest and most fashionable fellow in the regiment.

"'He's wofully altered now!" said Anarella, "and I cannot at all fancy, that he could be vain! he goes too far there; I think!"

"Why, my dear, he is more sincere

than young men usually are, I see! but I believe his statement. It was excusable at his age, and in his circumstances."

Anarella gave no answer, but by reading on.

'I certainly was received with a most flattering distinction by the ladies, and the attention paid me by several genteel and noble families contributed to turn my brain, and persuade me that I might, if I pleased, make an advantageous connexion. To a young man, without fortune, such a circumstance was desirable, and I fixed my choice on a young lady extremely beautiful, highly born, and very rich. As I was in the constant habit of meeting her, and she received from me the same attentions, every man who knew her could not but pay her, I assured myself that this kindness might easily be improved into a softer regard.'

"Poor man!" said Anarella, "then

he is in love! how I pity him! I thought something particular was the matter with him! heigh ho!"

"There is nothing particular, my dear, in being in love," said Mrs. St. Arno gravely; "I assure you it came very naturally to me, as I suppose it does to every body."

"But it is a sad thing," said Anarella, "and I pity people who are unhappy on that account."

"How long have you been of this compassionate disposition, my dear?" asked Mrs. St. Arno; "did the sight of Mr. Jarrener produce it?"

"Oh no! a fool!" replied Anarella; "but I'll read on." 'What I wished I believed! and while I thought I was securing her affections, I was insensibly engaging my own. I made her a tender of my heart and hand, and was told that she had been some time engaged to a nobleman, who was soon expected to marry her. I confess to you that my

mortification was extreme, and you would have supposed that such an incident would have given me a lesson I should not easily forget. The sequel will shew that it had no such salutary effect.'

"After all, I pity the young lady most!" said Anarella; "for most likely she really loved him." Mrs. St. Arno made no reply, and she went on.

'I believe I might have met with a lady who would have been imprudent enough to trust herself and her fortune in my keeping, if I could have condescended to look lower than I had done in the first instance; but nothing less than rank, beauty, and riches, would satisfy my vanity, and I continued to enjoy my own consequence in idea.

'In the midst of this happy dream, which I should not have had the courage to relate, but on account of a subsequent affair, I received a letter from my father, congratulating me on my success in life, and informing me, that now he flat-

tered himself my fortune was made beyond the power of fate. He then went on to inform me, that Lady Letitia Barbertown, the eldest daughter to the Earl of Barbertown, had seen me at an assembly at B——, when she was passing through that place with the Earl, her father. That she had since been in a very indifferent state of health, and had at last acknowledged, that it was caused by a hopeless attachment. Her mother, after some time, succeeded in making her reveal, that it was the fashionable Captain Haverill who had won her affections, or rather to whom she had given them; and the Earl having in consequence inquired of the Marquis of Hardenbrass what was the character of the young man, he had graciously interested himself for the young lady, whose life was at one time despaired of, and had promised his interest to secure Captain Haverill's promotion. My father concluded by saying, that he was authorized to sound me,

and to tell me, that if I accepted the hand of Lady Letitia, I should instantly have a majority.

'If any thing connected with this affair could now appear ludicrous to me, it would be the state of my own mind on the receipt of this letter. I was, as it were, drunk with prosperity; and I already saw myself at the head of an army, and at the height of worldly grandeur. My credulity, indeed, in believing that a young and beautiful woman of fashion, of high rank and large fortune, should be dying for me, ought to make me blush; and yet many perhaps are as credulous. However, upon a little reflection, I could not feel perfectly content with the manner in which this good fortune was produced; for it was not a little revolting to my sense of propriety, that the advances should have been made by the lady; and what had at first gratified and delighted me, at last disgusted me. Would to heaven that I had encouraged such a sensation!

I should have escaped the most diabolical snare! but I will proceed in my narrative, already too long.'

"Stop there, my dear girl!" said Mrs. St. Arno; "the narrative is at a very interesting epoch, and before it becomes still more touching, I must take a little repose; as soon as I can sit up again, we will proceed." Anarella attended her aunt to her couch, and we will here conclude our chapter.

CHAP. XL.

Continuation of Mr. Haverill's Narrative.

Mrs. St. Arno was not long before she was sufficiently recovered to attend again, and Anarella proceeded.

'My vanity got the better of my good sense; and as I had no particular attachment, being cured of my first liking, I signified my assent to my father's proposals, and soon after being promoted to a majority, I had leave of absence granted for a month, and elate with hope I set out for England.

'Though I was told that the lady had seen me, I had not the least recollection of her; and the truth was, I believe, that she really had never been at B——, or on the Continent. On my arrival at my father's town house, he told me, that

he had arranged every thing with the Earl of Barbertown, who had agreed to fix upon his daughter a very liberal income, that the young lady was actually in town for the purpose of consulting physicians, who had ordered her to go abroad immediately, as travelling was the very best thing in the world for her, and that the Earl thought the earlier and the more privately the marriage was concluded the better.

'I made no objection to what was proposed, but I was very desirous to see the lady, and half inclined to refuse her, if I did not like her.

'In the course of two days my impatience was gratified, and my father and myself were received at dinner by the Earl and Countess. As to Lady Letitia, she declined appearing, as did her sister, till after dinner, and this delicacy on her part pleased me.

'The Earl is a shrewd, courtier-like

man; and it seemed to me, that he considered he was doing me a favor, by giving me his daughter, though I had come over expressly to save her life. He was, however, very polite, expressed a hope that no cause of disunion could possibly arise between us, and assured me, that he was exceedingly gratified by the observations he had made on my character. He then added, that from the singularity of Lady Letitia's situation, he thought that an immediate marriage would be most comfortable for all parties; that if I did not object to it, he would in the morning cause a special license to be procured, and that we could set off immediately for his seat in ——shire, where we might remain a few days before embarking for the Continent. "Indeed," continued he, "I am most anxious for Lady Letitia to visit Italy, and we shall easily get your leave of absence sufficiently enlarged to admit of your passing

the winter with her at Nice. Nothing but this necessity could have prevailed on me thus to precipitate matters."

'When affairs were thus pressed forward, a single grain of prudence would have set me on my guard, if I had not been vain and ambitious; but as it was, I saw nothing but anxiety to secure such a prize, and my father's part in the business prevented me from suspecting any collusion. Fatal blindness, into what an abyss of misery has it plunged me! The Countess herself led me to the room where her daughter was expecting me. I have hardly patience to proceed; but I will be calm.

'It would be useless to give you any description of her face and person, for, strange as it may seem, both resemble very much those of Miss St. Arno.'

"Ah!" cried Anarella, "now his conduct is explained! poor creature, I thought him mad! well, but I won't talk."

'Though the day was warm, she was

wrapped in a large India shawl, and seated on a sofa. She rose on my entrance, and the deadly paleness of her countenance changed to the deepest crimson. She trembled exceedingly, and supported herself on her sister.

'I was much delighted with this delicate emotion, and seizing her hand, expressed warmly and sincerely my gratitude for her condescending goodness, and my hope, that I should merit a continuation of a preference that did me so much honor. I said more, but she was unable to bear her emotion, and burst into tears. Her mother and sister would have persuaded me to leave her, but I refused, as I thought the same scene might recur at a second interview, if the first was thus suddenly ended.

'I had, however, another reason for not departing; I wished to know whether her father's arrangements met with a free concurrence from her, and I requested, when she was a little more composed,

that I might be favoured with a private interview. She started, and looked alarmed; but her mother said by all means, and she and Lady Celia left the room. When we were alone, I again thanked her for her preference of me to so many men of superior rank, who had sought her hand; and I told her, that the Earl, her father, had made me happy by the promise of possessing her on the morrow. 'However agreeable this is to me, Lady Letitia,' continued I, 'and I beg to assure you, that I most earnestly wish it, I cannot venture to flatter myself with its taking effect, unless you kindly acknowledge that it has your hearty concurrence.'

'She remained for some time silent, unable to raise her eyes, which were filled with tears, and I thought she would have fainted. I offered to take her hand, which she snatched hastily from me, and then said, "Major Haverill, how deeply

sensible I am of your delicacy; let this emotion, these tears, bear witness. Believe me, Sir, I was not privy to the step my father had taken, in sending to you. Ah! why did he do it? why did he plunge me — but, Sir, I wander; his plans have *now* my concurrence: the die is cast, and I feel and am certain, that as far as depends on *you*, we shall be happy."

'If I was before pleased with Lady Letitia, this served to increase my satisfaction. I saw that she had a soul, and that the anxiety of her relations, and not her own wishes, had summoned me. I expressed my pleasure warmly, and she heard me rather with increasing than subsiding emotion. This raised her still higher in my opinion, and I left her full of the tenderest hopes and plans for future felicity.

'On the morrow my father accompanied me to the house, and there, in the presence

of the Earl and Countess, Lady Celia and my father, I received the hand of Lady Letitia.'

"Good God! then he is married!" cried Anarella.

"Yes, my love, so it seems," replied her aunt; "but pray go on." Anarella took up the manuscript again, and, after a considerable pause, proceeded.

'The ceremony was performed by the Earl's chaplain, and a neat equipage which the Earl presented to me, stood at the door to take us into ——shire.

'I could not but observe, that during the ceremony Lady Letitia's countenance exhibited no traces of even apprehensive love, certainly none of joy: a settled gloom overshowed it, and when she raised her eye to mine after the irrevocable doom was fixed, its expression struck a damp upon my heart. I imagined her gloom arose from apprehension that I should not return her affection, and as we proceeded on our journey to ——shire, I en-

deavoured to remove such a fear; but what I said had little or no effect, she continued absorbed in melancholy. As we approached the end of our journey, she seemed really ill; but though she could hardly sit upright, she would not allow me to support her in my arms. She said nothing, but from time to time sighed deeply; and as I found my attempts at conversation distressed her, I too ceased to talk, and we finished the last eight miles of our journey in perfect silence.

'We found an entertainment prepared for us, of which, pleading indisposition, she refused to partake; and I sat down to the most uncomfortable solitary meal I had ever had. When I had done, I rung for Lady Letitia's own maid, and inquired how her mistress was. Better, she said, and begged that I would oblige her by joining her in the library as soon as I had taken my coffee.

'It was now growing late, and as my

wife had wished to see me, I went instantly to her. She was seated at a table, on which she leaned her elbow; and when she saw me approach, she requested that I would place myself upon a couch at some distance, and hear what she had to say. I did so, and she addressed me as follows:

"I left you, Major Haverill, that I might in some sort collect resolution and strength for this interview; and as I am not very strong, I entreat you not to interrupt me. You see before you a guilty creature, the victim of ill-placed ambition. Nay, Sir, hear me out, and then kill me, if you will. Would I had died two years ago!"

"I take no merit to myself, Sir, for this confession; if I had been able to hide my shame, or if I could again have submitted—but I am rambling. No, Sir, if I could have concealed my shame, I would! and if that had been possible, I

should never have been the wife of Major Haverill."

'I here became very violent; but she again begged I would let her proceed, and I threw myself in despair on the couch.'

"Sir," said she, "my present situation alone has induced me to marry. I am in the almost daily expectation of becoming a mother! and I throw myself upon your generosity not to expose me. All I ask is, to be taken to the Continent; there I will be content to stay wherever you shall appoint, only don't expose me: shame and exposure I dread more than death! and relying on the generosity of your character, I thus throw myself upon your mercy, begging you only to preserve my reputation."

"Wretched woman!" cried I, seizing her, "tell me instantly the whole of this infamous affair! If I find you prevaricate, I swear that I will crush you!"

"Be but calm," said she, throwing herself on her knees before me; "be but calm, and I *will* tell all. Alas! how welcome would death be, was not dishonour coupled with it."

'She then arose, and sitting down on a chair, proceeded as follows:

"You have a right, Sir, to know all, and I hope, by my sincerity, to interest you in my favour. That worst of villains, and most despicable of men, Hardenbrass, was my seducer. Even before I appeared in the world, he tried to win my affections and succeeded; and my parents, as well as myself, were pleased with his attentions, as he professed his wish to marry me as soon as his divorce was completed. Fed with vain hopes from day to day, he at last succeeded in his iniquitous plot, and I frequently met him at the house of a woman of rank, with whom he had formerly had a similar connexion. At length my crime brought its punishment with it; I found I should be-

come a mother, and almost frantic, I urged him to conclude his divorce, and marry me. He laughed at me, and said he often had similar cases; but that if I would be guided by him, the whole might be concealed. Concealment was all I wished, and I passed the two last months of my suffering with the lady I have mentioned, and there Hardenbrass was himself to bring a proper medical man to assist me. I don't wish, Sir, to move your compassion by a detail of my mental sufferings! my bodily ones were light in comparison! The people about me were all provided by the wretch Hardenbrass, and were, I fancy, but too often so employed. I was already in labour, when I heard a man introduced in addition to the two women who came with Hardenbrass. I heard him say to the stranger, "the preservation of *her* life is of the greatest moment; but the child must be destroyed!"

"Not by me, my Lord!" replied the

stranger; "I never will be accessary to such a crime!"

'The villain then held a pistol to the man's head, but I found he did not yield; for I heard him say, "Then *I* must dispose of it!" and my situation requiring assistance, he permitted the man to come to me, and I was safely delivered of a lovely infant. Oh! would I had died! would I had died! but then my reputation would have been lost. Alas! how can I tell you what followed; but it will do me good to reveal it; it has lain too long *here!*" putting her hand on her heart. The women had no sooner done what was required, than they departed; and, in a few minutes after, the surgeon. I held my infant in my arms, and wept over it, and the Marquis paced the room. "Letitia," said he; "if your honour is dear to you, return home within a week; appear in public; be like yourself. As to that little wretch, I must consider!" He then left the room for a few minutes,

and returned with another man, whose face I seemed to know; I believe he was a servant. He snatched my infant from my arms, and the monster strangled it in my sight. Yes, you may well shudder, Major Haverill! you may well shudder! nothing but the preservation of my reputation could have preserved my life. Hardenbrass and the villain then, without speaking, divided the sweet victim, and burnt it limb by limb. Alas! how could I live through that night!"

"How, indeed!" groaned I; "and how came you again into this situation?"

"Oh, Sir! you need not ask," said she; "spite of his crimes, I loved the monster! yes, I loved him; and the hope of being his wife—alas! I am again deceived! When I found that my reputation was again in danger, and that I might be again witness to a scene of horror, I told Hardenbrass that I was determined to confess all to my mother, and his inventive mind proposed what has now

been actually done. But, Sir, I should never have consented to make you the victim, with the intent of deceiving you; I wish not to live with you: I only ask to be conveyed to another country, and that if my child should live, you will allow it in time to bear your name. Alas! it was to preserve its life that I have condemned myself to this humiliation."

'Never, wretched woman! never!' said I, and I rushed from the room, hastened to the stable, and saddling a horse, I left the house and the wretched woman, and set out, I scarcely knew whither. I believe my senses were affected, and the next morning I dismounted near a thicket, and threw myself on the grass to rest. How long I remained there I do not know, but there I was found by my friend Twentymen, who was going out early in his carriage:—by him I was brought here, and saved from death by his skill. He thought, after I had a little recovered from my

fever, that change of air would do me good, and I wandered down to Pont-y-V—, there to wait the result of a letter he wrote to my father, and the recovery of sufficient strength to do myself justice on the Marquis of Hardenbrass.'

Miss St. Arno here stopped, and joined her aunt in pitying the fate of Mr. Haverill, and making other reflections; but we will give them to the reader in the next chapter.

CHAP. XLI.

Mrs. St. Arno moralizes.—The Conclusion of Mr. Haverill's Communication.

"SURELY," said Mrs. St. Arno, "the dangerous consequences of vanity and ambition were never more forcibly exemplified than in this melancholy story! and it is singular enough that both Mr. Haverill, and Lady Letitia, owe their fall to the indulgence of ill-founded hopes. But Haverill will revive again! at least I hope so, for he appears to me to have a fine mind, though his conduct has been so strange!"

"That he has, and a feeling heart too," said Anarella. "I wonder he did not kill Lady Letitia, a wicked, unfeeling wretch! I shall hate her as long as I live; she is a disgrace to her sex; and well might poor Haverill detest women—well might he

hate to see me! Oh! how I pity him to be tied to a wretch like that!"

"He is indeed to be pitied," replied Mrs. St. Arno, "and perhaps pride was never more severely punished. Bad as the unfortunate woman's conduct has been, I think, my love, you must have some compassion for her, too; for doubtless she was cruelly deceived by that worst of monsters with respect to the divorce; and her fate shews how dangerous it is to trust the first favourable feelings towards a married man. But the affair cannot rest here; it must come before the public, and I trust the horrid villain who could see his own infant murdered, and its poor little body divided, will be exposed and punished with all the severity the law decrees. Perhaps then, my Anarella, his other iniquities may come to light! The world, I believe, is little aware of his true character. But I am too much affected at present by what has been read, and we will, if you please,

defer concluding the manuscript till we have had tea."

Anarella's mind was still more struck with the contents of Haverill's papers than her aunt; and during the whole of the time she was making tea, she was pitying Haverill, blaming his father, Lady Letitia, and even himself, for his precipitancy, and wondering how all this would end. As soon as the servant had removed the tea-things, she flew to her paper, and resumed her reading thus—

'When I went to Pont-y-V——, I knew not that the villain Hardenbrass had any estate in the neighbourhood, and it was by the merest chance that I learnt it. The same chance informed me that he had an agent in the town of Pont-y-V——, and I was anxious to conceal my name, as I was certain that if the Marquis discovered me, I should find no mercy at his hands! Doubtless, the very circumstance of my quitting the unhappy woman to whom my own pride and his villany have tied me,

on the very day of my marriage, would tell him that his crimes are at least partly known, whether Lady Letitia owns having confessed the whole truth or not.

'While the place of my retreat then was unknown, I was solicitous to conceal my name; and having reason to suspect, from a conversation I heard in the street, that Hardenbrass's bloodhounds were in pursuit of me, I set out on that dreadful day, when your hospitality preserved my wretched life, to join Twentymen again, intending instantly to challenge the author of my shame.

'Fearful of pursuit or treachery, I forced the postboy to quit the road to C—— and turn into one which it seems, happily for me, ran along the mountain above your house. Your excellent conversation, your noble and generous confidence in my honour, contributed to restore my mind to something like tranquillity; and, I trust you will permit me to say, that in whatever spot I may be doomed to pass

the remainder of my life, the sweet remembrance of my benefactresses will be almost my only pleasure.

'With regard to that foul attack on Rose cottage, I am fully persuaded that my life was the thing sought, and that the man Taffle, had reported the circumstance of my being found in the snow, which added to the knowledge that I had that same day quitted Pont-y-V——, doubtless convinced the agent, whoever he was, that I was the individual person it was most convenient to dispose of, before I could avenge myself.

'As soon as I had recovered from the fatigue of my journey, after my last separation from you, I sent a challenge to the Marquis, which he accepted. On the morning that you came here, I met the villain. My whole frame shook with rage when I beheld him, and I believe almost incapacitated me to do myself justice. He would have spoken, but I refused to hear him, and we both fired at once. The

place where we fought was close by a plantation, and I have reason to think, that even in this last act treachery was employed! nay, I am sure of it, for I received a shot in my left shoulder, which never could have proceeded from his fire. I fell in consequence, and from the circumstance of my lying insensible, was brought off the field for dead. Twentymen has, however, again preserved me, and in the course of a few weeks I hope to recover from my wound.

'As to the villain, he fell too! and I am in great hopes that if he is not killed, (which we hear is the case,) his wound will serve to remind him of his crimes. Neither our duel, nor the cause of it, can now be concealed, and no efforts shall be wanting on my part to discover the accomplices of his crimes; for till they are secured, the great villain will escape. His artifice is indeed greater than I could have believed in the mind of man; and even with regard to my leave of absence, he

had provided against the possibility of my refusing to go abroad with Lady Letitia, by procuring that it should be only for a month. I am now, then, (thanks to him,) without commission, profession, or fortune; and as to my dependence on my father, it is very precarious; for he is so tied to and involved with Hardenbrass, by having, I imagine, entered deeply into his schemes, that I fear this termination of my so well planned marriage will ruin him.

'What has become of my unhappy wife, I know not.—Twentymen has employed people to discover. So far we know, that she was delivered of a child! but whether alive or dead, I have not ascertained.

'In Doctor Twentymen, whom I knew in Hamburgh, where he came to visit his married sister, I have found a sincere and active friend; and to his advice respecting my future movements, I shall conform myself. My first and most strenuous efforts will be directed to procure a divorce

from that wretched woman—my next to expose her seducer. Great difficulties, I am aware, lie in my way; for all the Nobility of the country will be in arms to defend the member of their own body! But I trust that in this land of freedom, justice may be had for an obscure individual as well as a Nobleman—and at least, I rely on the justice of my cause.'

"All is now discovered," said Mrs. St. Arno, "well might that worst and most specious of villains tremble and turn pale at the mention of a murdered child! Oh! my Anarella! how gracious is that Providence, that has preserved you from the snares of the wretch! how thankful ought we to be, for escaping as we have done from Rhanvellyn! the den of a monster I can find no name for! Who knows what he may yet attempt! I tremble while I think of him!"

"With regard to myself," said Anarella, "he will probably attempt nothing further, his wound must confine him some-

time, and Mr. Haverill and Lady Letitia will find him sufficient employment. But don't you think, aunt, that Mr. Medley, who seemed to know or suspect more than he chose to explain, might be of use to poor Haverill? He is a man of the world, and may get information where Haverill cannot."

"Indeed, my dear, that is a lucky thought," said Mrs. St. Arno, "and I will mention him to Dr. Twentymen, who probably may know him."

"And I cannot help thinking," said Anarella, "the people who attacked the cottage meant to carry me off, as well as to kill Haverill. How oddly our fates have been connected! and how singular that the same villain should be the enemy of both!"

"It is certainly odd enough, that we should, as it were, have mutually preserved each other," said Mrs. St. Arno, "and now that I recollect what Alice said, I am of your opinion about the attack.

That affair I am determined to inquire into, as soon as I can reach town, but for a week or two we must remain stationary, for my accident has weakened me, and I must take care of myself, my child, for your sake. I should be sorry to quit this world without seeing justice done on the king of villains."

This discourse affected Anarella a good deal, and both she and her aunt retired to bed with minds far from easy or comfortable: both with a sort of, indescribable dread of some unknown wo, from the machinations of the Marquis of Hardenbrass.

CHAP. XLII.

Who went in search of Medley—and other Matters.

THE next morning, when Mrs. St. Arno saw Dr. Twentymen, their conversation naturally turned upon Haverill, and she mentioned to him, what had passed at Rhanvellyn respecting the murder of a child, and what Mr. Medley had communicated to her. He was of the same opinion as herself, that Medley might be of the greatest use, and was anxious to know where he was to be found. This Mrs. St. Arno could not tell, but she suggested the propriety of sending a letter to Sir Gaspar Scoone's, where it was not unlikely he might pass his Christmas, and the Doctor left her to seek a man to set off with it directly, while she should write to him, which she kindly undertook to do, the Doctor himself added.

postscript, requesting to see him at H—— as early as possible, and recommending perfect secrecy.

It was not very long before the Doctor returned, crying out, "Good luck!" and informed the ladies, that he at first despaired of finding a man who would set off before the next morning, those people he usually employed being engaged for the day, and he not choosing to send an express, as in so small a town as H—— every thing was known, and a thousand conjectures, very disagreeable, no doubt, would be formed. "At last," said he, "I bethought myself of a poor fellow, whom I have been attending gratuitously for a few weeks, not so much for charity as because he is my countryman, and he will take one of my horses and go part of the way to night. He would have gone on foot, being used to walking, and now pretty well again, but I thought time would be lost that way: and he is

of a county where every urchin is a horseman."

"And what county is that, Sir?" asked Anarella.

"Oh! Yorkshire, my dear!" replied the Doctor. "I have not forgotten the old county, with its excellent hams and cream-cheeses, though fortune has set me down at such a distance from the venerable Minster! The delight of my eyes years ago, and now my pride and boast. Honest Robin Bottomworth, as well as the rest of us, feels the *amor patriæ;* and because I am his countryman partly, and partly because he is somewhat obliged to me, he will delay his own departure another way to oblige me. Besides, he is to be depended on, and should he be questioned or sifted, will give them no clue to guess his business."

"Upon my word, Sir, you give this Yorkshireman an excellent character!" said Anarella. "I should like to see him when he comes for the letter!"

"So you shall, my dear, if you will take the trouble to bring it into the library when it is sealed," said the Doctor, "you may hear the fellow talk! it makes me merry to hear him, and I'm always forced to rub up my Yorkshire."

As soon as the letter was ready, Anarella went down to the library with it, and there found the individual Pedlar, whose name was so honorably mentioned, or rather, he was mentioned without a name, in the first volume of this history. He made her a respectful bow, and she immediately recognised him as one of the party, when Mr. Diggle made his speech in form to her and her aunt.

He received the Doctor's instructions very attentively, and then replied, "Yes, yes, Doctor, I'se warrant, I'll nab th' gentleman afore I cum back. I knaw there's heaps o'weight doon queer wark ganging on amang some o'them gentry there i'that country, and I see further nor

my nuose, thof they think, mayhap, at I duon't."

Anarella did not understand all he said, and she begged the Doctor to explain. This he did, and then she said to Robin, that *they* had found there was queer work, for they had been attacked in their house by ruffians armed with knives and pistols.

"Aye, Miss?" said the Pedlar, "that's parlous bloody wark, hoowever. What did they kill ony body?"

This last question Anarella comprehended, and she answered, "No, thank God!"

"I tell you what, Miss, there's a deal o' trash doon thereaboots! bud a body mud find 'em oot too, I shud think!"

"I tell you what, Robin!" said the Doctor, "the first thing we want is to bring us this Mr. Medley, and that all snug! and then, if you can assist in the discovery of that affair of attacking the cottage, we shall be glad. But whatever

you do, must be done secretly, for my opinion is, that somebody of weight has a hand in that business, and I don't believe any open investigation will do good. This I can promise you, that if you assist us in our inquiries, you shall be liberally rewarded."

The Pedlar grinned and turned round the quid of tobacco in his mouth. He then considered a few moments, and at last only said, "You've nowt else bud this noo, Sir? I'se soon be back!" and receiving an answer of dismissal, he made his retreat.

"Well!" said Anarella, "that is, I suppose, a perfect Yorkshireman! and a fine shrewd gentleman he looks!"

She then told Doctor Twentymen as much as she could of the scene, at which he was present at Pont-y-V——, and the Doctor laughed more heartily than he had done for some time. "Well now, my dear Miss St. Arno," said he, when he came to himself, "I must go and visit

poor Haverill! He is a fine fellow, and with as warm a heart as if he had been born in Yorkshire. I believe he idolizes two certain ladies who shall be nameless, and I am convinced that your presence will be most salutary to him. It would be odd, indeed, if it were not; for who could help feeling joy and gratitude in the presence of two such guardian angels. You not only preserved his body, but his mind, and he would die for you if it would do you any good!"

"Our obligations, Sir, are mutual," said Anarella, "and so is our gratitude; I'm sure we feel most sincerely distressed for his situation! Poor man!"

The Doctor saw that she was deeply affected, so he only shook her hand, and hastily left her. She returned to her aunt to tell her all that had passed, while Doctor Twentymen went to give Haverill an account of what had been done.

He found that young gentleman very low spirited, and very feverish, and would

have ordered him to stay another day in his own apartments, but he feared that the restraint might be as injurious to him, as the emotion necessarily consequent on meeting Mrs. St. Arno, whom he almost regarded as a superior being to any this world can produce. He had then permission to meet her in the drawing room, and the doctor only stipulated that he should retire after tea, and that during the interview he should not talk of subjects calculated to agitate either her or himself. "As to the Niece," said he, "if I were twenty years younger, I certainly should vote myself downright in love with her! I have seen women as handsome; but I never saw but one so engaging! well, she is gone, poor soul, to a better world, I hope."

"If Miss St. Arno appears engaging to you now," said Haverill, "she would have been adorable at the cottage! Such compassionate gentleness! such lively tendernesss! such generous kindness!

such intrepidity! During that dreadful night, when some women of a much more robust form and less elegance than herself would have fainted and screamed, and rendered the scene doubly distressing; she was quiet and collected, and so little did she think of herself, that, when I offered her my arm, fearing she would fall from great agitation, she reproached herself for accepting it, because I was wounded. "How could I for a moment forget your wound? how you must hate me!" said she: I shall never forget her voice full of tenderness, I'm sure, and I feel that the scenes of affliction we have passed through together, have bound her close to my heart."

"Aye, indeed?" said the doctor, "then I shall have another operation to perform I see! or a fever may ensue."

"In this case, my good friend! I defy even your skill to extract the ball! No, my only comfort now will be the friendship of yourself, and these two incompar-

able women! blest with that I shall never again be quite wretched, even should I fail in procuring a divorce from that unhappy woman. My destitute situation will render exertion necessary, and perhaps I may be happier poor, than I should have been rich."

"Nonsense!" said Twentymen," that's one of the fine notions that won't be found to have any foundation in truth, as society is constituted. Poor! why what the deuce can a poor man do? Nothing. Supposing now that the goodfor nothing woman you are now tied to was to die! or you were to obtain a divorce, why, what would be more natural than that you should marry again!"

"No!" said Haverill, "I will never again trust my happiness to the keeping of a woman! I should deserve to be betrayed then, indeed!"

"Nonsense! betrayed!" cried the doctor, "but after what has happened you are somewhat excusable! but let me

tell you, that in this country your very story will make your fortune, and happy woman will she think herself, who can marry such a notorious——"

"Ass?" interrupted Haverill with a smile. "No, I shall never again seek to make my fortune by marriage! my wish is to get rid of, not to get a wife."

"My dear boy!" said the doctor, "we will settle about that this day six months! in the mean time we will do our best to bring villany to light: and I trust we shall succeed. Robin will either bring or bring news of this Medley! I find he was a great favourite with the ladies at Rhanvellyn; and I should not wonder if the sweet Ana— what is it you call her, has made a conquest of him."

To this Haverill made no reply: he said he would rest a little, that he might be better able to enjoy his kind mother's and sister's society, and the Doctor set out to visit his patients.

CHAP. XLIII.

The Friends meet again.—A Letter, with Comments.
—A Consultation.

NOTHING could be more gratifying to Mr. Haverill than the manner in which he was received by Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, and they were no less pleased to find that their satisfaction was mutual. As to Anarella, she could not command her tears when she saw how ill Haverill looked; and she silently prayed that Heaven would deliver him from all further machinations on the part of the Marquis of Hardenbrass.

After the first emotion, he examined her face, which yet bore some traces of the blow she had received, and asked whether it was given her at the time she was overturned near Pont-y-V—. She blushed deeply, while she simply an-

swered, "No!" and Haverill's curiosity was not a little raised by her manner; seeing, however, that the subject was disagreeable to her, he said no more. The time they remained together was spent in minute details of what had happened to each, and observations upon, and conjectures respecting the Marquis; a never ending subject. The hours passed swiftly away, and the doctor was happy to see that his patients were not the worse for the indulgence he had granted them. Every scene that had occurred at Rose Cottage was related to this worthy man, whose only fault perhaps was rather an insatiable curiosity, and as he listened to Anarella's animated description of the finding of Haverill, the way in which they mistook each other's character, his becoming gradually reconciled to her, their subsequent intimacy, and the last terrible scenes which had produced so much kindness and fellow feeling on all parts, he rubbed his hands, and twinkled

his eyes in a surprising manner, having frequent recourse to his snuff box, which he nearly emptied.

He complimented Anarella on her powers of description, which he declared made him present on the spot, and rallied her on the power of beauty to tame not only a Lion but a Bear.

"I shall not allow you to call my brother in affliction a bear even by implication, Sir!" replied she, "nor shall I accept your common place about beauty! You must, if you please, recollect, that it was my unfortunate face that made Mr. Haverill almost throw me down stairs at Pont-y-V—; and perhaps I am more indebted to my dear aunt here for his subsequently bearing to look at me, than to any merit external or internal of my own."

"Aye!" said Haverill kissing her hand; "like many others, I knew not that I was rejecting a blessing. I'm sure your gentle patience in bearing my

moroseness was more than I deserved, and to it I am indebted for my subsequent comfort! You must have disliked and perhaps feared me at first."

"To own the truth," said Mrs. St. Arno, "Anarella is rather inclined to judge too hastily of the good or bad qualities of strangers, and she certainly did not form a very favourable opinion of you. We all know each other better now, and I'm sure my niece and myself, both heartily rejoice that we were rendered the instruments of your preservation."

"Well," cried the Doctor, snuffing up an immense pinch of his favourite 37, "this is a pretty evidence in favour of the old saying, 'Good out of evil,' and that Diavolo or Diavoluccio, or lucciosissimo Hardenbrass, for whom I have not a name bad enough, little thought, while he planned that night-scene, which I believe he did, that he was knitting a three-fold cord; and if you will admit me to make the fourth, good folks! I believe

I shall begin to be more satisfied with having lived so long with nothing but my patients, and my dog Bustle to care for!"

Our readers will easily imagine, that this warm-hearted wish afforded pleasure to those it was addressed to, and the hospitable Yorkshireman declared, that he now was convinced there was some heart out of the old county, as well as in it. "It may be prejudice in me," continued he, "but I have fancied these many years, that all that sort of old-fashioned material was left, or buried in Yorkshire! and I never expected to meet again with any thing but dog's nose and raw potatoes, instead of that important muscle, that holds so eminent a station in the human economy. I'm sick of the selfishness my profession makes me privy to, and the mean insults it subjects me to, and I can only say, that as soon as I have realised enough to keep my house warm, I'll throw physic to the dogs, I'll none on't. Whether such a time will ever come or not, heaven

knows! but I have been pleasing myself with the distant prospect of it, during the last fifteen years. It still seems nearly at the same distance, receding as I advance! and thanks to expensive wars, ministerial jobs, noble sinecurists, and pensions without end, it will soon be farther off than ever! Well, well, it will be all the same thing a hundred years hence, and in the meantime we will ring for the supper tray, and send the invalids off in good time to their respective roosts."

Before the quartett of friends had eaten their supper, a letter arrived, addressed to Haverill, and he, seeing that it was his father's hand writing, gave it to the Doctor to open, and desired that he would read it aloud. It was as follows, and we shall give it with the reader's comments as he proceeded.

'*To Mr. Arthur Haverill.*

'To the care of Dr. Twentymen, H——.

'SIR,

'The strangeness of your conduct can only be equalled by its ingratitude to

the best of fathers, and the fatality of its consequences to yourself, and all connected with you. ("Aye, aye! bad enough they are, I can witness!" said the Doctor, whose observations we shall continue to put in parentheses), You must be worse than mad, infatuated, monstrous, to reject, and cast off and abandon a fortune, a thousand times more brilliant than your original situation in life could ever authorize you to expect! and to secure which to you, I have made sacrifices too serious to be without consequences. ("Oh, oh! the murder's coming out now!")

'From what source, what fountain of benevolent friendship, were the monies supplied, Sir, do you imagine, that enabled you to make so brilliant a career on the Continent? From the very vitals of your poor suffering overwhelmed father, Sir! ("Aye, aye, vital gold, ha! ha! ha!") Year after year, have I been incurring fresh obligations to the kindest and most generous of patrons and friends! ("More fool you!")

and now, ungrateful and unprincipled that you are! you have dared to lift your hand against the man! and he lies dangerously wounded by you. ("I wish the wound had been—hem! I won't say what.") Who could have thought that you would thus have disgraced your name! But the motive of my present communication, is not to reproach you or to complain, ("So it seems!") It is to tell you, that, spite of the base ingratitude and inhuman cruelty of your conduct, the benevolent friend from whom I hold every thing, will consent to forget and forgive *all*, even your last attack, which, I vow to God, I cannot myself pardon. Lord Barbertown will overlook the shameful slight shewn to his daughter; who, since her confinement, which has been kept secret, N.B. the child died! ("Thank God for all things!") has lived in perfect and unblameable retirement on an estate of her father's in Scotland; and the lady herself will condescend to live with you, to

prevent the world talking, and to preserve her reputation, without using any recrimination, though she has such reason to be offended with you, provided that, as soon as your wound permits, you instantly repair to Town, and conform to my wishes. If you value my blessing you will not hesitate! ("Upon my word! a cheap purchase!")

'As to your ridiculous childish scruples, about the accident that had happened to Lady Letitia, I am surprised a man pretending to the least common sense, or knowledge of the world, could feel as you did when you discovered it; if you had gone abroad as we had planned, you might have brought back your bride with an unsullied reputation, and left the child in case of its survivance at the Enfans Trouvés, or perhaps its father would have provided for it. Not the Marquis of Hardenbrass, that injured man!" ("Damn the rascal! Ladies pardon me,") whom you ridiculously and basely suspect to be

the father! how, or why, Heaven knows! for poor Lady Letitia does not say she ever told you *who* the father was.

'If you value your own safety don't communicate this gracious offer, for which you are indebted to my intercession, to the old meddling fool who has interfered in our family concerns. ("Ah! a wipe for me—Umph!") Should you accept it, which I exhort you to do, well and good! the Marquis will graciously forgive your unaccountable conduct, and receive you as a friend. If you do not, Sir, I abandon you to the consequences of your own folly, disobedience, ingratitude and precipitation.

'You cannot expect to succeed, if you should be mad enough to sue for a divorce, ("What the devil now?") the Lady Letitia having led an exemplary life since she was your wife; and as to money, you shall not have a farthing from me, to prosecute any plan so nefarious and inhuman.

'I am in town for a short time, and ex-

pect to hear from you soon if your wound permits you to write; if not, send a messenger express to me, to say *the affair is concluded*, that will be enough; you will instantly have a sinecure, the Marquis has graciously made interest to have kept open for you, and with that and Lady Letitia's fortune you may live in reputation and honor; doing away the slanders your madness has given rise to.

I am, Sir,

Your's, as you conduct yourself,

R. HAVERILL.

London, Dec. —, 18—.

The Doctor held the letter some time in his hand without speaking, and then throwing it up in the air, declared it was a complete triumph, and shewed the weakness of the adversary. "Depend upon it," said he, "the great Diable is afraid you should sue for a divorce, because, he knows he must be unmasked. By-the-bye, I wish Lady Letitia was a little less correct

in her conduct at present; it would be quite as convenient, and I must write off instantly to my friend Serjeant Fullbottom, and take an opinion on the matter, and as to money my dear boy—but we can settle all that another *time*."

Haverill was about to speak, but Mrs. St. Arno seeing he was much distressed expressed a wish to retire; and when she and Anarella were gone, the conversation that may be read in the following chapter, passed between Haverill and his friend Twentymen.

CHAP. XLIV.

What determined the Ladies to remain at H——. An Interruption.

"THAT is a very extraordinary letter of my father's," said Mr. Haverill, "I am really shocked at the part he seems to have had in the business; it hurts me more than any thing else! There is something so repugnant to common decency in his conduct, and so inhumanly insulting in his letter, that I am almost tempted to tell him that—he does not know his duty, either as a father or a citizen."

"My dear boy," cried Twentymen, "it does me good to hear such right and honorable sentiments from you! ecod, I could fancy you must be Yorkshire too! But what do you think of doing?"

"I shall certainly write to my father! replied Haverill, "but as an uncertainty with regard to my power of writing exists in his mind, I shall not send my letter yet. A very clever man, I forget who, advises that a letter should be answered as soon as read, but that the answer should not be sent till after revision in a cooler moment; I shall follow this advice, and write before I go to bed."

"Right," said the Doctor, "but what do you think of my Lady not telling all she communicated to you; it seems that she is afraid to be at open war with this Hardenbrass."

"Her great end," said Haverill, "is to preserve her reputation, and I am fully persuaded from what I saw of her, she would do, or suffer any thing to secure that. Perhaps she fears that the villain Hardenbrass, may contrive to injure it without implicating himself; or perhaps, she fears for her life. It appears plainly to me, that Hardenbrass believes she has

told all, else, why persecute me, and seek my life, if he thinks I could only accuse him of simple fornication? I desire to live, but to accuse him at the bar of his country, but this we shall never do, unless we can discover the agents of his crimes. Would I could guess who that medical man was, who delivered Lady Letitia! his testimony to substantiate what I should alledge, would be of the utmost moment! or who the women were, or the cruel villain who assisted at the sacrifice! Lady Letitia herself would not of course reveal any name, if she knew it:"

The Doctor rubbed his forehead, and after a pause said, "at present I see no clue to guide us, but a little time may throw something in our way. In the mean time, I'll send the case A—B fashion to Fullbottom, and we shall at least have the law of the business."

The gentlemen then retired to the composition of their several letters, so we will leave them, and return to the ladies.

They were exceedingly shocked at the bad principle visible in Mr. Haverill's letter, and at the indefinite threats he had uttered against his son. Then the conduct of Lady Letitia disgusted them, for they were too good themselves to think it possible, that there could be such a woman, if fatal experience had not convinced them of it. They had not imbibed the modern principle, that outside is every thing, and that a woman is a creature who must always appear to do right, because, she must always be exhibiting, but that provided she does that, her private conduct is of little importance! They had not learnt that there was no disgrace in associating with an adultress, provided she had a title, or was married to her paramour; and though it was not in their nature to say any thing to hurt the feelings of another, they would have declined the advances even of a Princess in such a situation. Every hour they became more deeply interested for Haverill, and Mrs.

St. Arno said, that if she could afford it, he should have the use of her purse. "But my dear," said she, "it would not be possible or right, if it were possible so to dispose of the little I have more than our actual expences demand, and I fear from what we know now, that the hopes that brought us into ——shire are ill founded. I am very anxious to be in London, but I find to night that I can ill bear exertion, and as our kind Doctor does not think our stay an inconvenience, I believe we had better remain quiet two or three weeks longer." My accident will give me an opportunity of remunerating him without hurting his feelings, and that thought has reconciled me to remaining."

Anarella expressed her pleasure at hearing that her Aunt did not intend to run any risk now in the depth of winter, by undertaking a journey to London, and, besides, she said, Mr. Haverill would be disappointed if they went so soon. "I know nothing about the law," said Ana-

rella, "but I think if he cannot get a divorce, it will be a very sad thing; what do you think he will do, if he can get one Aunt?"

"Why my dear, if he is wise he will apply himself steadily to some profession, or resume his mercantile pursuits. He is a young man, and has good abilities! There are many things open to him, and if he once establishes himself in any line, he may hope to marry an amiable and respectable woman, who will render his life comfortable," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"She must be a very bad woman if she would not make him comfortable," replied Anarella; "he has an excellent disposition, and is one of the best companions in a cottage. I believe, spite of the termination of our stay there, he will always think of Rose Cottage with pleasure. I'm sure I shall."

"Really I can't see why," said Mrs. St. Arno.

"No, aunt? I wonder at that," said Anarella.

"Our tastes are not often so different," said the aunt. "I confess I think our residence there was the least amusing period of my life."

"That's very odd," replied the niece, "when we had such good conversation."

Mrs. St. Arno laughed, and said, she found now Anarella was jesting; for good as the conversation was, there was rather a sameness in the company; and she never wished more to be set at liberty. Anarella was saying something in reply to this, when they heard a noise on the stairs, and after listening a minute or two, that approached and entered their room, which we shall describe in the next chapter.

CHAP. XLV.

What the Interruption was.—A Battle, and its Consequences.—The Doctor a Humorist.

The noise then which now approached proceeded from the united voices of Mrs. Dunn and Mrs. Sweetapple, and it was very soon in the presence of Mrs. St. Arno, who appeared half frightened at the furious menacing looks of the disputants. They burst into the room without any ceremony; and Dunn, rushing forward, threw herself on her knees before her mistress, and spoke thus—

"Oh! Lord have mercy, Madam! I am comed to perform you that your purcious life is in purgatory! the ordinary monster, Bloody Arkles, has produced hisself here; and is now, my Lady, presiding in the house; and I beg, my Lady, for the pursevation of your pure body, that

you would quit this here bad house, as is a nest of vipers, in a hurry, my lady! precrustination is dangerous, my Lady, and if you dally, Lord knows what the vile creetur may insinivate to your ruin, both of body and soul! for the soul, as is taken off without perforation, has but little chance for a comfortable place in the next world."

Mrs. St. Arno was about to answer, but she was prevented by Mrs. Sweetapple, who began thus---

"I don't know, Ma'am, what Mrs. Dunn means by her speech, but certainly no good; for she have the impudence, begging your pardon, to call my master's house a *bad* house, and I believe she's the first person ever dared to throw their dirty water at my dear good master, or pin a dishclout to his tail. And as to vipers, I think them as goes about raising bad reports of respectable gentlefolks, is more like vipers than any body in this house, only they are not so good as vipers, for

viper broth is a fine thing in a wearing. Mrs. Dunn, ma'am, is pleased to say, that the sweet young gentleman, Mr. Heavy-rill, ma'am, is neither better nor worse, and she did not mince the word neither, than a thief and a highwayman, and that his name is Bloody Arkles, and that he came to her bed and chucked her out, and would a taken improper freedoms with she, but you held him, and that he robbed you of heaps of money, and a heap of scraps of sayings more I don't recollect, seeing they are not worth it; and, ma'am, all I said that put her in this here great fume, was that she told a bouncing lie! and I say it again! it is a lie, and a bouncing lie!"

Here Dunn, not content with the exercise lingual made use of that manual, and flying at the head and face of Mrs. Sweetapple, she seized her roll, before commemorated, over which her hair was turned, and occasioned no small pain and annoyance to Mrs. Sweetapple, crying out

at the same time, "A lie! a bouncing lie, you burning viper! I'll teach you to disperse my voracity in that vay! I'll lower your hairy steeple you are so proud of, you old grey mare you!"

In the meantime, Mrs. Sweetapple was not slow in returning the compliment; and she contrived to seize the two ears of her opponent, and grasped them so warmly, that Dunn thought they were torn off for ever.

Mrs. St. Arno was exceedingly distressed with this scene, and Anarella tried, both by words and actions, to appease the combatants, but in vain; their blows redoubled, and their cries and screams resounded through the house.

Doctor Twentymen and Haverill, as well as the domestics of the house, soon made their appearance, but unhappily not before Dunn had, by stepping back to give her arm more play, overturned the table on which the candles were placed, and by this unfortunate movement set fire

to Anarella's dress. With admirable presence of mind, she threw herself on the rug; but even this would not have saved her, had not Haverill, regardless of, or perhaps not feeling his wound, smothered the flames with a cloth dress Mrs. St. Arno had taken off, and thrown on a chair. He then raised her in his left arm, and held her head on his shoulder till the Doctor relieved him from his precious burden. Her gown and petticoat were nearly destroyed, but happily she herself had received little injury, and she was more anxious about her aunt and Haverill than about herself.

All this passed in a very short space of time, during which Mrs. St. Arno almost fainted, and the women screamed with horror; the one with fright at seeing the lady on fire, and the other with seeing Bloody Arkles approach her. Doctor Twentymen looked utterly astonished at the sight before him, and Haverill saw only Anarella.

The reader may perhaps form some little idea of the scene, when he is told that Mrs. Sweetapple, during the combat, had sustained the loss of her cap, roll, and sundry handfuls of hair. Her face bore the marks more than once over of what Dunn called her *talents*; and indeed she was right there, for the application of her nails to the purposes of annoyance, was certainly her most shining talent. Mrs. Sweetapple, too, had resigned her shawl and handkerchief, or rather, the enemy had torn them from her, and her apron was torn to tatters. The adversary, however, did not escape without feeling her powers. She had wrung Dunn's ears till they bled; and it was several weeks before they lost the singing they that evening contracted; her cap and her curls were rendered incapable of further service. She had a black eye, which multiplied, *ad infinitum*, and Mrs. Sweetapple gave her a chuck under the chin, while she was uttering abuse against her dear master,

that occasioned her to bite her tongue almost through.

Thus despoiled, then, they stood, when Miss St. Arno was carried to the sofa; Mrs. Sweetapple shaking with fear of her master, and Dunn of Bloody Arkles, whom she looked at with horror. The cook and housemaid attempted to lead them away, while the footman picked up the candles and lighted that which had been extinguished; but Dunn resisted, and said she would have justice done her on that bloody villain and the wicked voman as dispersed her voracity. She was very clamorous, but Mrs. St. Arno ordered a housemaid to take her away; and seeing so many to force her out, she was wise enough to go without force.

And now all the attention of the party was drawn to Anarella, who happily had received no other injury but a burn on her arm, to which the Doctor applied spirits of wine, and a servant was employed to attend her to bed and keep the others con-

stantly wet. As soon as Haverill saw Anarella quit the room, he found the inconvenience of his exertion, and alarmed Doctor Twentymen seriously by the state of his pulse and the pain he suffered. The assurance, however, that Anarella would be easy soon, and was in no danger, tranquillized him; and he had a better night than could have been hoped.

The fright had a more serious effect on Mrs. St. Arno, who suffered materially from it; and it was some days before her nerves recovered their tone.

As soon as the Doctor had paid the attention necessary to the sick, he rung for Mrs. Sweetapple, to inquire of her the reason that such indecent frays disturbed his friends; and, however unwillingly, she was forced to appear: She was followed by Dunn, who said she would go and hear what lies she was going to *repose* against her; and to every question the Doctor asked, they both answered at once. At last he grew very angry, and commanded them

both to be silent, with a voice of thunder; then addressing them, he said, he would hear what they both had to say, but it must be by turns, not together; and he therefore desired they would settle their own precedency, and determine who should speak first. But the poor man little knew what he was doing! this produced a new squabble that lasted at least five minutes, and was at last settled, as the former had been, by authority.

The Doctor was a sort of humorist in his way, and he now told them, that their precedency should be settled by their years. (Dunn at first thought he said ears, and put up her hand to feel for her's,) and the elder of the two should give the first answer. But here he deceived himself, if he thought to gain information, for they were both obstinately silent; and with a sort of insulting mock civility, curtsied to each other, crying, "It's your place, ma'am," you're my elders, and of course my betters, and I desire you'll use your

privileges." The Doctor began to be amused, and when they had played this way a little while, he said that he was glad to see so much harmony restored between them; but as he wanted an answer to his questions, he desired the younger of the two would speak first. This produced the same sort of double reply as at first; and having again proclaimed silence, he said, as that would not do, he desired she that was a maid would lead the way.

Matters were now worse than at first, and as he had his letter to finish, he concluded by turning them both out of the room, and bidding them have more sense and decency. They retreated again to the lower regions, but Dunn would not go to bed; she sat up by the kitchen fire, and would have sent a man for Broadhead, who had gone to the Inn where he slept, but the night was cold, and not a servant would stir to please her. She then begged one of them would sit up with her, but she was not pretty enough to be oblig-

ed ; besides, the servants all hated her for abusing their master, who was idolized by his family, and she was forced to remain alone, quaking in every limb with apprehension.

CHAP. XLVI.

What Dunn saw in the Kitchen, and the fatal Termination of her Adventure.—A Kiss.

It was near midnight before Dunn found herself quite alone in the spacious kitchen at Doctor Twentymen's, and then she wished she had gone to bed, and run the risk of whether Bloody Arkles might find her there or not! However, now wishing was useless, and she squeezed herself as close into the corner next the fire, and wrapped herself up as warm as she could. The night was excessively cold, and the only movement she made was to throw more coals upon the fire.

Perhaps the first hour she remained there, seemed the very longest she had ever passed in her life; and during that time she heard nothing but the distant steps of the people returning from their

Christmas visits, in the street, and the voice of the watchman. At a little past one, however, another sound alarmed her, and her swollen tongue seemed too big for her mouth. This was no other than an approaching footsep, which she fancied as heavy as lead, and at last the appearance of a tall figure, habited in white, with a broad mark of blood streaming down its garments. Its head was all blood, as she afterwards said, and it carried a shining weapon in one hand, and a lighted candle in the other!

Dunn saw this figure approach, of course to kill her, without even the power to speak or scream, and fainted in her chair, lying in an attitude as if fast asleep.

The house-maid (for she it was) went up to her, and seeing her so fast asleep, she thought it a pity to disturb her, so she warmed herself some ale and ginger, and drank it, and then went up again to Miss St. Arno, whose long red shawl she had thrown over her flannel gown, and thus

appeared to Dunn to be streaming with blood.

The exceeding coldness of the night, had made Anarella send the young woman down to get something hot to drink, and finding, some time after her return, that her arm was quite easy, she pressed her to go to bed. This the girl declined, as her master had ordered her to sit up, and she never could disobey such a good gentleman, but if the young lady would allow her, she said, she would go down and see all was safe in the kitchen as somebody was sitting up there, and was asleep. This Anarella desired her to do, and she entered the kitchen the second time, just after Dunn had recovered her recollection.

She was fancying that the first appearance was a dream, when she saw the same identical figure again, and fear for once lending her wings, she rushed by the house-maid, and found her way up stairs, to a room in which she saw a

light, and which she entered. The noise she made awoke the occupier, who was no other than the Doctor himself. "Who's there?" cried he; Dunn gave no answer, which, alarming the Doctor, whose house had been attempted more than once, he leaped from the bed, with nothing on but his shirt and red night-cap, and snatching a short cutlass that he kept always by him, he followed the supposed thief round to the other side of the bed.

Dunn, who was really now in more danger than she had ever before been in, had, with wonderful sagacity and stillness, crept under the bed, which was an old-fashioned low one, and there she held her breath, awaiting the death stroke. The Doctor, however, spared her this time, for not having heard any movement since the first that awoke him, and not hearing any breathing, he took it for granted, that it was a dream, and the alarm occasioned by his door having

slipped, as he found it close, but not latched. He locked it, and returned to his bed, and in ten minutes was fast asleep again.

The situation of poor Dunn, on the bare floor, without room to move her limbs but in one direction, and shaking from fear as well as cold, was not at all enviable; but what annoyed her most was the swollen and irritable state of her most active member, which seemed to sympathize with her body, by not knowing where to find a place of rest. After the lapse of about half an hour, the aching of her limbs became insupportable, and she began to cry, and, at last, even in spite of her own desire to lie still till morning, her limbs made an effort to relieve themselves, and she attempted to rise on her hands and knees.

It happened unluckily for Dunn, that in making this attempt, the broad fundamental feature that had necessarily the greatest elevation, come in contact with

that part of the bed, over which lay the corresponding feature of the good Doctor, and he felt himself suddenly raised, and as suddenly lowered again. He uttered a tremendous oath that laid poor Dunn flat on her stomach, and rubbing his eyes began to fancy he was bewitched. All, however, being perfectly still, he lay awake thinking how very like reality dreams were, and ascribing this species of dream to having witnessed the scene in Mrs. St. Arno's apartments. "Deuce take the women!" said he, half aloud, "I wish their tongues were out!"

Dunn heard this, and added to her previous alarms and adventures, it made her very entrails turn within her, and they produced a rumbling sound that did not fail to reach the ears of the Doctor. "Holla! what can that burborigmus proceed from?" said he, "there must be a cat in the room! But I'll soon dispatch the lady!" He then sat up in bed, and throwing his dressing gown on, prepared

to drive puss out with his cutlass, opening his door, that she might have free egress. This movement on his part produced a correspondent one on poor Dunn's, who hastening to liberate herself, overturned the Requisite, and made a flood where there ought not to have been any: at the same moment there was a furious ringing at the Doctor's bell, and in a minute his man came to tell him, Alderman Guttle was taken ill, and required his immediate assistance. As the man entered, the Doctor was dragging Dunn forth by her heels, and so bereft of understanding, that she mistook the Doctor for Haverill, and his man for an accomplice, and without uttering a single word she fainted away.

Doctor Twentymen was exceedingly at a loss to conjecture how or why Dunn should come there, and as he was obliged to be off instantly, he consigned her to the care of his man, and desired he would carry her up stairs to her own room, and

call one of the women to take care of her.

Mr. James Twig, commonly called, Jemmy Twig, was by no means pleased with this commission, as in the first place, he had taken a great and decided dislike to Mrs. Dunn, from the first moment of her arrival in the house, and this had not been decreased by the abuse she had bestowed on the house and its inhabitants the preceding evening; in the next, he strongly suspected that she had entered his dear master's room with some wicked intention, either of robbing, or, perhaps, even killing and slaying him, and this latter he principally suspected, as he found in her pocket a pair of scissors with one sharp point, and a housewife with two large darning needles and a bodkin; and in the third place, Jemmy was in a hurry to go to bed again, and get a nap before his master returned. Like a prudent man then, who at the same time studies ease and security, he

took away the deadly weapons we have enumerated, and with her own garters he tied her hands and feet, so that she could not do any more mischief that night, then rolling a piece of carpet round her, that she might not be quite starved to death, he took on his back and deposted her in a spare garret next his own, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

The apartment in which Dunn was left upon some matting that had covered boxes, was over Haverill's room, and he having been awakened by the ringing of the bell, the descent of Mr. Twig, and the Doctor's going out, heard the deposit of some heavy body over his head, and the locking of the door. This a little surprised him at that hour of the night, but having heard the Doctor say, that he had removed some prepared subjects, and some apparatus of different kinds, which he intended to have arranged as soon as the days were warmer, into a garret, he imagined that his servant might have

something else to deposit there, and he tried to fall asleep. He was feverish and his mind rambled a good deal, and at last he began to fancy that probably Anarella was worse, and the man might have been seeking something for her! and this took such strong possession of his mind, that he rung his bell to inquire how she was.

Anarella heard his bell ring, and fully persuaded that he was ill, in consequence of having assisted her, she begged the house-maid would go and inquire if Mr. Haverill was worse; a request with which the girl willingly complied. She had gone about half way towards Haverill's room, when she met the shaking Twig coming towards her, and a little explanation taking place respecting their errands, they instantly determined, that Mr. Haverill and Miss St. Arno had been dreaming of each other, and as instantly, that the dream of a man was a sure sign you were in love with him, and vice versâ, and Mr.

Twig, who was a man of gallantry, and had been wooing Kitty for the last five years, said, that if they would let him sleep in his bed, he might stand a chance to dream of pretty Kitty too; but what with old guttling aldermen, meddling maids, and dreaming lovers, he could not sleep a wink, and he began to think, that a Doctor was the worst trade for resting in one's bed, that a gentleman could have. To this Kitty made an assenting reply, and wishing him good night, was returning to Anarella; but Jemmy insisted upon it, that she should not stir without giving him a kiss, and Kitty fought hard by way of enhancing the favor. Mr. Twig was so unreasonable, that when he had got one, he was not contented, and he pleaded the coldness of the night, as a reason for her granting another! another, and another succeeded, and thus a quarter of an hour was wasted, during which Haverill and Anarella lay in the greatest anxiety, each suspecting the

messenger did not return because the other was very ill.

Kitty was declaring that he must now go, for that was the very last she would allow him to take, when her master, who had let himself into the house, unheard by the lovers, suddenly stood before them: at the same moment Anarella put her head out of her room, and called Kitty; and Haverill, who could lie no longer, came into the gallery to inquire after Miss St. Arno himself. The countenances of the several parties would have made a fine subject for our immortal Wilkie, and poor Kitty would have fled, but the Doctor stood in her way.

"What, in the name of cross purposes, is all this?" said he; "and what are you doing here, my dear Haverill?"

Haverill's answer explained the whole to Dr. Twentymen, and having heard Anarella's voice calling Kitty, he rubbed his hands as if he had made a discovery. He heard what the servants had to say,

and telling Jemmy that he pardoned his gallantries for once, seeing that Christmas was not over, he sent Kitty back to Anarella, and himself went with Haverill; and while he is giving a friendly exhortation to that young man, we will deposit our pen, and refresh ourselves after this busy chapter.

CHAP. XLVII.

Dunn's new Fright.—A Rescue.

It was now near four o'clock in the morning, and the Doctor exhorted Haverill to compose himself, assuring him that all his alarm had been occasioned by Anarella's solicitude for him, which information had the pleasantest effect possible on his nerves. The Doctor was about to close the door and follow Mr. Twig, who was in waiting, when the most dreadful shrieks suddenly assailed his ears. He stood astonished, and Haverill would have risen, but he would not allow him, and he kept him quiet only by promising that he would go first to Anarella.

He kept his word, and ran first to her room, though the shrieks did not come from thence, but he was afraid she and her aunt might get up, if he did not for-

bid them. From them he directed his steps towards the quarter the sound came from, and on the way asked Twig what he had done with Dunn. With a grin of satisfaction Mr. Twig said, he had put her in the spare garret, as he thought her dangerous, and that she had a design to commit murder.

"Murder!" cried the Doctor, "who should she murder, you fool? and with what?"

Twig replied that he had found the instruments upon her, and so had locked her up. He then produced the key of the room, and the Doctor entered.

They found Dunn laid upon the matting with her eyes fixed on a distant corner of the room, and screaming with a shrillness enough to make the deaf hear. As soon as the light entered she ceased, and said as plainly as her swollen tongue would let her say, "The Devil and Bloody Arkles!"

The Doctor raised her, and then per-

ceived that her hands and feet were both secured.; he looked very angrily at Jemmy, and asked how he came to use the poor creature so ill. "Why you fool," said he, "don't you see the poor creature is mad, or frightened to death? and if she had staid any longer here, she would have been starved to death! Go and fetch the brandy bottle and call Kitty! but remember, no more kissing, if you please! and make haste do, you rum goose you!"

Jemmy was happy to come off so well, for he saw his master was very angry. and while he was gone, the Doctor asked Dunn, what made her scream so. "Oh! Sir!" said she, "vor sure to var the Devil his self, or Bloody Arkles! He'll never be satified till he have a murdered us all!"

"Poor wretch!" said the Doctor, who found that Dunn, spoke very indistinctly and with great difficulty. She imagined that this exclamation was bestowed on her

enemy Bloody Arkles, or perhaps the Devil, when it was really herself, the Doctor was pitying; and she answered, that he was not to be pitied seeing he was a murderer. She then looked again towards the far corner of the room with apparent terror.

"What do you see there?" said the Doctor.

"I see him but now," replied Dunn, "with a flame in each heye! and now I fancy he conceal his self."

Upon this, the Doctor went up to the spot to discover the cause of her fright, and found his own black cat who had kittens, and had her bed in the garret. When Dunn first came to herself, the luminous eyes of the cat stared her full in the face, luckily for her, as the fright they occasioned made her scream so lustily that she procured a release from her prison. It was not long before Jemmy and Kitty returned, and the unfortunate Dunn was at last safely deposited in her

own bed, after drinking a glass of brandy that comforted her wonderfully. Kitty returned to her charge, and the Doctor and Mr. Twig to their respective apartments, where they passed the remainder of the night, or rather morning without further molestation.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Hints of the Doctor's domestic economy.—Anarella in danger from a new enemy she does not suspect.—Happy hours.

It gave great satisfaction to Dr. Twentymen to find, in the morning, that the disturbances and accidents of the preceding night had been less injurious to his patients than he had apprehended, and he trotted from room to room, conveying good news, pleasure, and amusement from one to another. He declared that for the future, whenever he had ladies' maids in the house, he would take care to drop his night bolt, for that he had no notion of being either shaken to death or drowned. He had not yet been able to arrive at any explanation of the cause of Dunn's fright, and he went up to see her, determined to hear the whole story from her-

self: but, unhappily for him, her tongue was so sore and so swollen, that for once in her life, she literally could not talk; and during several days, she had the mortification of hearing in divers ways, and from divers members of the household, that it was a proper punishment for the slanders and lies she told about dear good master, and that handsome young gentleman Mr. Heavyrill.

This conduct of the domestics would have driven Dunn to live up stairs alone, when her ladies did not employ her; but, her horror at being without a companion, was increased tenfold since her accident, and she chose to bear the taunts below, rather than the solitude above; in the mean time comforting herself, that as soon as ever her tongue would wag, she would give them their own again with a blessing to boot, and being a woman of honor, she kept her word.

Doctor Twentymen was one of those

kind honest hearted creatures, who have a particular delight in seeing every body happy about them, and would spare no pains to make them so. He seldom changed his servants, as if they were at all fit for their places, they never left him unless to be married or buried, and the best servants in the town were glad to get on his establishment, as his house had the reputation of being a good marrying house.

But though he was a promoter of matrimony, he was no friend to intrigue, and he was not at all pleased with the scene he had witnessed in the gallery, as he thought Mr. Twig might not be behaving honorably to Kitty. Considering the young woman as under his own protection, he determined to talk to her on the subject, so taking an opportunity when Mr. Twig was gone on an errand, he called her into his study, and addressed her as follows; looking as grave, and of as much importance as possible.

"I have sent for you, Kitty, to talk to you about the scene I saw last night."

Poor Kitty began to cry, and did not know what way to look, and the Doctor went on. "I don't wish to distress you, child, but to ask you a plain question, to which I expect a plain and true answer: has James ever offered to make you his wife? Nay, child, don't cry in this way, you can say yes, or no."

"Yes, Sir! I beg pardon for it, Sir!" replied Kitty, covering her face, and still crying as if her heart would break.

"Well," said her master, "and are you inclined to accept him?"

"Sir, I'm sure I humbly beg pardon," said Kitty, "but I could not help his suitoring me."

"That is not what I asked," said the Doctor, "I ask whether, if Jemmy will marry you, you will marry him?"

"Law, Sir! how should us ever marry?" sobbed Kitty; "Us have but twenty-five pound nine shillings and five

pence half-penny between us, besides keepsakes, and how should us marry?"

"By the head of Galen!" said the Doctor, "it is easier to extract gold from ice, than truth from a woman! Can't you leave all these whirligig answers, and tell me whether I must turn one of you away, or yoke you together?"

Kitty curtsied, and said, she was sorry she had offended him, but she hoped she had done nothing to be turned away; that, as for Jemmy's kissing her, she could not help it, seeing she was afraid of making a noise to disturb the gentlefolks, and as to Mr. Twig, he would suitor her, though she had told him over and over again, that he would be bringing her into disgrace with his fond ways.

The Doctor could not help smiling at Kitty's ingenuity in evading his question, and her little cunning way of telling what she had said; however, not having a moment to spare, he addressed her thus: "I ask you again, Kitty, whether, if James

Twig will marry you, you will marry him? If you will not, I shall think it necessary, for your sake, to separate you; but if you can agree to make yourselves one, I have no objection to it; you may keep your places as long as you both perform your duty, and I'll give you as good a wedding dinner as heart can wish! Now, child, tell me honestly, shall I have the dinner to make, or no?"

"Yes, if you please, Sir!" sobbed Kitty, and the Doctor dismissed her. Just as she went out, Mr. Twig brought an answer to his message, and his master asked him what he meant, by taking such a liberty as he saw last night with his servant. Mr. Twig muttered a reply, that was intended to soften his master's wrath.

"Look ye, Jemmy," said the Doctor, "I'll never forgive you, unless you keep your word with the girl, and marry her. You may both live on with me, and the sooner the knot is tied the better." Jemmy

heard no more, but, forgetting where he was, he cut a caper a yard high, and rushing out of the room, ran in search of his bride elect. As he had his master's permission, he went to the clerk to put the banns in that very day, and Mrs. Sweetapple received orders to have an excellent dinner prepared for Monday three weeks, when the Doctor kindly agreed to give the bride away himself; a ceremony he always performed to good servants, as a special mark of his favor and approbation, and which was more talked about in H—— than if he had presented them with a purse of gold.

The news soon ran through the house, and poor Kitty, who felt, from the suddenness of the thing, as if it was any thing but reality, committed so many mistakes, and did so many awkward things while she was with Miss St. Arno, that that young lady thought she was light-headed with sitting up with her.

"I'm afraid you are ill, Kitty," said she, "if you are, pray go and lie down a little, I can do very well."

"No, Miss, I never was so well in my life, Miss!" replied Kitty.

"What is the matter then?" said Anarella.

"Oh Miss! I'm going to be married! that's all."

"Indeed! and did you not know till this morning?" asked Anarella: in reply to which, Kitty told her the whole occurrence, with a thousand blessings on her dear good master, who was thoughtful for every body.

"And do you feel very happy?" asked Anarella.

"Oh dear, yes, Miss! as you may think, if you was ever in love," replied Kitty, "and as I've heard say, most young ladies either has or they will be."

Anarella returned no answer to this, but went to relate what Kitty had told her to her aunt, who was much delighted.

with the old Doctor's kind treatment of his servants. As to poor Dunn, she was two days confined to her bed, and long after that unable to speak, as we believe we mentioned before.

Doctor Twentymen's guests all met in the drawing-room before dinner, and Haverill could not restrain his joy at seeing Anarella so little injured. "I cannot express what I felt when I saw Anarella blazing," said he to her aunt; "such another painful moment would be almost too much for me, in my present weak state; I should fancy that every being inclined to assuage my sufferings, and teach me that life has something worth living for, was doomed to feel the danger of pitying or succouring me. Hitherto you have been my sister in misfortune, my dear Miss St. Arno, but henceforth I pray God to preserve you, and let me bear the burden, if it must be borne."

"That is a sort of selfish compact we shall never agree to," replied Anarella;

"but I really think we have both had our share, and I hope you will now have no more of those horrible scenes that harrow up the soul. As to myself, I am not at all afraid of any of your ill luck falling on your friends; but if it does, aunt and I will run the risk! do you agree to it, my dear aunt?"

"Heartily, my dear," replied Mrs. St. Arno; "when I have once chosen a friend, it is not a few trifling disagreeables will make me consider them unlucky to me, and if they really were so, and I knew it, I should yet fight against evil rather than forsake them."

Anarella then changed the conversation, by telling Haverill what had passed between the Doctor and his servants; and added, that her aunt would most likely stay over the wedding, so they must give the bride her clothes, and Haverill said he would think of the happy bridegroom. Anarella, who was always inclined to do instantly, what was to be

done, sat down to make out a list of what would be proper, to be submitted to her aunt's revision. Mrs. St. Arno read the newspaper, and Haverill sat opposite to Anarella, with his eyes fixed on her animated countenance. She was a long time without looking up, but when she saw his earnest gaze, and his countenance beaming certainly with an expression new to her, she again looked at her paper, and wrote something. Her face and neck were covered with blushes, and she suddenly burst into a sort of hysterical laugh, and said, "dear, what a fool I am! I really have written down two Arthurs! Mr. Haverill, it is your sitting just opposite to me! and so I suppose there is some little connecting link between us, that is not visible on the table, and it has fastened itself to my pen! I'll throw the pen away!" She then took another pen, and Haverill, smiling, said it behoved him to preserve the one she had rejected, as he would not have the slightest thread of kindness or

remembrance be lost. "I am going to write to my father," said he. Anarella changed color. "Then don't use my pen," said she, "it will say very rude things to him, I'm afraid."

"If actuated by your soul, it would say very just ones, I believe," replied Haverill, "and it is grievous to me, to think that just things cannot be gentle ones in this case. I have had little intercourse with my father since I was a child, and am a perfect stranger to his habits and inclinations. I now, however, know enough to be certain, that no two people can be more opposite in their opinions, on certain subjects, than we are, and this I consider as my greatest misfortune. He has lived long enough in the great world, it seems, to care for nothing but riches and honors! I have valued them highly, and perhaps I yet value them too much; but I cannot sacrifice my integrity to obtain them. Besides, I have not yet outlived my affections, and my heart

must have something to satisfy it, as well as my ambition."

While Haverill uttered the last part of this speech, he saw only Anarella, who certainly was uppermost in his thoughts when he talked of something to satisfy his heart, and the sweet smile of approbation she gave him, made him in a moment forget his father, and all connected with him.

Mr. Haverill had been so long intimate with women who live only on the adoration of all the men of their acquaintance, and had run so glorious a course in the field of flirtation, that nothing like a serious passion, an inclination founded on rational preference, had ever taken possession of his heart. If he had once really loved, he would have known that he was in danger of contracting a passion, that in his present situation was likely to produce nothing but misery to himself and to the object of it, if she returned it. But he thought of Anarella as his sister,

and ascribed to gratitude alone, the exceeding delight he took in thinking of her, talking of her, or looking at her. Perhaps he would have suspected himself more, if he had not joined Mrs. St. Arno in this sentiment; but he really loved that old lady with the sincerest affection, and having no scruples to deter him from telling her so, he did not perceive any reason why he should not be equally open with her niece. Nothing, in short, gave him so much pleasure as expressing this, both by words, looks, and actions, and the events of the last few weeks seemed, to all concerned, to account for the warmth of friendship on both sides.

It happened that during the time that the individuals mentioned were alone at Doctor Twentymen's, that good man was particularly engaged in his professional pursuits, and Mrs. St. Arno, from weakness, slept a good deal on the couch, so that Haverill and Anatella were left to entertain one another, and insensibly be-

came deeply in love; their only pleasure was in contributing to each other's enjoyment; and they resumed their old habit of reading by turns, and giving their opinions on all subjects with perfect freedom. Anarella made some of the bride's caps and habit shirts herself, and while she sat at work, Haverill, whose wound had a favorable appearance, and who gained strength slowly, never failed to amuse her either by reading or conversation. Poor Anarella had always fancied that love was what it is described in some novels, an impetuous passion, and if it could have entered into her innocent mind, to have a doubt respecting the decided affection she had for Haverill, she would have determined, upon comparing what she felt, with what she had read of, that it could not possibly be love! so that she had now no chance of escaping, and the only drawback on the pleasure of her present mode of existence was, the recollection that would intrude itself, that it

must soon end. Having thus given the reader an account of the general disposition of the parties, we shall return to our usual method, and detail the incidents.

CHAP. XLIX.

News from Rhanvellyn.—Hints and Observations on Yorkshiremen, and Mouse-traps; or how to cure Mice in the Bladder.—How to make a Fortune.

Two days elapsed, and Haverill sent no letter to his father, and the longer he deferred it, the more unwilling he became to write: so he at last put it off to an indefinite time, and in fact thought less of that than of Anarella. Doctor Twentymen thought it was as well not to write, and Anarella said she thought it would be difficult to know what to say.

On the fourth day after his departure, the pedlar returned with Mrs. St. Arno's letter, which he had not been able to deliver, as Mr. Medley had left Sir Gaspar Scoone's as soon as they returned from Rhanvellyn, and was gone somewhere

else on a visit, but Sir Gaspar's family being at Bath, the only man left in the house knew nothing, and could give no further information about him.

The pedlar brought intelligence, however, that the Marquis of Hardenbrass had left Rhanvellyn a week before, and that Doctor Stirit was now commander in chief at the castle; that the attack on the cottage made a great noise in the country, and that Mr. Justice Hellborough was very active in inquiring about it.

" I didn't goa to t' Cheesetwoaster," said Robin, " for I thowt they would do nowt bud werrit and fish to know what I was riding after! and I'd noa mind to tell 'em.

" Bud Lord, Sir, I thowt I should never a got thruff t' lush an mud, th' rwoads are soa mucky. Th' poor beast went blash blash along up to th' belly o'un, an I'se fairly sodden. My top cwoat hung sag sag as heavy as lead, an I wished a hundred

times I'd walked, for then I could ha' fettled mysell nicely."

Robin was dismissed to fettle himself, and make merry in the kitchen, where he kept the whole party in a roar by his comical words, and his still more comical humor, and a council was held in the parlor, at which Mr. Ingram, who had officiated as Haverill's second, assisted. As the expediency of finding Medley was determined, Mr. Ingram undertook to go to his house, which was not more than thirty-five miles off, to seek him, and he intended to follow him if he did not find him there. It being possible that the pedlar might be useful, Doctor Twentymen said he wished he had a pretext for detaining him. "The matter is," said he, "that in this town every body's actions are canvassed, and as I have wrought a cure on this poor devil, he is become as it were a landmark. I wish I could make him a domestic servant for three months: but all the world will cry

out on me, and the enemy may have their attention attracted to Robin."

"Why," said Haverill, "I have no man servant; suppose we give the fellow a pepper and salt, and make him my valet. Upon my word, if he will agree to it, he may prove a great safeguard to me in case of an attack, and at present he will relieve Twig very much."

This thought met with general approbation; and when Robin had supped, he was summoned up stairs again.

"Hark'ee, Robin!" said the Doctor, "I've been thinking that you may yet be very useful to me, seeing you are to be depended on."

"Aye, Sir, I'se nut blab, I whope," said Robin.

"That you won't, for the honour of old Yorkshire," said the Doctor; "and so I've been thinking as you've been hindered so long of your round, and the roads are so blashy, you'd may be make yourself ill;

again, that you'd better stay here a month or two."

"Why, Sir, that's a parlous bit o' time too," said Robin, "an I should lose a vast o' money."

"We'll pay you for staying," said Haverill.

"Aye, aye, that's t'other thing," said Robin.

"And as we don't choose to have it talked about," said the Doctor, "we think you'd better engage to be this gentleman's valet."

"What mun I do?" said Robin.

"I shall not want you to do much," replied Haverill, "only to assist me to dress while my wound is not healed, clean my shoes, brush my hat and my coat, and wait on me at table."

Robin turned the quid in his mouth, and considered a little, and then said to Haverill—"As to a wound, Sir, I mak nowt o' searching that, seeing my mother and

my grandmother afore me could cure a wound better nor all t' Doctors i' Yerk hospital, or ony other Doctors, bating you, Sir," with a bow to Twentymen. "Indeed, as to what's o't inside, I know nowt aboot it; an I mud black t' shoes, an dust t' cwoat an hat, and sich like, may be a bit awkwardly at first; but I never did, nor never will stand at ony body's backside!"

The unexpected close of this speech produced a general laugh, for the ladies were taken by surprise; and as soon as Haverill could speak, he told him he did not insist on it. He refused, too, to wear any coat but one of his own choosing; and having made his terms his own way, he said he would only engage for one month, as, if the weather should prove dry and frosty, he should be glad to be stirring.

"This countryman of yours, Doctor, is a very decisive sort of a gentleman," said Mrs. St. Arno, when Robin was gone down, "and I think we may congratulate our good

friend here with having a valet who is an unique. He would have been inestimable to us at Rose Cottage, and would have made an admirable second when we were attacked. I should like him for a guard when I go to town."

"If he will go, you shall have him with all my heart," said Haverill. "I like the fellow's blunt way of making a bargain, and with all his civility, he has an eye to his interest."

"To be sure," said the Doctor, "why should he not? Generally speaking, a Yorkshireman does what he pretends to do, better than a man of the same stamp of another county would! this he knows, and he knows too, that unless he makes a good bargain, he shall not get remunerated for his trouble. He works hard, and he works well, and he will be paid for it; can you blame him?"

"Not in the least," said Anarella; "but you know the general voice is not in your favour, and the *honest Yorkshireman*

means pretty much the same thing as the *honest Lawyer*. What can have given rise to such sayings?"

"You are a complete wag, Miss St. Arno," cried the Doctor, "and I'm half afraid to enter the lists with you. But the fact is, I believe, that in days of yore, when folks did not travel quite so far from home as they do now, the few Yorkshire-men who left their homes, were only the worst part of the community: and they exercised their trades in so masterly a way, that they fleeced all the poor inhabitants wherever they went. Not one was found overburdened with honesty, seeing it was all left in the county; and so the good folks in other parts used the term *honest* Yorkshireman, to signify a thing that cannot be found, just as we say, now-a-days, a *good woman*, meaning a silent one!"

"Bless me! what a terrible rap on the knuckles you have given me, Sir," said Amarella, laughing, "it's well for me that

you did not make me bite my tongue through, like poor Dunn.

"I should never have forgiven him, my dear Miss St. Arno, if he had," said Haverill; "nor will I allow that silence is a virtue in a woman, so long as I can remember the tones of your voice, and the sweet converse we have shared together."

"Umph!" said the Doctor; "what an association against me in my own Bachelorian kingdom! I should be tremendously angry, if I were not exactly of the same way of thinking with regard to the ladies present, whose conversation I shall bitterly regret when I have lost it. But there is a sort of woman that always gives me a pain in my throat when I see her, and I scamper off in all haste; I mean your true and genuine talker, who will expatiate as long on a corn on her toe, as if she had the Ten Commandments for a text, and who, rather than not talk about herself and her dis-

orders, will swear she has every malady under the sun. There was one of this place who was my torment; she used to send to me every week, and generally have me called up once a fortnight; and when I went, the deuce of any disorder could I find but in her tongue and in her imagination. At last, to my great relief, she forsook me on the arrival of Doctor Leuk, and I heard, on all hands, what discoveries he had made respecting her disorder; it was this, that, and the other, and she was to be cured forthwith.

"Leuk was so unfortunate as to offend her one day by treading on a favorite cat, and she sent again for me. I would have declined prescribing for her, but I found that if I did, I must sit an hour extra to hear symptoms; so I complied. This went on about a fortnight, and though she had no single thing the matter with her, but a long tongue, I was sent to every night when I had not gone in the day.

"I went in one morning just as she was going to breakfast, and she approached me with a smile of triumph: 'Doctor, I am happy to tell you, that I have at last discovered my disorder,' said she. 'I'm heartily glad to hear it, Ma'am,' said I; 'pray, what is it?'—'Why,' said she, 'it is a most extraordinary disorder! I never heard of it in my life before, and if you have not, you'll be at a loss how to treat it, I'm afraid.'—'Fear nothing, Ma'am,' said I, 'but loss of time. I'm in haste, so out with it!'

"'I've told you several times,' said she, 'that I felt most extraordinary movements within me, and that I was sure it was something alive; and now it is plain enough, that it is *mice in my bladder!*'

"I could hardly keep my countenance at this assertion; but I had at last command enough of myself to ask her what made her think so; to which her only reply was ringing the bell, and ordering her maid to produce a poor drowned

mouse, which had been found where it certainly had no business, and whose presence she construed into proof positive of a colony in that quarter. I saw it was in vain to contradict, or attempt to reason with her; if I had, she would have sworn she heard them squeak: but I advised her, by all means, to avoid eating cheese, or any other food those little gentry are attached to; and I sat down and wrote her an order to a hardwareman to send her a dozen mouse-traps of the most approved construction, with directions to swallow one whenever she found the mice troublesome.

"I never saw a woman in such a rage in my life; but I was not to be scolded out of my prescription, and my answer to all her expostulations was, 'Well, Ma'am, you are at liberty to choose which you will, but I know no remedy for mice, but a mouse-trap or a live cat. I myself should prefer the mouse-trap, but if you

are not afraid of the cat, well and good! swallow one with all convenient speed, only take special care that she be of a good mousing breed. As to the nux vomica, or arsenic, I should not advise you to venture upon any thing of that nature, as the consequences to yourself might be fatal! nor do I think rigid abstinence a good thing: so, after all, the mouse-trap is the best prescription."

"And what did she say then?" asked Mrs. St. Arno.

"More than I would venture to repeat, if I could remember it all," said the Doctor; but the comedy was concluded by my telling her, that as she refused to conform to my regimen, I must in future decline prescribing for her. I then made my bow, and all the way down stairs, as far as the street-door, I heard her never-failing tongue keeping a terrible larum."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. St. Arno; "the idea was nearly as bad as the reality

would have been. Have not you heard, whether she has yet fancied herself well again?"

"No, no, Ma'am, it is not so easy to fancy one's-self well as you imagine," replied the Doctor; but after going the whole round of the faculty here, good, bad, and indifferent, and finding nothing so efficacious as my mouse-traps would have been, she at last applied to a fellow who makes a regular progress through the country twice a year, and gives his opinion on the inspection of a small phial of what I forbear to name. He, with great solemnity, pronounced she had mice in her bladder, as she told him she had; and I hear that she has since swallowed some gallons of his saline draughts with the happiest effect. The man will make a fortune by her, and indeed she is fair game."

"Was the fellow's name George Slang[illegible]?" said Haverill. "The same," replied the Doctor. "Then," said Ha-

verill, "I can, when you want a lesson in your business, tell you what his specific is." This produced an inquiry on the part of the Doctor when he was alone with Haverill, and he was exceedingly diverted with the account that young man gave him of his interview with Dr. George Slanger, and the way in which he made the discovery that the ingenious water doctor sent back to his patients the contents of their own phials colored so as to escape detection. "Well," said the Doctor, "long as I've been in the profession, such an expedient never occurred to me; and I think the fellow deserves some credit for the happy idea. At least, it is less injurious than many other things he might give, and in some cases must be very salutary. He's a nasty wretch too; but, perhaps, if he was called so, he would tell you that he thought himself justifiable, because his specific was no more repugnant to the feelings, then some things that hold a dis-

tinguished place in the Pharmacopœia; such as the excrements of hens, dogs, &c. Poor patients little think what they take, and its well they do not! But they would not be satisfied if they took nothing, and I have offended many by telling them conscientiously that air and exercise was all they wanted, and that no drug could be of use to them. I invariably found that they dubbed me a fool and an ignoramus for my pains, and sent for another physician before I had reached the end of the street. I'm grown wiser now, and always prescribe something as harmless as I can, when I find that the case is beyond the reach of medicine."

"Yes! witness the mouse-traps!" replied Haverill, laughing; "it appears to [illegible] that now I am bereft of all, I cannot do better than turn Quack Doctor; with the knowledge I have of Doctor George Slanger's method, and this history of the mouse-traps, I could not fail to make a fortune in a little time."

"Certainly not," said Twentymen; "long before any regular bred man would have salt to his porridge, you would roll in your own carriage, and lead the world in a string. All you have to do, is to advertise in all the papers that the celebrated Doctor Haverill is consulted at his own house every day between such and such hours, and that those patients who cannot come, need only transmit a small phial of their morning water fasting, with a fee, they will be immediately attended to. This is the way to rise in the world, and to enjoy its luxuries, for people love to be bamboozled."

"*Some*," said Haverill, with a sigh, which made his companion take a huge pinch of No. 37, and put an end to the conversation.

END OF VOL. II.

BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner-street, London.

